



~~82013~~

BERWICK COUNTY LIBRARY

Headquarters : 49 Newtown Street, Duns

Tel. 1

23 DEC.

- 3 JUL 1967

18 SEPT 1967

2 FEB 1968

26

Scottish Borders Library Service



3 4144 0072 4639 6

Tick

sta

If de

pro

A f

overd

Rea

31

2

The Berwick and Lothian Coasts

By Ian C. Hannah

*Author of "Eastern Asia; a History," "The
Sussex Coast," etc.*

*With 65 Illustrations by Edith Brand Hannah
(Mrs. I. C. Hannah)*



T. Fisher Unwin

London: Adelphi Terrace

Leipsic: Inselstrasse 20



772

BORDERS REGIONAL LIBRARY	
ACCESSION No.	C. S. No.
82812	20941-4
007246396	Buckle

First Published . . . 1913

(All rights reserved.)

TO
THE LOVED MEMORY
OF MY SCOTTISH GRANDPARENTS,
WILLIAM AND MARGARET CUNINGHAME THOMSON
(OF BALGOWAN);
WITH WHOM MY CHILDHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF
SCOTLAND ARE CLOSELY INTERWOVEN,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

ROAD MAPS OF THE BERWICK-SHIRE AND LOTHIAN COASTS

RELIABLE maps are extremely necessary to anyone exploring a country with which he may be unfamiliar. Very many of the points of interest in this district, particularly antiquities, are difficult to find without them, and the country people, though extremely intelligent in other matters, know very little about the exact positions and the names of the less famous old castles or religious houses.

It is unnecessary to say that the Ordnance Maps, for which the surveying is done by the Royal Engineers, and whose original purpose (as the name implies) was to facilitate the transport of big guns, are the best, and that others are only good so far as they resemble them. They may be had in convenient sheets folding to go into a pocket, and the scales of one inch to a mile, one inch to two miles, and one inch to four miles, may be recommended respectively to the pedestrian, the cyclist, and the motorist.

The Ordnance Survey Maps for the coast of Berwick and the Lothians are these:—

One mile to an inch, Nos. 26, 31, 32, 33, 34, price 1s. 6d. on flat or folded paper, 2s. mounted to fold, and 2s. 6d. cut in sections to fold.

Two miles to an inch, Nos. 27 and 28, same prices.

Four miles to an inch, Nos. 14 and 15, same prices.

Ten miles to an inch, Nos. 5 and 6, price 1s. on flat or folded paper, 1s. 6d. mounted to fold, and 2s. cut in sections to fold.

The prices are all net.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the sole wholesale agent for these maps, of which a special catalogue is issued. They may be procured from any bookseller.

PREFACE

OF all my childhood memories, beyond any comparison the pleasantest are the annual visits to our Scottish relatives that my brothers and I used to pay. No schoolboys ever looked forward to their holidays with more eagerness than that with which we always counted up the weeks or the days before it was time to start for the North. Nor has any amount of familiarity with Scotland in later days ever lessened that old childhood spell. If I were compelled to choose a single subject for study, I should certainly select the early history of that beautiful land. The country has an individuality all its own of the very strongest character, yet great variety is afforded by the vast influence exerted at different times, on different sections and in different ways, by England, France, Flanders, and Norway.

Following the tradition set by other volumes of this series, archæological, historical and literary associations form the greater part of the subject matter of this book. From the altogether exceptional interest of the district with which it is concerned I have found it impossible to use anything like all the materials I had collected, especially in the literary associations of Edinburgh. In a few points, chiefly archæological, I have been unable to follow views that have become tradi-

tional: I feel very strongly that topographical books of this nature ought to be written with as much care as ordinary works on history.

I have spent many hours in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in Cambridge University Library and in the London Library, and it would be very difficult to give a complete list of all the books to which I have referred; obligations sufficiently definite are acknowledged in the text, but to the following works I wish in addition to express a general indebtedness: *Scottish Histories* of different scope by William Robertson, Cosmo Innes, J. Hill Burton, P. F. Tytler, William F. Skene, Andrew Lang, and particularly Professor Hume Brown; *Castellated and Domestic*, also *Ecclesiastical, Architecture of Scotland*, by David Macgibbon and Thomas Ross; *Scenery of Scotland*, by Archibald Geikie; the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and above all the *Statistical Accounts of Scotland* published in 1791-9 (Sir John Sinclair) and in 1845. The latter is by far the most satisfactory.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BERWICK-ON-TWEED	17
II. EYEMOUTH AND LADYKIRK	40
III. THE COUNTRY OF ST. ABB	52
IV. COCKBURNSPATH	71
V. DUNBAR	85
VI. THE TOMBS OF ST. BALDRED	97
VII. THE BASS ROCK	107
VIII. NORTH BERWICK	123
IX. THE LAMP OF LOTHIAN	150
X. SETON	166
XI. ESKDALE	179
XII. PORTOBELLO AND CRAIGMILLAR	201
XIII. THE CANONGATE	209
XIV. EDINBURGH CASTLE	232
XV. THE OLD TOWN	247

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI. THE NEW TOWN 272
XVII. SOUTHERN EDINBURGH 286
XVIII. LEITH 297
XIX. QUEENSFERRY 314
XX. ABERCORN 323
XXI. LINLITHGOW 334
XXII. BORROWSTOUNNESS 349
INDEX 357

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE BASS ROCK FROM NORTH BERWICK . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a water-colour drawing by Edith B. Hannah</i>	

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

	FACING PAGE
THE TOWER ON THE SANDS, BERWICK-ON-TWEED . . .	32
FLANKER, BRASS MOUNT, BERWICK-ON-TWEED . . .	32
COLDINGHAM PRIORY (INTERIOR)	62
RUINED SOUTH TRANSEPT, COLDINGHAM PRIORY . . .	66
CLIFFS NEAR PETTICOWICK	66
FAST CASTLE	68
COCKBURNSPATH TOWER	74
THE PEASE BRIDGE	74
TOLBOOTH AT DUNBAR	88
INNERWICK CASTLE	88
WHITEKIRK CHURCH (SOUTH-WEST)	102
BEACH BY TANTALLON	102
SOLAN GEESE ON THE BASS ROCK	110

	FACING PAGE
TANTALLON CASTLE (TWO VIEWS)	132
DIRLETON CASTLE	140
CLIFFS BY CANTY BAY	140
ANCIENT CAMP ON THE GARLETON HILLS	148
GARLETON CASTLE	148
HADDINGTON CHURCH, FROM NORTH-WEST	152
HADDINGTON CHURCH, RUINED CHANCEL	152
SETON CHAPEL, FROM SOUTH-WEST	168
SETON CHAPEL, INTERIOR LOOKING EAST	168
MUSSELBURGH TOLBOOTH	180
ESK BRIDGE, MUSSELBURGH	180
HALL OF ELPHINSTONE TOWER, LOOKING WEST	206
CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, FROM SOUTH	206
HOLYROOD ABBEY, EXCAVATIONS ON SITE OF QUIRE (TWO VIEWS)	214
COVENANTER MONUMENT AND MAGDALEN CHAPEL, EDINBURGH .	266
MONUMENTS IN GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH . .	266
ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH	282
ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH	282
CORSTORPHINE CHURCH, WEST END	292
UNION CANAL CROSSING THE GOGAR BURN	292
GRANTON CASTLE, SOUTH SIDE	306
CITADEL GATEWAY, LEITH	306

	FACING PAGE
THE EAGLE ROCK, OR HUNTER'S CRAIG	312
THE MOUTH OF THE ALMOND	312
DALMENY CHURCH, SOUTH SIDE	316
DALMENY CHURCH, DETAILS OF DOORWAY	316
BLACKNESS CASTLE (RUINS)	332
DUNTARVIE CASTLE, FROM SOUTH	332

FROM WASH DRAWING BY EDITH
BRAND HANNAH

EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET	240
--------------------------------------------------	-----

FROM LINE DRAWINGS BY E. B. HANNAH

	PAGE
BERWICK BRIDGE FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TWEED	17
BURNMOUTH	43
ST. ABB'S HARBOUR	61
COLDINGHAM CROSS	65
DUNBAR CASTLE	85
TREE MALLOW	107
CASTLE ON THE BASS ROCK	118
NORTH BERWICK HARBOUR AND THE LAW	127
LUFFNESS	164
ROSSLYN CASTLE AND CHAPEL FROM ACROSS THE RIVER	194
WHITEHORSE CLOSE	224

	PAGE
CANONGATE TOLBOOTH AND BURGH ARMS	228
THE WELL HOUSE TOWER, EDINBURGH	254
JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH	262
RATHO CHURCH	295
CARMELITE FRIARY CHURCH, SOUTH QUEENSFERRY	319
LINLITHGOW BURGH ARMS	334
LINLITHGOW PALACE AND CHURCH (CORONA RESTORED)	343
TORPHICHEN CHURCH (PRECEPTORY OF KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM)	346

END PAPERS

MAPS OF THE DISTRICT DESCRIBED

PLANS

BERWICK-ON-TWEED (WITH TOWN HALL)	22
EDINBURGH (BASED ON MAITLAND'S MAP, WITH BURGH ARMS)	246



Berwick Bridge.

[A. B. P.]

CHAPTER I

BERWICK-ON-TWEED

IN 1603 England was mourning the death of the Virgin Queen and within her borders was no one to sit on her throne. Her ancient rival somewhat unwillingly stepped into the breach, and the shifty Stuarts mounted the throne of the vigorous Tudors. Happily there had been accomplished by a marriage what neither Plantagenet arms nor the Cinque Port navy nor the lapse of three centuries had been able to effect. One Sovereign at last ruled over all between the Four Seas, and the descendant

of the Irish Kings of Scottish Dalriada added the old dominions of Edward the Confessor to the hereditary realm of their venerable house. This most happy event, all the more auspicious because overseas expansion was on the very point of beginning, might suitably have been celebrated by the return on the part of the greater kingdom to the less of the ancient frontier fortress with such appropriate compliments as should have reconciled the mourning Scottish capital to the loss of the bodily presence of its King. But though John Bull possesses all the other virtues, he hates to be logical, and he cannot be polite—it might endanger his being mistaken for a Frenchman were it otherwise. Thus Berwick-on-Tweed is still an English town, so far as law can make it so, though geographically, religiously, sentimentally—to a great extent racially as well—it is as Scottish as when it was a Royal Burgh. The place presents just such an anomaly as the English love, and it was long the custom particularly to specify it by name in Acts of Parliament and other official documents, from a vague sort of doubt as to whether the County of the Burgh and Town of Berwick-on-Tweed were certainly included in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Tweed has carved out for itself such a valley as is common in a country of carboniferous rocks; narrow, steep-sided, and wooded; but close to the sea the gorge broadens out into a small estuary and forms (with the help of a modern stone pier) some kind of a shelter for shipping. On a breezy stretch of sloping land between the river and the sea stands the ancient Border town. Its defences are of wide extent; the castle, at the north-west corner, on the hill-side so steep that the way along

its parapet is called the Breakneck Stair, looks landward up the valley of the Tweed; while the Tower on the Sands, at the southmost point upon the Walls, looks over a stretch of somewhat dreary tidal flats, known as Calot Shad. The site is a peculiarly pleasant one between fresh-scented woods and the sea, and from early days a town has stood there, the desire of rival kingdoms.

West of Berwick the ground slopes up to Hali-don Hill, within its Liberties, on whose low slopes in 1333 the Scots, under their Regent Archibald Douglas, were defeated by the English, under Edward III. Earth has views more stately than that to be enjoyed from its brow, but more historical none. There is spread out the whole of England's career, nothing less. Along the Ermine Street close by, there marched the legions of Imperial Rome, most excellent of civiliziers, poor at teaching nationhood to conquered tribes. By the Kylvoe Craggs among the low Northumbrian hills near the shore is an ancient Celtic camp that was there before they came; it lies on the huge whinstone dike* at the edge of heather moors just above Belford, that claims to be the first town of England. Jutting out into the sea, a conspicuous object where the German Ocean breaks on rocky reefs and wide expanses of sand, is Bamburgh, with its huge castle, once capital of the most interesting of the Saxon kingdoms. In its churchyard (where now Grace Darling sleeps) Aidan wept for Oswald, a saintly Bishop for a saintly King, in days when the union of Church with State brought

* The Great Whinsill, extending across England from the Pennines. It is of very uniform character, dolerite, or diabase. On it stand the castles of Bamburgh and Lindisfarne, and it reappears at sea as the Farne Islands.

absolutely nothing but good. Holy Island, Lindisfarne, with its little castle on a hill and ruined priory on the flat, calls up memories of all the glories of the Northumbrian Church that Bede adorned. Over the sea to the eastward came crew after crew of Viking pirates to burn and plunder, but also to add a vigorous and healthy strain to our much-mixed English blood. The whole town of Berwick spreads over the river mouth below: to it early resorted the Flemings, destined in later times to give us that element of sturdy workers which was to send our products into every land and our ships onto every sea. The wild-looking range of the Cheviots jaggng the southern sky—indeed, the whole landscape—calls up the long tale of quarrel between the two home-country sections of the English-speaking race. How deep a difference exists even to-day between the life of those low rolling slopes on either side of Tweed!

Contrasting with the older low sloping bridge of stone stands high the tall, level, long-arched, brick railway viaduct, the Royal Border Bridge; with the help of sundry chimneys it calls up to one's mind something most characteristic of this present day, this age of wonder, of glory, and of shame.

Though its name is shared by several other places, including a quiet little village among the forests of the Sussex Weald, Berwick has in some ways more of an individual character of its own than almost any other town in the kingdom. Its buildings are of the very plainest, trees are absent from its streets, and more even than in the older New England cities the spirit of militant Puritanism seems to pervade the place. The bells in the tall Town Hall steeple are rung for the services in the towerless parish church, according to old Puritan

ideas about the identity of Church and State;* the streets are almost wholly unadorned, the fortifications seem to be everywhere in sight. The chief, indeed almost the only, objects of antiquarian interest are the walls, and they are unique in England, except those of Chester, in still being complete on every side. If the Middle Ages were suddenly restored and all modern inventions were paralysed, Berwick is one of the very few towns in Europe that would at once be ready for defence.

George Ridpath, whose *Border-History of England and Scotland* (1810) is much more valuable from its patient research than remarkable for its conciseness, is probably right in his remark: "The time when the river Tweed became the boundary on the eastern side of the Island, between the Scots and Saxons, seems a very probable æra for the building of Berwick"; this division dating from the battle of Carham in 1018. It would be rash, however, to assume that there was no previous settlement on the site. The first indisputable mention of Berwick is not till 1097, during which year Fordun says that Edgar, founding Coldingham Priory—St. Cuthbert having appeared to him in a dream—confirmed by gift to the Bishop of Durham the noble village of Berwick.† Henry II of England secured a grant of the place from William the Lyon (1174) and Camden says he rebuilt the castle.

* In the Middle Ages Church and State were united as part of the system of the Holy Roman Empire; Puritanism made an effort to identify them with common officers and common buildings, inspired largely by old Testament conceptions. Even to-day in some places of New England the same building forms church and township hall. The basement of the Old Road Church at Stonington, Connecticut, belongs to, and is used by, the township.

† *Berwick-upon-Tweed*, by John Scott, London, 1888.



Plan of Berwick-on-Tweed.

The Edwardian Walls are indicated by dotted lines where they are destroyed ; T.S. —Tower (or Stone Bulwark) on the Sands (Coxon's Tower) ; B.W.—Black Watch Tower ; S.N.—St. Nicholas' Tower ; B.T. —Bell Tower ; W.T. —Water Tower ; S.G.—Sand Gate : C.P.—Cow Port.

The Elizabethan Walls are indicated by a line of little crosses where destroyed ; Bastions : K.—King's Mount ; W. —Windmill Mount ; B.—Brass Mount ; C.—Cumberland (or Middle) Mount ; M.—Meg's Mount.

Churches : H.T.—Holy Trinity ; S.M.—St. Mary's.

The oldest parts of the defences seem undoubtedly to belong to this period. The castle itself has been replaced by the railway station, but most of its curtain wall on the western side may still be seen, separating the goods yard from the steep grass slope known as "Tommy the Miller's Field." A large pilaster buttress, its upper part projecting on corbels, the broken basement of an apsidal tower and mural passages in the curtain give a certain idea of the character of the late Norman castle, which appears to have been of very considerable extent, connected with the defences of the town only by a short walled passage. The said defences would seem to have been of Flemish character, resembling those that are still very perfect at Bruges, while something of the same kind may be seen at several English towns, as Winchelsea and King's Lynn. The gates were of masonry and at intervals were towers, but the curtains were merely earthwork, the scarp in places that were specially important probably faced with stonework. The circuit at this early time was probably the widest that the defences ever attained, some two and a half miles in extent. At the point furthest from the castle, the Stone Bulwark of the Sands (or Coxon's Tower), there still remains a bastion which, though refaced outside (p. 32), is certainly of this early date. It is apsidal, but the interior, more or less a semicircle in plan, is vaulted as if it were square with two square bevelled intersecting ribs; this is not unusual in Norman work: the same arrangement may be seen in the apse of Dalmeny Church (p. 316). The two splayed openings have courses of stonework projecting instead of arches.*

* Two other portions of the walls are possibly of this early date; the little apsidal Black Watch Tower, whose original

24 THE BERWICK AND LOTHIAN COAST

The town at this early period was one of the most important in Scotland, so great a centre of trade that Flemish merchants resorted in numbers to its wharves, and they occupied what was known as the Red Tower, on condition of helping to hold the place against the English. Mediæval Britain was a renowned producer of raw wool to be worked in the looms of Flanders; the monks, especially of the Cistercian Order, grew rich from the produce of their flocks; the English Chancellor sat (and still sits) on the Woolsack. Berwick yet has a Woolmarket Street, and there is no reason for quarrelling with the tradition that here was the Red Tower. It was a wealthy and very thriving town, and contained no less than four parish churches* (Edinburgh had but one), with numerous religious houses; Carmelite Friars served the chapel in the castle.

In 1286 (fulfilling, it was alleged, a prophecy of Thomas, surnamed the Rymer), Alexander III was killed by a fall from his horse in the dark on the shores of the Forth, leaving no heir but his granddaughter, the Maid of Norway, who died almost at once. A number of claimants for the vacant throne of the Scots gave Edward I of England the much-desired opportunity of interfering as overlord, and after many preliminaries he solemnly proclaimed that John Baliol was the lawful King of Scots at a magnificent assembly held in the

features are rather matter of conjecture, and a plain round arch with portcullis groove in the middle of the Cow Port. This last presents a decided difficulty, as the earlier wall was apparently outside the Elizabethan one that incorporates it.

* Foundations of St. Lawrence's were found when building Cheviot House, Castle Terrace; St. Nicholas' was near the Tower of the same name.

great hall of Berwick Castle in 1292. Where that brilliant assembly met spreads a railway platform now ; will the spot have undergone a yet stranger transformation in another six hundred years ?

The new King wore the northern crown on extremely humiliating terms, and the eventual result was the devastating war of Independence. In 1296 occurred the great siege, after which Berwick never recovered anything like her early prosperity and power. Speed (*History of Great Britain*, 1627) gives the following account: "King *Edward* therefore presented himselfe before the strong Towne of *Berwicke* with a mighty host, there to auspicate his entrance to a conquest of *Scotland*; and, after summons sent to the Towne, abode one whole day without offer of violence: The Townesmen refusing to render, had a victory of the English Marriners, who rashly entring, with twenty and foure ships into the harbour, were repelled, with the losse of foure of their vessels, which was soone reuenged by the forceable taking of *Berwicke*, where *Hector Boetius* saith, there was exercised great cruelty by the English. In the Towne, the Flemish Merchants (who were smothered by the English with fire) had a very strong house in the manner of a Tower, from whence they leueld, at the entring of the English, with darts, and iauelins, one of which casually slew *Richard* of *Cornwall*, a gallant Gentleman, brother to the Earle of *Cornwall*, which, in an army heated with former contumelies, for the Scots vpon the slaughter and repulse which they had made of the English marriners, published certaine rimes in derision, as

(What wenys King Edward with his Longshancks ;
To haue wonne Berwicke, all our vnthanks? etc., *Fabian*)

together with the remembrance of many fresh shrewd turnes, might stirre vp bloody effects."

So indifferently strong were the old defences that the English King rode straight into the town over the earthen banks, but he resolved to refortify Berwick on a better plan, and, besides providing a very much more formidable moat, he commenced the work of facing the entire scarp with walling, and raising the number of towers to nineteen, exclusive of those that frowned along the curtain of the castle. Along the side towards the sea, in what was called the Snoke, the Edwardian earth-works are plainly to be seen just outside the Elizabethan defences; on the south the wall is still in use, though mostly refaced (a vaulted tunnel in the thickness of this part may be original); on the north the wall remains for a considerable distance, enclosing a district that Elizabeth's engineers abandoned.* Enough remains to show that the wall itself was a mere facing to the earthen scarp; the details are mostly much later (p. 31). Edward's work also included a short wall to connect the castle with the river. This remains fairly perfect, with the lower part of the round Water Tower, through which is a passage, used by the present path. On either side the tower contained a small vaulted space, to one of which a shute ten inches square led down from above: there are remains of a slope or stair to the river. This work does not seem to have been *finished* by Edward I.

From the *Lanercost Chronicle* it appears that the

* To a personal letter which James King, Vicar of St. Mary's, wrote to King Edward VII the world is indebted for the preservation of this part. To the same earnest clergyman I am indebted for a helpful letter on the walls; also to his published booklets on the same subject.

walls along the river bank were uncompleted when in 1316 Bruce made his unsuccessful attack ; Cressingham, whom Edward had made Treasurer of Scotland, was evidently a "grafter," and was accused of lining his own pockets with the gold that should have been used for lining the scarps with masonry. In 1315, however, the Monk of Malmesbury (quoted by Ridpath) describes Berwick as "a strong and well-walled town, situated on the sea, in the beginning of Scotland, convenient for merchants in the time of peace ; which, without treachery, can never become subject to Scotland. It does not fear a siege, while succoured by England. For the English ships sail round all the land ; and excel in the art of sailing, and in naval engagements." The very next year, however, the place did fall into the hands of Bruce, who committed it to the care of his son-in-law, Walter Steward, and "girt well ten foot high the wall about Berwick town over all."* This does not seem to have amounted to more than the provision of some sort of wooden palisading, for even in 1340 it was reported that the walls were largely of wood and in a bad state. Such timbering with earth against it would decay very rapidly, and neighbouring householders seem sometimes to have commandeered pieces of it for fire-wood. In 1319, when the English made an unsuccessful attempt to take Berwick, Barbour says—

"The walls of the town then were
So low, that a man with a spear
Might strike another on the face."

Which, whatever be the exact meaning, does not

* Barbour.

say very much for the effectiveness of Bruce's works. The "Sow" device (p. 87) used by the English was a complete failure, but this was partly perhaps because the Scots, having chanced to capture a skilful engineer, wisely granted him his life only on condition of his using his art on their behalf.

It was seldom indeed that Berwick was able to avoid playing a part in the endless wars of the Border. It was hard on Scotland that her fairest lands should lie open to ceaseless forays, while it was one of the poorest districts of England into which return raids could be made. In later days, when the southern land had been consolidated and organized under the Tudors' iron hand, Scotland had no chance at all, and met with an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes. It was not so in earlier times. Froissart's well-known description* of the manners of the Scots and how they carry on war will enable us to understand a good deal. "The Scots are bold, hardy, and much inured to war. When they make their invasions into England, they march from twenty to four-and-twenty leagues without halting, as well by night as day; for they are all on horseback, except the camp-followers, who are on foot. The knights and esquires are well mounted on large bay horses, the common people on little galloways. They bring no carriages with them, on account of the mountains they have to pass in Northumberland: neither do they carry with them any provisions of bread or wine; for their custom and sobriety is such, in time of war, that they will live for a

* *Newly translated from the best French Editions, with Variations and Additions from many celebrated Manuscripts, by Thomas Johnes, 1803.*

long time on flesh half sodden, without bread, and drink the river-water without wine. They have, therefore, no occasion for pots or pans; for they dress the flesh of their cattle in the skins, after they have taken them off: and, being sure to find plenty of them in the country which they invade, they carry none with them. Under the flaps of his saddle, each man carries a broad plate of metal; behind the saddle, a little bag of oatmeal: when they have eaten too much of the sodden flesh, and their stomach appears weak and empty, they place this plate over the fire, mix with water their oatmeal, and, when the plate is heated, they put a little of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake, like a cracknell or biscuit, which they eat to warm their stomachs: it is therefore no wonder that they perform a longer day's march than other soldiers."

Berwick fell into the hands of Edward III after his victory at Halidon Hill (1333). He repeopled it with English, and did much to strengthen the fortifications. It seems likely that part of his work is the walling, consisting of some fragments of rubble and one good piece of ashlar facing, about a third of the way up the steep bank by the river between the castle and the corner of the Elizabethan defences. Practically ever since this time Berwick has remained to England, "of the realm but not in it." * But the troubles of the town were very far from being at an end. In 1405 it was burnt in the Percy rebellion, and nine years later the Governor, John of Lancaster, son of Henry VI,

* In 1461 Berwick was recovered by the Scots and Robert Lauder of Edrington put in charge of the castle, but in 1483 Patrick Hepburn of Hailes, the Scottish commanding officer, left unsupported, had to surrender it to the English, never to be restored to Scotland.

complained: "The walls of the town and castle are so ruinous, and in many places fallen to the ground, and the gates and drawbridge so weak that they are unfit for defence. Neither is there any other store of cannon, gunpowder, armour, artillery, nor victuals, proper for defence of the same. The whole was taken away at the late rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland." The commercial prosperity of the town had been ruined beyond repair, and the desperate expedient, adopted in 1483, of compelling all vessels trading between England and Scotland on the east coast to put in at Berwick and tranship their cargoes seems to have had little other effect than making them keep well out to sea.

However, about 1539, in a poem attributed to William Dunbar,* called the *Freirs of Berwick*, we get a very much more cheerful description—

"At Tweidis mouthe thair stands ane noble Toun
 Quhair mony lords hes bene of grit renoune,
 And mony wourthy ladeis fair of face,
 Quhair mony fresche lusty galand was.
 Into this toune, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
 Apon the sey thair standis nane it lyk,
 For it is wallit weill about with stane,
 And dowbil stankes castin mony ane.†
 And syne the castell is so strong and wicht,
 With staitelie towrs, and turrats he on hicht,
 With kimalis wrocht craftelie with-all;
 The portcullis most subtellie to fall,
 Quhen that thame list to draw thame upon hicht,
 That it may be into na mannis micht,

* So writes John Scott, to whom I am indebted for the extract, but the probable date of Dunbar's death is 1530.

† This seems to mean double moats outside the masonry fortifications casting down many who tried to attack.

To win that hous by craft or subiltie;
Thairto it is maist fair all utterlie;
Into my tyme, quhairever I have bein
Most fair, most gudellie, most pleasand to be sure;
The toun, the castel, and the pleasand land,
The sea wallis upon the uther hand,
The grit Croce kirk, and eik the Masondew;
The freirs of Jacobinis, quhyt of hew,
The Carmelites, Augustins, Minors eik,
The four ordours of freiris war nocht to seik."

In the days of the Tudors Berwick became even more important from the military point of view than it had ever been before, but it had almost ceased to be more than a garrison town. In 1529 (though there is no mention of it in the Gild books till ten years later) the burgh began to send its two members to the English Parliament; this it continued to do until 1881, when it had to be satisfied to give its name to one of the electoral divisions of Northumberland. The strengthening of the walls was seriously taken in hand by Mary, and the Church of her namesake was taken down to get materials—not to be rebuilt till the nineteenth century, and then on a different site. In 1555 was built the round tower in the north-east corner of the Edwardian walls, whose lower part remains; there are embrasures for guns, each covered by two stones with a relieving arch above. To about the same period belongs the existing Bell Tower, an ugly-looking octagonal structure in four stages on the site of an Edwardian bastion, through which passed the walk along the top of the wall. At this time probably was dug or deepened the earthwork called Spades Mire, barring the way into Scotland. It does not seem from some remarks of a mason, one John Brend (1548), that

at the time all this was going on Berwick was as pleasant a place of residence as it is to-day. "There is better order among the Tartars than in this town; no man can have anything unstolen; none but the Scots can be harboured but by force: the price of victuals is excessive."

Elizabeth continued for a time to tinker with the ancient defences,* but after a few months her engineers came to the conclusion that it would be better to abandon both ends of the old walled town and to defend with a very much stronger rampart the central part of the area originally enclosed: Berwick was now a much smaller town than in the days when her lines of defence were set out. An Italian engineer was called in, bearing the same name as Dante's Beatrice, Portinari, and largely under his direction entirely new walls were constructed, taking a wholly new course except for a short distance along the river and for a few feet by the Black Watch Tower. For a considerable way along the side by the sea the new walls are only just inside the old, and the advantage of choosing the fresh position is not clear. The Elizabethan walls batter considerably and are built of excellent limestone ashlar, with a round moulding along the top. Wherever there is a change of direction there projects a large bastion, each of whose sides is hammer-shaped, leaving a court between itself and the curtain, and so forming the celebrated flankers which are practically peculiar to Berwick. Behind the walls are huge

* The necessity of making it as strong as possible was obvious: in 1560 Norfolk wrote to Cecil, "If Barwick is lost, ere we should geate it agayn yt wold cost many a broken hedd."



TOWER ON THE SANDS (PIER IN THE DISTANCE).



SOUTH FLANKER, BRASS MOUNT.

(Plan, p. 22.)

earth banks rising above them to form an additional defence and for mounting guns at intervals ; on the bastions the earthwork rises much higher. A long tunnel-passage, vaulted in brick or in stone, leads from within the town through earthwork and wall into each flanker, whose walls are lined with white, pink, and brown sandstone of different shades, most of it no doubt taken from the older walls. In a corner of each flanker are an upper and lower door with a stair between, evidently a place where a soldier could be stationed to watch the curtain to the next flanker. There are also recesses for ammunition. In the case of the Brass Mount each flanker is enlarged by a tunnelled opening into the bastion, and these were divided by floors. The purpose of these flankers seems to have been to act as protected sally-ports, and also to shelter a party enfilading an enemy who was trying to storm the curtains. They were not apparently considered to have been of much use, and were not repeated in later fortifications. It was apparently during the Napoleonic wars that walls, each pierced by two embrasures, were built across the ends of the flankers ; as their guns would fire into each other they must have been used (or rather intended to be used) with extreme caution. Wide depressions were made outside the walls, and in their centres were dug moats that could be kept full of water, the different levels being regulated by means of dams called batterdeans. These splendid walls are the best specimen that exists of the military architecture of Elizabeth's reign ; they are very similar to the style of fortification that afterwards made Vauban famous. Nothing can better illustrate the intense anxiety that the

Queen felt about the danger from Scotland than the fact that money was found for such defences. Needless to say all the means that Portinari desired were not forthcoming ; in order to protect the Snoke he had designed a masonry wall from the Brass Mount to a new fort on the North Sea, but this was only carried out in earthwork ; it still exists and is known as Covert Way.

Care was taken not to dismantle the old walls more than could be helped before the new were finished, but the Earl of Bedford, appointed Governor in 1564, "finds the place weaker and less defensible than he conjectured, being, between the new and the defacing of the old, a thing of so little strength as a field is more guardable."

The Elizabethan statutes show a commendable consideration for the comfort of people in the streets. No "curr dogges," or in fact any other kind of dog, was permitted to be "upon the streets in the daylight except they be handled or led in lyches or lyans or otherwise so there be no noyance." The soldiers' morals are protected by a prohibition of their gambling for anything else than drinks ; no objection will be taken to their playing at marbles for beer, ale, or wine. Of prowling Scots the greatest suspicion is displayed. "Also if an Englishman lead any Scottish man or other aliant upon the walls of the said town by day or upon the dykes, he for his so conducting to loose all his goodes and to be banished the towne for ever and if he do any such by night he to be taken as a traitor."

After all the works were not to be tested, and when the Queen died in 1603 the people of Berwick showed the utmost alacrity in receiving the Scottish King. A loyal address was sent to him,

beginning, "Most gracious and sole redoubted Sovereigne, fforasmuch as it hath pleased the heavenly disposer of earthly kingdoms to take to his mercy our late gracious Sovereign Lady Queene Elizabeth, and in exchange of a transitory crowne to bestowe vppon her an immortal diadem." James was received in person as he entered his new kingdom with firing of salutes, bonfires, Church services, and general rejoicings. The prospect of an end to Border wars was doubtless most welcome to all.

When the old bridge was swept away by a flood, the king replaced it by the present beautiful structure, erected 1611-24. There are fifteen arches, the largest being close to the Berwick side; the triangular buttresses are cut off by sloping set-offs, from each of which rises a shaft against the wall of what forms a sort of apsidal recess from the roadway; one of them has a sundial (p. 17). Water pipes of wood, belonging to this age, have recently been found.

The houses of Berwick are mostly of rubble, sometimes rough-cast, and frequently roofed with pantiles. One in Coxon's Lane has its old date-stone, "T S 1589," but it is rebuilt; No. 82 Church Street has a tablet, "FEAR TO OFEND OR MARK THEND T S 36 1601," but most are later, not earlier than the latter part of the seventeenth century. Sir William Brereton, afterwards to be prominent as a Parliamentary officer, visited Berwick in 1635 and was favourably impressed with the fortifications, but not with anything else. The harbour was narrow and shallow barred, the worst he had ever seen; the town struck him as extremely poor—beggars were very numerous.

It is certainly remarkable that in a town of such

martial tradition an epoch so military as that of the Commonwealth should have left no monument of war, but, as if to make up for what was often the case elsewhere, a fine church. There is, however, quite the orthodox tradition that (though it was built under his direction) Cromwell stabled his horses in its aisles. As an old inhabitant once said to the writer: "King Charles was off the ground at the time, so Cromwell thought he could just take advantage, I expect."

During the reign of Elizabeth a new church had been provided, "kept to the use onlie of praier, ministracion of sacraments, and preachinge of God's word, and to no other prophane use." (Why other?) The Dean of Durham and good Mr. Sampson paid the town a short visit, with the eminently satisfactory result that every holiday gentlemen and soldiers might be heard singing sundry psalms and prayers in the church, and Berwick became "a civil town almost devoid of vices." * Satisfactory, however, as were the services in the Elizabethan church from many points of view, the building seems to have been temporary, and there were many proposals about a new one. Nothing was, however, done till the Commonwealth Governor, Colonel George Fenwicke of Brenkburne—to quote the tablet that commemorates him—"in the year 1652 was a principal instrument of causing this church to be built." He had been one of the pioneers in Connecticut and was a moderate Puritan, but it is remarkable that a building so definitely a church and not a meeting-house was erected at the time,† though

* Records quoted by John Scott.

† This is, however, much the same in the case of Charles Church, Plymouth.

the original fittings, which must have been incongruous with the architecture, consisted of a pulpit in the middle of the south aisle, with galleries round the other three sides. The designs are said with fair probability to have been made by Inigo Jones; the church is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, being almost on the site of the mediæval building. It consists of flat-roofed nave and aisles of five bays, with a chapel on the north extending for two bays, but opening by a single wide arch, a curious feature to have been erected at such a period. Both aisles and clearstory are lit by large three-light windows of nondescript character: the round pillars have a most graceful curve and egg-and-dart moulding beneath the square abaci. The general effect of the interior is rather Italian. In 1662 the building was rearranged, and consecrated by the Bishop of Durham. Churchwardens and parish clerk were elected by the Corporation in Gild till 1829. Whether the addition of a small chancel at the east end and of two pepper-pots at the western corners of the aisles has improved the effect is an exceedingly doubtful point.

In 1657 Berwick purchased the manor of Tweedmouth and Spittal, on the Northumbrian side of the Tweed, from the Earl of Suffolk. The freemen own about two-thirds of the land within the Liberties, which extend for a little over three miles all round the town on its own side of the river. Throughout this area the names of mayors are very frequently to be seen on farm and other buildings; there is sometimes added the arms of the burgh, the bears chained to trees, probably a sort of rebus similar to the ox crossing a ford that belongs to a yet more famous town. At the

bottom of High Street, a fine broad thoroughfare, which is also the Market Place, is an island site, where the Tolbooth stood of old. Here in 1754-57 was erected the very church-like Town Hall from the designs of Joseph Dods. Behind a portico of four Tuscan columns rises a simple Classic steeple, the upper part octagonal, whose spire is the chief landmark of the town. The lower stage was originally open on arches, the next contains a very plain court-room, and above, commanding a magnificent view, are the cells, with windows iron-bound. By the portico steps are the old stocks, with accommodation for three pairs of feet.

The very substantial barracks, surrounding a square, were built facing the Parade by the churchyard in 1717-21. They are of solid stonework and curiously double-roofed with pairs of step-battlemented gables and valleys between. Some of the stones were already accustomed to military uses, having formed part of the castle, which also served as a quarry for the building of the church. Dr. John Fuller,* a contemporary authority, says: "From 1761 until about 1770 the walls were almost completely rebuilt, particularly the quay walls and gates, together with the saluting battery." From this testimony it is clear that at this time were abandoned the Elizabethan walls between Black Watch Tower and the vicinity of the bridge (a part of their foundations was found a year or two ago during the building of the motor garage in Hyde Hill), and the older Edwardian walls surrounding the south section of the town, called the Ness, were re-occupied. To this date clearly belong the Cow Port (p. 24) and the Sand Gate, whose doors of

* *History of Berwick*, 1799.

wood about 4 inches thick fit into each other by a round groove; the latter still retains the large iron bar on a pivot by which they were secured. The Elizabethan earthworks were not reproduced in this restored section of the wall, though one would have thought them doubly necessary at this late period. The walls, thus at last brought to their present form, are quite complete except that the bridge gate has been removed. The wayfarer entering the place over the old bridge is hardly more conscious of entering a well-walled town than the ordinary railway traveller crossing the tall brick viaduct that spans the vale of Tweed realizes that he has been landed on what was Scots soil of old in the middle of a castle that was among the most famous in our history.

In spite of English law, Berwick is still Scottish and predominantly Presbyterian at heart. A limb of the great northern hero traditionally rests under Wallace Green and gives its name to one of the numerous Presbyterian churches, which (although of the most indifferent architecture) shelters a congregation which is almost or quite as influential as that of the (Episcopal) parish church hard by. It was easier for Scotland to annex the Southern kingdom than for England effectively to make a single Scottish town her own.

One of the last Members of Parliament for the Burgh was Sir Hubert E. H. Jerningham, of Longridge Towers, the well-known author of *Life in a French Chateau*, *Reminiscences of an Attaché*, *History of Norham Castle*, and other works.

CHAPTER II

EYEMOUTH AND LADYKIRK

IMMEDIATELY without the Liberties of Berwick, little over 3 miles from the centre of the town, the real frontier of Scotland is reached and Berwickshire is entered. The division is unmarked except by notices on the main roads.

In his *Theatre of Great Britain* (1676 edition) the genial Speed gives the following general description of the inhabitants of Scotland: "The people thereof are of good feature, strong of body, and of couragious mind, and in wars so venturous, that scarce any service of note hath been performed, but that they were with the first and last in the field. Their Nobility and Gentry are very studious of learning, and all civil knowledge; for which end they not only frequent the three Universities of their own Kingdom (S. Andrews, Glasco, and Edenburgh, the nurseries of Piety, and mansions of the sacred Muses),* but also much addict themselves to travel into foreign countries.

"The Ecclesiastical Government is also subject under two Metropolitan Archbishops, which are of S. Andrews (the Primate of Scotland) and of Glasco."

The great north road leading out from Berwick

* It is not clear why Aberdeen University is omitted.

crosses open country that slopes down to where the Carboniferous rocks have been carved into cliffs by the sea. Sandstone, yellow, brown, red, pink, and even greenish in places, is usually exposed, but in parts there is dark blue shale. The strata are contorted here and there and may be found at almost any angle; opposite the tiny village of Lamberton they are very level and in colour chiefly red. This hamlet is only just within the Scottish border and was once an eastern Gretna Green, though much more difficult of access from the chief centres of English population than its far more southern rival in the west. An event once took place in Lamberton that might make it a place of pilgrimage from far, since it led eventually to the knitting together of long hostile peoples dwelling north and south of Tweed. A lane leads up the hill-side, passing from the road between two great bones of whale. It leads to a farmsteading, and near by, shaded by ash and elm, a gravestone here and there peeping out from a luxuriant growth of nettles, is the site of an ancient church. The scanty ruins of its walls are pared and cemented to form two of those essentially Scottish enclosed places for the burial of the aristocracy that are unbeautiful even when garnished with roses and pansies and smooth cut turf, and which in their far more common condition of being abandoned to nettles and long grass are among the most lugubrious sepulchres on earth. During the year 1503, within this now utterly neglected sanctuary was officially received by the Scots Commissioners Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII, shortly to become the bride of the King who was to fall by her countrymen's hands on the field of Flodden—James IV.

About 3 miles farther along the road, close to Burnmouth station, is a scattered hamlet called Flemington, from the warlike merchants who did so much for Berwick's trade. Here a steep, narrow valley slopes down to the rocky shore, but it has not yet been cut quite to the beach and it ends in a precipice. The sloping sides of the cliffs show the naked rock but here and there; they are clothed with long grass, and in more sheltered spots with elder, willow, and wild rose, a stunted growth. Primroses and other flowers grow in some profusion quite close to the sea.

In this wild spot there join to the Carboniferous rocks strata of Silurian age which are mostly reddish brown; they form a series of much broken headlands along the coast to Gunsgreen, the most striking a dome-like pinnacle. Each formation extends clear across Scotland, the Carboniferous to the Solway Firth, the Silurian to the more distant Mull of Galloway.

On one of the misty mornings which are, to put it mildly, not unknown on this coast, a visitor may feel rather dazed as he leaves the railway station in search of Burnmouth. He tries the most hopeful of the roads, but without much result till he is directed, by a friendly lassie who comes driving her lazy cows through the fog, to the track "doon the brae." So "doon the brae" he goes by a narrow winding way with a steep grassy bank mounting above him on his right, and below on his left the almost non-existent burn. Before him, as the little ravine widens, is nothing but the mist and the sound of the sea; it is the last place he would expect to lead to anything but a rocky cove. Suddenly he hears voices above him across the burn, and looks up to see a group of children,

*Burnmouth,*

chattering along a path where he would have thought there was no room for anything but a goat to go. They are hardy-looking bairns, with shrewd little faces and keen eyes. They are going "oop the brae" to school. Descending farther, he finds himself perhaps below the fog. On the steep braeside, whose grass is varied by wild flowers, are tall poles, rigged for the drying of nets, and just below the little rocky harbour, protected by a masonry pier, with a glimpse of cottages right and left. A little group of them are away to the left beyond the burn and against the cliffs, but the chief part of the village is close at hand to the right. The visitor, reaching the bottom and rounding the corner of a great rock, is in the main street. On one side a line of tiny whitewashed cottages, huddled against the hill, on the other an interrupted row of tumble-down little shanties for the stowing away of fishing gear. Four or five serious old fishermen are lined up across the road, evidently speculating as to his business in Burnmouth; possibly as to whether he is "Staubliched" or "U.F."! But before he is in speaking distance they are grouped at the side of the road, all looking abstractedly out to sea, utterly unconscious of his existence. Instincts are much finer than complexions in a Scottish fishing village! A furtive glance over his shoulder a moment later may probably reveal the line reformed and its minute observations resumed.

Grouped along a little bay into which two other trickling burns descend—one having cut a cleft that reveals a cottage or two to the passer on the highroad far above—the extent of the street is something of a surprise. The older houses are of rubble, whitewashed and pantiled,

all kept most scrupulously clean, the doorsteps ornamented with patterns that some suppose to have been handed down from mother to daughter from immemorial time.* Cats abound, fish are drying all over the place; in the yards the sprucest white sea-gulls fraternize with the most bedraggled poultry in the common desire for scraps. At last the long street ends—because it can get no further—against a rock. From the spot is a striking view of headlands and rocky shore, harder and softer sections revealed by the wearing of the sea. In exploring the place one is reminded now of Cornwall, and now of Norway or the Faroes, then of the Nova Scotian shore; but small fishing villages in little rock-walled bays are apt to be very much alike in different parts of the world.

A very short distance away, at the foot of the Eye Water valley, is the town of Eyemouth, whose river forms a harbour, its mouth protected by rocks and a masonry pier. Here most of the fish is landed, an army of girls doing the cleaning and barrelling with remarkable rapidity. The town consists largely of old rubble houses separated by a few streets, and a good many of the very narrowest and crookedest wynds. From notices on the fairly picturesque quays one learns the amounts of town customs and port dues that are payable to the superior of the Barony, whose seat is Paxton House. Likewise that sand and gravel may not be dug from the beach, but can only be got from Killiedraughts

* At the British Association at Leicester in 1907 this Traditional Folk Art on door-steps was treated in its Art Relations by Fra. H. Newberry, and in its Anthropological Bearings by T. H. Bryce.

and on payment of the proper dues. The old churchyard has a strange watch-house, largely built of carved tombstones, displaying pilasters, scrolls, figures, cross-bones, and skulls; such structures are not uncommon in Scotland—they were designed to accommodate the watchers whose duty was to prevent such work of “resurrection” men as is described by Dickens in his *Tale of Two Cities*; they usually date from the early part of the nineteenth century.

Immediately west of the town rises a promontory, chiefly red conglomerate rock of Lower Old Red Sandstone age. It forms a signal station and is called the Fort. Here, in 1547, defences were erected by the English Protector Somerset, but they were soon destroyed. They were rebuilt by the Regent Mary of Guise (p. 304), who was supported by French troops, but finally razed in 1560. Two indentations, one much more definite than the other, cut into the peninsula, and on the isthmus between—the highest ground—was evidently a keep. It is still defended by bank and ditch, and there are very slight remains of rubble masonry; the two sections of the defences, towards land and sea, still retain tolerably complete earthworks, on which were evidently platforms for mounting guns. The masonry seems to have been very thoroughly destroyed, but to dig down the earthworks effectually would have been fully as laborious as to construct them in the first place, and the chief destruction to them has been caused by the falling away of the cliffs.

On the other side of the river from Eyemouth is Gunsgreen. An uninteresting little tower marks the site of the old house, and the present

eighteenth-century building was erected with many ingenious contrivances for storing smuggled goods. A short distance up the valley Netherbyres is skirted by the road and traversed by the river. This wooded place was the home of Sir Samuel Brown (1776-1852), of the Royal Navy, chiefly known for his improved method of forging chains for suspension bridges. Among the best known of his works were the old Brighton chain pier, the similar structure at Trinity, near Leith, and the Union Bridge across the Tweed.

On the main road again, in wooded country with the Eye Water flowing below in a deep dean, is the village of Ayton, whose single broad street is rather like that of an English country town. The castle is a large modern house that overlooks the woods and forms a great landmark. It occupies the site of a mediæval fortress, which dated from the days of a Norman family, De Vescie, in later times De Eiton. The castle was besieged by the English, under Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey (later the victor of Flodden and Duke of Norfolk), in 1497, during the war provoked by James IV's most unnecessary support of Perkin Warbeck against Henry VII. The only interesting detail of the ivy-mantled ruined church is a three-light, transomed, round-arched window, whose inner arch is brick; it seems to date from the early seventeenth century.

A few miles south of Ayton, the road passing over low hills, stands the pretty little village of Foulden, whose principal row of cottages looks straight over a wide open green to the misty peaks of the Cheviots. This is a rather good cedar in the churchyard, where slight mediæval

remains have been deprived of most of their interest. On the way to Hutton is crossed the deep Whiteadder glen, where "very strange coves in crags and quarrels" are mentioned in the Berwick records of 1549, when the English killed several Scottish refugees and "wan in said coves xvi good horses and naggs." The parish minister of Hutton in 1845 (John Edgar) was able to report what to him seemed an exceedingly satisfactory state of mind among his people: "Few of them intermeddle with the irritating subject of politics, or with the controversial disputations of theology. Knowing that their superiors are interested in their welfare, they pay them that respect to which they are entitled."

On a grand bluff overlooking the winding and wooded valley of Whiteadder, protected by a dry moat whose ends are open to the glen, stand the poor ruins of Edrington Castle, just a few fifteenth-century walls of wide-jointed red sandstone ashlar, grown over with yellow wall-flower and built into farm mains. It is a most lovely spot: quiet peace now broods where once raged Border war; across the stream to the left, shale cliffs, to the right, sloping fields where cattle feed, wooded sandstone cliffs beyond.

Most of these places are mentioned in John Ford's *Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck* (1634), in which Surrey is made to exclaim—

"Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogges of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected ayre? Can they
Looke on the strength of Cundrestine defac't,
The glorie of Heydonhall devastated; that

Of Edington cast downe ; the pile of Fulden
Orethrowne : And this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yeelded and demolished,
And yet not peepe abroad ? ”

The metre is not very inspiring, but the remarks make the very most of extremely paltry triumphs.

Beyond the Adams-designed Paxton House that overlooks the Tweed and the Union Chain Bridge that crosses it, stands at the ancient Upsetlington the beautiful church that James IV built as a thankoffering for the preservation of his army from a Tweedal flood about the year 1500 : it has caused the parish to be rechristened in honour of the Ladykirk. It is a small structure of wide-jointed pink sandstone ashlar ; there is no division between nave and chancel, but the latter has a three-sided apse and the transepts, whose arches are extremely low, are terminated in a similar way. Somewhat heavy buttresses carry small pinnacles, and all the roofs consist of high-pointed vaults on which the outer slabs are laid ; there are arch-ribs resting on simple corbels and each apse has two extra ribs, corbelled much higher up. Some of the windows are covered by the flat arches characteristic of the period, but most of them have tall arches with intersecting mullions that would at first sight appear to belong to a much earlier date.* The tower was only built in 1743, by the Robertson family, to which the place is also indebted for the purchase from

On the site of the altar is a fine carved chest dated 1651, and inscribed “ Saynt Nycholas Liverpoole ” and “ God’s Worst is better than the Worlde best. ’

Durham in 1788 of Strawberry, mother of the renowned bull Bolingbroke and ancestress of the famous Shorthorn breed.

Ladykirk, or rather Upsetlington, was sometimes claimed by the Bishops of Durham, who said that the district belonged to their castle of Norham, just across the Tweed and (as the aeroplane now flies) less than a mile away. The red stone keep, four stories high, protected by huge moats and formidable outworks, was reared by Rannulf Flambard, who died in 1128, and was perhaps the biggest scoundrel that ever ruled an English see, though he built the grandest part of Durham Cathedral, in whose throne he most unworthily sat. Norham Castle, one of the most interesting in all the North, played an extremely prominent part in the conferences and the warfare of the Border. Scott's *Marmion* opens with a description of how

“ Day set on Norham’s castled steep,
And Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot’s mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep
In yellow lustre shone.”

Nowhere is the sharp division characteristic of the Border more marked than here. Norham, with its ancient cross upon its wide village green, its gardened cottages, its magnificent old castle dominating the whole neighbourhood, and its noble church, is an entirely English village ; Ladykirk is wholly Scottish. One can easily imagine the late Norman Church of St. Cuthbert with its grand arcade and chancel lengthened in early Decorated

days moved to almost any part of England, or the late Gothic Church of the Virgin hard by shifted to any district of Scotland, but that they should change places—no. The difference in the character of the villages and in the ideas of their inhabitants is as marked as the diversity of architecture. Norham has all the charm of an ancient English village; Ladykirk is quite uninteresting save for its beautiful church. One may cross from the United States into Canada over the bridge by Niagara Falls and notice far less diversity in the general look of the country and the character of the people than if one goes over the Tweed bridge by the high, grassy slope with its bushes of hawthorn, white and pink, on whose top stands Ladykirk Church.

CHAPTER III

THE COUNTRY OF ST. ABB

“ St. Abb’s upon the Nabbs,
St. Helen’s upon the Lea,
St. Bee’s upon Dunbar sands
Stands nearest to the sea.”

So runs a local rhyme about three churches, one of which is a roofless ruin (p. 76), of another vague foundations may be traced (p. 55), while the third has entirely disappeared. (This last was dedicated to St. Bee or Begha, a seventh-century Irish virgin who fled to Scotland to avoid a lover and founded monasteries, as was the custom of her age.)

The local legend says that these churches were founded by three Northumbrian princesses, who, driven from their own country by a war, sailed to Scotland, and were nearly shipwrecked off St. Abb’s Head. Being happily saved, however, they piously built churches in honour of the saints who had preserved them.

St. Abb’s Head is a magnificent mass of red-brown volcanic rock that projects into the sea and joins the mainland by comparatively low ground, partly occupied by a large pond. The storms and the gradual wear of many millenniums have carved the rock into rugged cliffs, and it is

jagged by some huge clefts, down which one may look to where the sea is surging against sheer cliffs and between pinnacles far below, the dull red rock whitened over huge patches by the droppings of the guillemots. The effect is striking enough when the whole scene is bathed in sunlight; when white fogs are floating about, immensely increasing the apparent distances, and throwing an air of mystery over it all, these cliffs are but little less impressive than the colossal headlands of Madeira, which are something like eight times the height.

Between two clefts is a small peninsula called the Nabbs, the traditional site of the convent for monks and nuns founded by St. Ebba, daughter of King Æthelfrith of Northumbria, who died about 679 A.D. (There are several churches dedicated to St. Ebba, or St. Abb, including an ancient one in Oxford and a modern one in Eyemouth.) It was an ideal site for those trained in the dreamy Celtic conceptions of devotion: it was as far as could possibly be wished from any centre of population; the screech of the sea-gulls and the gentle murmur or heavy thud of the sea mingled with the voices of the monks and nuns as the psalter was daily sung. As R. W. Billings puts it, "The storm and gloom of precipice and ocean were in conformity with the stern purpose, the danger, and self-mortifying humility of the devotees."

It is usually said that by St. Margaret (p. 235) the Scottish Church was weaned from its Irish origins and reduced to the general orthodoxy of Western Christendom, but the statement goes very much too far: the Celtic stamp never was eliminated from the Church of Scotland. Her cathedrals stood in villages and not in towns, and

were overshadowed in beauty by the churches of the abbeys; some of their bishops took their titles from districts and not from cities.* Until the fifteenth century there was no metropolitan. The Culdees, who were usually married, held their own in the chapters of Dunblane and Brechin till about the thirteenth century.† The Bishop of the Scots, or of St. Andrews, had jurisdiction from the Tweed to the Dee, except that in this large district, which included a great deal of the more fertile part of Scotland, there were island possessions of other dioceses, and the bishopric of Brechin was entirely made up of such. Compared with mediæval institutions in other parts of Europe, those of Scotland were in Church matters some-

* The mediæval bishoprics of Scotland were (those named from districts in italics with the site of the cathedral in brackets): St. Andrews, Dunkeld, *Moray* (Elgin), *Orkney* (Kirkwall), Glasgow, Whithorn (p. 302), *Argyll* (Lismore), *Isles* (Iona for a time), Aberdeen, Dunblane, Brechin, *Ross* (Fort Rose), *Caithness* (Dornoch), the last five founded by David I. St. Andrews Cathedral was Augustinian, Whithorn was Premonstratensian, Iona Benedictine, the others secular. The Archbishop of York claimed jurisdiction over all the Scottish sees, but was able to get it recognized only in the case of Whithorn, later called Galloway. The Bishop of St. Andrews became a metropolitan archbishop during the episcopate of Patrick Graham, 1466-78; the Bishop of Glasgow attained that dignity in 1488, largely through the interest of James IV, who was himself a canon of the cathedral. The most remarkable point about Scottish ecclesiastical arrangements is that no really important town had a cathedral till the bishopric of Edinburgh was founded in 1633. There is a good map of the mediæval dioceses in W. F. Skene's *Celtic Scotland* (1886), and a similar one in James M. Mackinlay's *Ancient Church Dedications in Scotland*.

† Cosmo Innes, *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, 1860.

what chaotic; its poor organization was by far the weakest point of Celtic Christianity.

The Nabbs is protected by a ditch cut across the isthmus that connects it with the rest of St. Abb's Head through rock and earth; there is a block of masonry built of rubble of the red-brown stone that seems to have been part of a wall: the mortar is very hard and full of tiny red pebbles. In the area thus protected is a remarkable rock chamber that wants little more than a roof, though it is entirely Nature's work. There are slight foundations of a chamber about 82×29 feet, the west end having a square recess, and the east wall changing its direction at right angles so as cut off a corner. On quite another eminence, called Kirk Hill, of volcanic rock, are distinct foundations of a church, apparently not older than about the fifteenth century, which seems to have consisted of a chancel about 23×12 feet in extent, with a south chapel about 7 feet wide and a very much larger nave. This church, whose remains are of the very scantiest, must have been a landmark far over the sea. Not far off is Bell Hill, which has no ecclesiastical remains, but is largely formed of conglomerate of Old Red Sandstone date. There was evidently an extensive religious foundation, and here, though there is nothing to suggest a city, must in all probability be found the *Coludi urbs* of Bede; perhaps the Nabbs formed its citadel. Into this holy house in 660 Etheldreda, wife of King Egfrid of Northumbria, having long requested the King that he would permit her to lay aside worldly cares and to serve only the true King, Christ, in a monastery, and having at length with difficulty prevailed, entered as a nun. Though she

had lived with her husband for twelve years, yet, as Bede tells us, she preserved the glory of perfect virginity, as he was informed by Bishop Wilfrid of glorious memory, of whom he inquired because some doubted the truth of the report. Later she founded a convent at Ely, where a splendid minster rose over her remains. Nevertheless a nobler morality might question the propriety of forgetting the solemn vows of marriage, shirking the holy duties of a mother, neglecting the onerous responsibilities of a queen, and forsaking a husband to seek the quiet peace of a cloister.

Even from this convent and while St. Abb lived the sins of the world were not kept out, a point on which Bede has a most interesting and moral tale to tell us. In 679—that is, ten years after the visit of St. Cuthbert to the place—"the monastery of virgins, called the city of Coludi, above mentioned, was burned down, through carelessness; and yet all that knew the same, might observe that it happened through the malice of those who dwelt in it, and chiefly of those who seemed to be the greatest. But there wanted not a warning of the approaching punishment from the Divine goodness, by which they might have stood corrected, and by fasting, prayers, and tears, like the Ninevites, have averted the anger of the Just Judge.

"There was in that monastery a man of the Scottish race, called Adamnan,* leading a life entirely devoted to God in continence and prayer, insomuch that he never took any food or drink, except only on Sundays and Thursdays; but often spent whole nights in prayer. This austerity of life he had first adopted from necessity to correct

* To be carefully distinguished from the biographer of St. Columba (p. 315).

his evil propensities, but in process of time the necessity became a custom."

This man, weighed down by the pangs of a guilty conscience, had gone to a priest, who, having prescribed a penance to be continued till further directions, had gone into Ireland and died. So Adamnan "ever after observed that same abstinence, according to his direction ; and as he had begun that course through the fear of God, in penitence for his guilt, so he still continued the same unremittingly for the Divine love, and in hope of his reward.

" Having practised this carefully for a long time, it happened that he had gone on a certain day to a distance from the monastery, accompanied by one of the brothers ; and as they were returning from this journey, when they drew near to the monastery, and beheld its lofty buildings, the man of God burst out into tears, and his countenance discovered the trouble of his heart. His companion, perceiving it, asked what was the reason, to which he answered : ' The time is at hand, when a devouring fire shall consume all the structures which you here behold, both public and private.' The other, hearing these words, as soon as they came into the monastery, told them to Ebba, the mother of the congregation. She, with good cause, being much concerned at that prediction, called the man to her, and narrowly inquired of him how he came to know it. He answered, ' Being busy one night lately in watching and singing psalms, I on a sudden saw a person unknown standing by me, and being startled at his presence, he bade me not to fear, and speaking to me in a familiar manner, " You do well," said he, " in that you spend this night-time of rest, not in giving yourself up to sleep, but in

watching and prayer." I answered, "I know I have great need of wholesome watching, and earnest praying to our Lord to pardon my transgressions." He replied, "You are in the right, for you and many more do need to redeem their sins by good works, and when they cease from labouring about temporal affairs, then to labour the more eagerly for the desire of heavenly goods ; but this very few do ; for I, having now visited all this monastery regularly, have looked into every one's chambers and beds, and found none of them except yourself busy about the care of his soul ; but all of them, both men and women, either indulge themselves in slothful sleep, or are awake in order to commit sin ; for even the cells that were built for praying or reading, are now converted into places of feasting, drinking, talking, or other delights ; the very virgins dedicated to God, laying aside the respect due to their profession, whenever they are at leisure, apply themselves to weaving fine garments, either to use in adorning themselves like brides, to the danger of their condition, or to gain the friendship of strange men ; for which reason, a heavy judgement from heaven is deservedly ready to all on this place and its inhabitants by devouring fire." The abbess said, ' Why did you not sooner acquaint me with what you knew ? ' He answered, ' I was afraid to do it, out of respect to you, lest you should be too much afflicted ; yet you may have this comfort, that the calamity will not happen in your days.' This vision being divulged abroad, the inhabitants of that place were for a few days in some little fear, and leaving off their sins, began to punish themselves ; but after the abbess's death they returned to their former wickedness, nay, they became more wicked ; and when they thought

themselves in peace and security, they soon felt the effects of the aforesaid judgement.

“That all this fell out thus, was told me by my most reverend fellow priest, Edgils, who then lived in that monastery. Afterwards, when many of the inhabitants had departed thence, on account of the destruction, he lived a long time in our monastery, and died there. We have thought fit to insert this in our History, to admonish the reader of the works of our Lord, how terrible he is in his counsels on the sons of men, lest we should at some time or other indulge in the pleasures of flesh, and dreading the judgement of God too little, fall under his sudden wrath, and either be severely afflicted with temporal losses, or else being more severely tried, be snatched away to eternal perdition.”*

It would certainly appear as if the nuns were purified in the fire and took the lesson to heart if indeed there be any truth in the grand story that about 870, following the lead of their abbess, another Ebba, they all mutilated their faces rather than fall victims to the lust of the Danes, in the days when another petition had been added to the Litany of the Church, “And from the fury of the Norsemen, Good Lord, deliver us.” The result, which of course they foresaw, was that their house was burned and they were murdered, but they were not outraged. It was a wild, rough age, but for pure heroism few in any period have surpassed those devoted women.

Light is still radiated from this early beacon of the faith, but it is material light for ships at the mouth of the Forth, no longer spiritual guidance for heathen struggling in the sea of life. It is

* Edition of J. A. Giles, D.C.L., 1859.

supplemented by a fog-siren, which may not very seldom be heard through a great part of the country around. Close by is a coastguard station. Over breezy grass-grown uplands, with clumps of stunted whin and a little bell-heather, with plenty of thistles and browsing sheep and cattle, lies the way to the village of St. Abb's. There is a picturesque little rocky harbour, which was considerably extended in 1890. In many of the cottages of the hospitable and kindly fishers are printed cards to the memory of dear ones lost in the *Fiery Cross* or the *Guiding Star* in the dreadful storm of October 14, 1881, or in some similar catastrophe. There is something peculiarly touching about those simple memorials that monuments in cathedrals usually lack. One seems to see the wives and mothers gathered on the quays, anxiously debating which vessels will ride out the storm; then the eagerness for news as some tempest-broken fishing-boat has contrived to get safely in.

Just east of the fishing village a nest of villas is spreading over the top of sloping grass cliffs, which are treeless, but covered with bracken and wild rose, beds of large primroses here, a few sprinkled orchids there. The bay beyond, called Coldingham, presents a fine open stretch of sand, and the limpet and seaweed covered rocks are of most lovely colours, greenish yellow or brownish red, with felsite veins. These are Silurian, contorted and changed by the heat that introduced igneous rocks beside them during Lower Old Red Sandstone days.*

Dugdale seems perfectly justified in his surmise that the ancient nunnery of St. Abb had never been rebuilt after its destruction by the Danes,

* Sir Archibald Geikie, *Scenery of Scotland*, 1901.

when in 1098 Edgar, son of Malcolm Canmore, who had fled to England from Donald Bane (p. 317) and been put on the throne of his ancestors by William Rufus, founded a Benedictine Priory on a new and much more fertile site among low and pleasant hills about a mile inland. That it might, however, claim some sort of historic connexion with the old Northumbrian church, he dedicated it to St. Cuthbert and placed it under the Cathedral Priory at



St. Abb's Harbour.

Durham. It was given the privileges of sanctuary, numerous feudal rights, and wide lands. The monks of St. Cuthbert, as they are usually called in charters, somewhat naturally desired to be independent, and a document is extant in which about the year 1130 King David states that in his presence before the door of the Church of St. John the Evangelist at Roxburgh the Prior of Durham had conceded Coldingham to be free from all

custom and service to Durham.* This, however, was far from being at all final.

The Saxons had added a very usual ending to the old name, but there is no real evidence as to whether Coldingham was originally on the same rockbound site as *urbs Coludi* and was gradually attracted to the vicinity of the new priory, or whether Edgar chose an already existing village in which to build his church. The foundations of the original Norman quire with an apse have been found under the present one; a few fragments of the same date are built into the ruins of the south transept, in the south-east corner of which was discovered in 1898 some walling that may perhaps be the bottom of a round tower. Nothing else that remains can belong to the original buildings, which were burned in 1216 by King John of England.

The east and north walls of the aisleless quire were built but a few years later; both within and without two stories are marked by strings with arcading above and below. The exterior arcading is round-headed on the lower level and pierced as lancets with banded shafts above; there are pilaster buttresses and square turrets, with corner shafts at the eastern end. Within, a passage surrounds the upper part, and between the lancets are other arches, so forming a continuous arcade with double or clustered shafts; these intermediate arches are single in the eastern wall, but double on the north. The caps have rather stiff foliage, but it is varied very much and with excellent effect. The building of the church was evidently continued long and the design was modified from time to time. An eastern aisle to the north transept was

* Sir Archibald C. Lawrie, *Early Scottish Charters*, prior to 1153.



COLDINGHAM PRIORY : QUIRE, N.E.

an afterthought : two arches with deeply cut early pointed mouldings that opened to the quire break into the outside arcading, but fitted with that within. The mural arcading of the south transept, of which but little remains, is of later character than that of the quire, but it is broken into by the arch opening to the south nave aisle ; this has a coarse form of dog-tooth. It has been rebuilt with stones alternately yellow and red, though with better taste the colours are indiscriminately blended in all the mediæval portions.* The slight remains of doors that led to the cloister and to the dormitory stair are visible in the south transept ; three arches with clustered pillars opened to its eastern aisle. The only remains of the conventual buildings of any importance is a long wall with three doorways and the fragments of round responds with suggestions of vaulting at the east end, which from its position south of the quire and parallel to it was probably connected with the infirmary. It is still called Edgar's Walls.

James III wanted to suppress the priory to improve the quire in his chapel at Stirling, but the monks of St. Cuthbert had put themselves under the protection of the house of Douglas, and this position had been delegated to the Humes, so the monarch's intended sacrilege was one of the reasons for his defeat and death at Sauchieburn in 1488. In 1545 Coldingham was burned by Hertford ; at a later date the people of the district, who were episcopally inclined, defended what remained against Cromwell, with the result that still less

* There are extremely few instances in Scotland of patterns formed by the use of differently coloured stones in mediæval work ; the best examples are perhaps the very French-looking doorways at the west end of Kirkwall Cathedral.

remained. In 1662 the quire was restored to worship by the erection of west and southern walls, but in 1854 they were unfortunately refaced in imitation of the original work, when the building was converted into a fair imitation of an average Methodist chapel. The churchyard is half full of yew-trees cut to resemble pepper-pots.* On the site of the central tower are the graves of a couple of priors, and among the objects preserved in the vestry are some interesting fragments of mediæval stained glass.

In the picturesque old village square survive the three round steps that once supported the cross. In 1815 a shaft surmounted by a cube with a ball on top was erected there by Alexander, Earl of Home, Lord Dunglass and Coldingham. Neither the ancient sanctity nor the present Puritanism of the village prevent its taking stock of the elegant accomplishments of life. As might be noticed in the window of a shop during June of 1912, Professor Blank, in language that the eighteenth century might envy, had the honour to announce "the most fashionable style of Dancing will be taught, as practised by the élite of Society. Particular attention will be given to deportment. From the opportunities Mr. Blank enjoys of becoming conversant with the most recent improvements in his profession, and his anxiety to

* In 1786 was found in a part of the ruins that no longer exists a female skeleton in an upright position that has always been supposed to be that of a frail nun who did not withstand temptation. But it does not appear that there were ever lady recluses on the present site, and it hardly seems likely that the monks of St. Cuthbert would have wanted to offer the hospitality of their walls for the immuring of a person from without. Probably it was just a tomb.



Coldingham Cross.

promote the welfare of his pupils, as well as to repay the encouragement of his patrons by diligence and persevering care he hopes to be favoured with such a share of public patronage as has hitherto been bestowed upon his efforts."

A weekly market was established in Coldingham as early as the fourteenth century, and the proclamation by which the fair is opened orders all randy beggars, thieves and cutpurses to depart. In the north end of the village, called Bolan, hand-weaving was carried on till it was destroyed by the rise in the price of cotton that the American Civil War produced. Most of Coldingham Moor, as the ancient common was called, locally a type of something very wide to which people's consciences were sometimes compared, was enclosed, as were so many more, during the eighteenth century.

From the miniature seaport of Petticowick at the foot of St. Abb's Head is a most magnificent view of the Silurian rocks, whose wavy strata, each of which resembles the end of a sheet of corrugated iron, have been carved by the sea into the highest and the most striking cliffs on the eastern coast of Scotland, though they hardly rise above 500 feet from the waves. There is a most magnificent walk along the top to Fast Castle, with views over Coldingham Loch towards the land. On the summit of the cliffs and half destroyed by their falling away is an interesting double camp, a curious earthwork that appears to have consisted of two round parts touching each other, much as do the two oval baileys formed by the earthworks at Castle Hedingham. The defences are on a puny scale so far as elevation goes, but each consists of three banks with two ditches between.

At a place marked on maps as Lochdane there



SOUTH TRANSEPT, COLDINGHAM PRIORY.



CLIFFS NEAR PETTICOWICK.

descends a most lovely little valley toward the sea ; the stream forms a series of babbling waterfalls over the rocks, while on either side grow ferns in profusion, with garlic and anemones and other wild-flowers. There is just here an atmosphere of quiet peace, a contrast with the wild and rugged lonely grandeur of the cliffs, though a rowan that is growing from a crack in the rocks has been bent against the side of the precipice by the wind. Some such scene doubtless inspired the stanzas in the *Kingis Quair*—

“Quhare, in a lusty plane, tuke I my way,
Endlang a ryuer, plesant to behold,
Enbroudin all with freschë flouris gay,
Quhare, throu the grauel, bryght as ony gold,
The cristall water ran so clere and cold,
That in myn ere maid contynualy
A maner soun, mellit with armony ;

“That full of lytill fischis by the brym,
Now here, now there, with bakkis blewe as lede,
Lap and playit, and in a rout can swym
So prettily, and dressit tham to sprede
Thaire curall fynnis, as the ruby rede,
That in the sonne vpon thaire scalis bryght
As gesserant ay glitterit in my sight.”

The land is ploughed up to the very edge of the cliffs, and from the furrows one looks straight down to the upturned edges of the Silurian rock that form the beach several hundred feet below. Not far short of Fast Castle is reached the spot where the burn called Dowlaw, from the neighbouring farm, has cut for itself a deep gorge, from whose sides now and again some loosened fragment of the rock comes crashing down to increase

the weird and lonely character that is produced by the wild and naked glen. A little higher up it is thickly wooded and has a very pretty waterfall framed by the trees.

At length one looks down on the lonely little peninsula far below, where the scanty ruins of Fast Castle stand high above the waves. It was a stronghold of the Earls of Home, and if sea air and remoteness were desired the spot was chosen well. For defence, however, this does not seem so sure; the whole area within the walls is commanded from the top of the cliffs, about 200 feet higher up, and as close as well could be; the only approach is by a sloping ledge, with the rock along one side to give some measure of cover to the advancing foe. A narrow cleft between the promontory and the mainland has apparently been artificially enlarged; where the drawbridge spanned the rift is a narrow causeway now. The buildings are of local slaty stone, red sandstone being provided, but sparingly, for details. On the very edge of the precipice was a curtain, whose construction must have been a work of difficulty and danger too. A very few fragments remain, the most conspicuous preserved by a stairway thickening the wall; the bastions were round. Against the very edge of the cliff on the south stood a great oblong tower; its lower chamber was the vaulted chapel, whose piscina, under an ogee arch, has a side drain carried straight through the wall on a piece of sandstone, so that the moisture would trickle down to the sea.* Slight indications of date point to the erection of the castle during the fourteenth century.

* There are similar side drains to piscinas in Corstorphine and Seton churches.



FAST CASTLE.

Fast Castle undoubtedly gave Scott the idea for the Wolf's Crag in his *Bride of Lammermoor*, and though not exact in every particular the description is extremely vivid. "The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situate on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a greyish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy not unmingled with horror."

Not far beyond the castle to the west the cultivated ground above the cliffs gives place to heather moor, and westward spreads a glorious view over a less elevated landscape. The coast is

low, but rocky and indented much ; the Old Red Sandstone soon takes the place of the Silurian rocks (p. 75), and the change in colouring is marked. Very gently the land rises from the shore and swells up to the heights of the Lammermuirs ; the general impression is that of a wide and well cultivated plain. Rising from the blue sea the Bass stands out alone, and in the distance is the coast of Fife.

CHAPTER IV

COCKBURNSPATH

RESTON, the station for Coldingham, stands just off the main road, and the village is certainly not less beautiful than an average railway settlement. Just below it in the valley of the Eye Water is West Reston Mill, where flour is still ground by water-power and the primitive machinery is largely of wood. The rough rubble structure has two date-stones built in, "1663" and "S. I. H. 1727"; the last is upside down.

Both the railway and the highroad to Edinburgh negotiate the Lammermuirs by a remarkable pass formed by the gradual recession towards each other (and eventual meeting) of the glens of the Eye Water and of the Pease Burn. The long valley is in parts thickly timbered, in others its slopes are grass-grown; it is a most lonely-looking district, and gives the impression of being high among remote mountains instead of one of the chief lines of communication in the land. Traveling towards the north one passes first, among delightful woods, a village with the pleasantly suggestive name of Houndwood,* which consists chiefly of an ugly modern church and of a white

* The report of a Governor of Berwick in 1532 speaks of "Honwood" and "Cobbirspeth."

roughcast house in a park, and then, in open country, the long hamlet of Grantshouse amid much disturbed strata of Silurian rocks. The present main road does not cross the once famous Pease Burn, whose valley is so surprisingly deep and steep that it used to be one of the most difficult places on the road; Oliver Cromwell was much impressed by its military value in defending the highway and, in a letter for Speaker Lenthall, dated at Dunbar, September 4, 1650, he refers to "the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way." The place is described by Patten,* who at least in some respects saw eye to eye with Cromwell, for he has most unflattering references to "that hydeous monster, that venemous Aspis and very Antichriste the Bischop of Rome." "We marched an viii mile til we came to a place called ye Peaths, It is a valey, rûning frō a vi mile West, straight Eas'warde and toward the sea a xx skore brode from banke to banke aboue, and a v skore in the bottom, wherein runnes a little riuer: So stepe be these bākes on eyther syde and depe to the bottom, that who goeth straight doune shalbe in daunger of tumbling, & the commer up so, sure of puffyng and payne, for remedie wherof the trauailers that way haue vsed to pass it, not by going directly, but by paths & footways leading slopewise, of the

* *The Expedition into Scottlāde of the most woorthely fortunate prince Edward, Duke of Soomerset, vnclē vnto our most noble souereign lord ye kiges Maiestie Edvvard the VI, Gouuernour of hys hyghnes persone, and Protectour of hys graces Realmes, dominions and subiectes: made in the first yere of his Maiesties most prosperous reign, and set out by way of diarie, by W. Patten Londoner. VIVAT VICTOR. (Printed in London, 1548.)*

number of which paths, they call it (somewhat nicely in dede) ye Peaths."

The gorge is at present crossed by a remarkable bridge of red sandstone (for the road from Coldingham), which was erected by one Henderson in 1786. There are four arches, and the central pier being built up from the bottom, the total height of the masonry is nearly 130 feet. A recent very thorough repointing seems to have destroyed all traces of the black spleenwort fern by which it was formerly covered.

The next stream has cut for itself an exactly similar valley, in the bottom of which the Silurian strata under the Old Red Sandstone are in some places laid bare: it joins the Pease Burn a little lower down, not far from the sea. Its old name was the Herriot Water, but it is now usually called the Tower Burn, from a remarkable old fortress on its very edge close by the road; the almost universal local name for it is Ravenswood Castle,* but it is properly known as Cockburnspath Tower. Overhanging the wooded gorge are three chambers in line; all are vaulted, but the central one at right angles to the others; narrow little openings, splayed within, look straight down into the glen. These evidently formed offices; just across a narrow court is a keep tower in ruin, originally three stages in height, none vaulted. There is a large plinth and the wall is thickened to provide a shaft from the jamb of a window in the second stage to the ground outside. There is very little to indicate date; perhaps the fifteenth century

* Though Dunglass is the only place that exactly corresponds with the situation of Ravenswood, "occupying, and in some measure commanding, a pass betwixt Berwickshire, or the Merse . . . and the Lothians."

is as probable as any other epoch. North of the keep are some later gabled chambers with chimneys.

Boece has the following reference to the early history of the owners of this tower. Malcolm Canmore "amang mony othir his constitutionis, he abrogat al the Lawis maid be Makbeth. Quhill King Malcolme was gevin to sic besines, tithingis come, that Lugtak was cumin, with ane gret nowmer of pepill, to Scone, and maid himself king. To resist sic fuliche attemptatis, was send, be the kingis auctorite, Makduf, Erle of Fif, quhilk finally slew the said Lugtak be set batal, and put his cumpany to flicht. Followit, sindry yeris efter, gud peace; quhill at last, ane gret noumer of thevis come in Mers and Louthiane, invading the cuntre with continual heirschip and slauchter. Nochthel, they wer finaly tane and justifyit, be Patrik Dunbar of that ilk. Than King Malcolm, that na virtew suld be unrewardit, maid this Patrik Erle of Marche, and gaif to him the landis of Cokburnispeth, under this condition, that in times cuming the Erlis of Marche sal purge Mers and Louthiane of all thevis. In memory heirof, he bure in his baner, ane thevis heid strinklid with blud." *

There is at rate no doubt that from early times Dunbar and Cockburnspath were held by the Earls of March, from whom, through the Earls of Home, the latter passed to the family of Hall of Dunglass (p. 79). One of them, Sir James Hall, Bart. (1761-1832), was a companion of Dr. Hutton and Professor Playfair on their famous excursion to the most striking cliffs at Siccar Point in this district, in order to examine the junction of the Silurian and

* Bellenden's translation. (See p. 108).



COCKBURNSPATH TOWER.



PEASE BRIDGE.

Old Red Sandstone rocks.* Playfair has written a well-known account of the expedition:† “We sailed in a boat from Dunglass on a day when the fineness of the weather permitted us to keep close to the foot of the rocks which line the shore in that quarter, directing our course southwards in search of the termination of the secondary strata. We made for a high rocky point or headland, the Siccar, near which, from our observations on shore, we knew that the object we were in search of was likely to be discovered. On landing at this point, we found that we actually trode on the primeval rock which forms alternately the base and the summit of the present land.” “Dr. Hutton was highly pleased with appearances which set in so clear a light the different formations of the parts which compose the exterior crust of the earth, and where all the circumstances were combined that could render the observation satisfactory and precise. On us, who saw these phenomena for the first time, the impression made will not easily be forgotten. The palpable evidence presented to us of one of the most extraordinary and important

* “The section which the sea-coast makes of the eastern extremity of this ridge (the Lammermuirs), is highly instructive, from the great disturbance of the primary strata, and the variety of their inflexions. The junction of these strata with the secondary, on the south side, is near the little seaport of Eyemouth, but the immediate contact is not visible. On the north side of the ridge, the junction is at a point called the Siccar, not far from Dunglass, the seat of Sir James Hall, Baronet. By being well laid open, and dissected by the working of the sea, the rock here displays the relation between the two orders of strata to great advantage.” —*Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth*, by John Playfair, 1802, p. 213.

† *Works of John Playfair*, vol. iv, 1822.

facts in the natural history of the earth gave a reality and substance to those theoretical speculations, which, however probable, had never till now been directly authenticated by the testimony of the senses. We often said to ourselves, What clearer evidence could we have had of the different formation of these rocks, had we actually seen them emerging from the bosom of the deep? We felt ourselves necessarily carried back to the time when the schistus on which we stood was yet at the bottom of the sea, and when the sandstone before us was only beginning to be deposited in the shape of sand or mud, from the waters of a superincumbent ocean. An epocha still more remote presented itself, when even the most ancient of these rocks, instead of standing upright in vertical beds, lay in horizontal planes at the bottom of the sea, and was not yet disturbed by that immeasurable force which has burst asunder the solid pavement of the globe. Revolutions still more remote appeared in the distance of this extraordinary perspective. The mind seemed to grow giddy by looking so far into the abyss of time; and, while we listened with earnestness and admiration to the philosopher who was now unfolding to us the order and series of these wonderful events, we became sensible how much farther reason may sometimes go than imagination can venture to follow."

Near the edge of the lower ground and close to the sea stand the conspicuous ruins of the parish church of Old Cambus, called by St. Helen's name (p. 52). It consisted simply of nave and chancel, both vaulted, and is built for the most part of red sandstone with some blocks of yellow. The nave has two sepulchral recesses; the west wall, which

is later and has gable-topped diagonal buttresses and a tall gable, presents no other features than large holes, apparently for scaffolding, unblocked; there is not even any mark of the end of the vault. The oldest gravestone, dishonestly used to support a later tomb, is dated 1646; the series goes on well into the eighteenth century—all in complete neglect. It was in this region that in 1317 Bruce drew upon himself a papal excommunication by treating with exceedingly scant respect a friar who came as envoy from the legates, urging peace with England, but refusing to recognize the Scottish King.

The following remarks about the people, written by their minister, Andrew Baird, during the first part of the nineteenth century, illustrate rather interestingly the ethics of honesty in cases where the Government is concerned: "Both smuggling and poaching in game prevailed at one time, we have understood, to a great extent. Both, however, have been given up;—the latter, we trust, from the improved morality and comfort of the inhabitants; the former, principally at least we suspect, from the superintendence of the coast-guard, who have a station within the parish, consisting of six boatmen and a commanding officer."

A most remarkable fact about Cockburnspath is that until recent times no two people seem ever to have spelt it the same way. It is a sombre and venerable little town that stands round a market-place. In the centre rises a shaft from two square steps, and on it a thistle rests. The lower part of a feudal tower is turned into a cottage which adjoins the churchyard, but fails to exemplify the saying as to the quality that should come next

to godliness. Length without breadth is the ancient kirk, 80 feet from east to west, only 18 north to south. A diagonal buttress at each corner and a broken window seem to place its construction in the fifteenth century. A queer little round turret, with a turnpike stair and openings in the form of a cross, has been built in the middle of a wall, destroying the window through which once slanted the rays of the setting sun, and projecting both into the church and into the yard. Where the chancel ought to be was added in 1614* a burial vault, on whose only tombstone he who strains his eyes may still laboriously decipher through the coaldust the admirable advice "*Serva iugum.*" In the south-west angle is a sundial placed at an extraordinary slope, designed apparently to prove that its makers could plan a gnomon to fit it.

There is an exactly similar one in the church of the next parish—over the border of East Lothian—called Oldhamstocks. It is a T-shaped building erected in 1701, but has an interesting chancel, whose east window is three-light Decorated, with net tracery, yet it is inscribed "T. H. 1581 M. S." The initials are those of an incumbent named Thomas Hepburn and of his wife, Margaret Sinclair. He helped the Queen of Scots to escape from Lochleven Castle. On the village green is a large stone-built pump. The place stands in a natural amphitheatre among the low foothills of the Lammermuirs, at the head of the small valley of the burn of Dunglass. Two little rills from the

* This dated example is a fairly good sample of Jacobean Gothic, having a square-headed Perpendicular window of three flat-arched lights. There are holes for the bell-rope in the steps of the turret stair.

mountains trickle into the head of the glen, a most quiet and peaceful spot.

The first *Statistical Account* * gives the following information about the fishing of the parish: "The fish caught on this coast are turbot, cod, skate, herring, haddocks, whittings, flounders, lobsters, and crabs. . . . The fishers use two kinds of boats; the largest, called cobs, are different from the fishing boats generally used, being remarkably flat in the bottom, and of a great length, measuring about 30 feet in keel, and 33 or 34 feet aloft from stem to stern; extreme breadth, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and depth, from floor to the top of the gunwale, 4 feet. These are used only in the herring fishing, each carrying 4 men and a skipper, with 8 nets, each net being 60 yards long, and 13 yards in depth.

"Prime cost of a coble, with anchors, masts					
and sails	£28
Prime cost of 480 yards of nets, about	...				50
<hr/>					
Total cost of a coble, fully furnished	...				£78

"The other boat is much smaller."

The frontier of Berwickshire and Lothian follows the line of the deep and thickly wooded glen at Dunglass; it is an ancient place, and perhaps the least unlikely of the different sites proposed for the second, third, fourth, and fifth of Arthur's fights (p. 211). Now all is private ground, that beautiful combination of park, arboretum, garden and ragged wilderness that makes up the ideal policies of a Scottish mansion. The old castle that overlooked the glen was destroyed by

* Drawn up from the communications of the ministers of the different parishes by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., Edinburgh, MDCC,XCIII.

Somerset in 1548;* again rebuilt, it was again demolished by an explosion of powder in 1640, and an uninspiring house of classic form now occupies the site.

The most interesting feature is the ancient church, built by one of the Homes, and perhaps furnished with some sort of chapter, during the fifteenth century. It is a beautiful cruciform building with a north chapel opening at right angles to the quire, and all the roofs are pointed vaults, formed by the sloping in of the walls, but the central tower lies open to the sky. The windows are of late Decorated character; there are pinnacled sedilia, and so well did our fathers fix the stone slabs over the vaults that they have survived unscathed their long neglect; a few carpenters and glaziers might soon restore the sanctuary once more. It is occupied by the dead alone, and, save when another is laid to rest, their silence is only broken by the rustling of the branches of the trees and the fluttering of the bats and the birds. The tower is much narrower than the limbs, and to the east of the axis of the transept, so that its piers stand right inside the church and block its centre, and the west ones only just touch the edges of the walls; this naturally brings the outside roofs most awkwardly together. Perhaps the quire and tower were built before the rest, and it was meant originally to enhance the dignity of the former by subordinating the other

* Patten says: "Our Pioners were early at their worke again about ye Castel, whose walles were so thick & foudaciō so depe, & therto set upon so craggy a plot, that it was not an easy matter sone to vnderdig them." He also refers to "the town of dūglas (the which we left vnspeyled & unburnt)."

parts. The caps are plainly moulded, except that the eastern ones have rather poor foliage.

The countryside towards Dunbar consists of sloping fertile fields, not very interesting until one comes to the places where the streams have cut themselves deep gorges that are clothed by forests and watched by castles; then at once, with surprising completeness, the quiet scenery of hedgerow and stone dike is exchanged for what recalls most vividly the fierce turmoil of older days. But yet it is an atmosphere of peace: the soil that once was stained with gore is covered by foxglove and wild rose, the very castle walls are claimed by ferns and moss and flowers.

On a detached mass of red sandstone overlooking one of these thickly-wooded valleys, whose stream babbles along at a much lower level than would seem at all likely from the width of the gorge, but nevertheless commanded at very close range by slightly higher ground, its site precipitous except on the north, stands the small castle of Innerwick. The place belonged to the house of Stewart long before it could claim to be royal, and continued so almost to the day when its rather degenerate representatives ceased to wear a crown: under its lordship Innerwick became a baronial stronghold of the Hamilton line. The lower chambers of the fortress are, or rather were, tunnel-vaulted; their small square-headed windows are as usual surmounted by relieving arches. In the south-west corner is a piece of stairway in the curtain open to the country outside, but carefully protected by a parapet from the tiny court within—it would seem a most inconvenient plan. On the far side of the gorge was once another tower, seat of the house of Hume; neither fortress has

escaped its share of iron war. Here is Patten's description of how they fared in Somerset's expedition: "In ye wai we shuld go, a mile & a half frō Dūglas Northward, ther were ii pyles or holdes, Thornton & Anderwike, set both on craggy foundacioun and deuided a stones cast a sunder, by a depe gut * wherein ran a litle Ryuer. Thornton belōged to the lorde Hume, and was kepte then by one Tom Trotter, whereunto my lordes grace ouer night for summons sente Somerset hys Heraulde, towarde whome iiii or v of this Capitayns prikkers with their gaddes ready charged did righte hastely direct their course, but Trotter both honestly defended the Heraulde, & sharply rebuked hys men: and sayd for the summōs he woulde com speak with my lordes grace himself, notwithstāding he came not, . . . Anderwyke pertained to the lorde of Hābleton, and was kept by hys sonne & heyre (whom of custume they call the Master of Hābleton) & an viii more with hym, gentlemen for the moste part as we harde say. My lordes grace at his comming nye, sent vnto both these piles, whiche vpon summōs refusing to rēder, were straighte assayled, Thornton, by batrie of iiii of our great peces of ordinaūce & certain of syr Peeter Mewtus hakbutteres to watch ye loopholes & wyndowes on all sydes, & Anderwyke by a sorte of the same hakbutteres alone, who soo well besturd thē, y^t whear these keepers had rāmed vp their outer dores, cloyd & stopt vp their stayres within, & kept thēselues a loft for defence of their house about the battilmētes, the hakbutteres gat in & fyered thē

* This word is found in several New World place-names, as Shirley Gut, near Boston, and Digby Gut and the Gut of Canso, in Nova Scotia.

vnderneth: wherby beyng greatly trobled w^t smoke & smother, & brought in desperaciō of defēce they called pitefully ouer their walles to my lordes grace for mercy, who, notwithstandinge their great obstinaci & thēs ample other of ye enemies mought haue had by their punishmēt, of his noble generosite & by these wordes making half excuse for thē. Men may some tyme do y^t hastily in a gere, whereof after they mai soon repēt thē, did take thē to grace, & thearfore sent one straight to thē. But ere the messēger came, the hakbutteres had gottē vp to thē and killed viii of thē aloft, one lept ouer ye walles, & runninge more then a furlōg after was slai w^tout in a water. Al this while, at Thornton, our assault & their defence was stoutly cōtinued, but well perceiuinge how on ye tone side thei were batred, mined on ye other, kept in w^t hakbutteres rounde about, & sum of our men wⁱⁿ also occupieng al ye house under thē (for thei had likewise shopt vp thēselues in ye highest of their house) & so to do nothīg inward or outward, neither by shotīg of base (wherof they had but one or ij.) nor tumbling of stones (ye thinges of their chefe anoyaunce) wherby thei might be able any while to resist oure powr, or save thēselues, thei pluct in a banner y^t afore they had set out in defyaūce, & put out ouer the walles, a whyte lynnē clout tyed on a stikes end, cryng al with one tune for mercy.”

“To saye on now, ye house was soon after so blowē with powder, y^t more then ye one half fell straight doune to rubrish & dust, the rest stood al to be shaken w^t riftes & chynkes. Anderwyke was burned, and al ye houses of office and stakkes of corne about them both.” That Innerwick Castle was, however, restored is evident from the rather

ornate Renaissance detail that still remains on the western side.

The village is a short distance off, and not of any particular interest; the church is modern. In 1661 a great thanksgiving was held for the return of the King to his own; due and proper care was, however, taken that the festival should not be put on a level with the Sabbath. Enthusiasm seems rapidly to have cooled, for the minister, who declined to become an Episcopalian, was in October, 1662, ejected from the place, and he left his people as a mother is parted from her child when the latter is snatched from her breast.

The first turnips in Scotland sown by drill were put into the ground in 1734 by one Lee of Skateraw, near Innerwick. The agriculture of the countryside in this district has a most prosperous and cared-for appearance—a feature more welcome than common in our particular corner of the world.



Dunbar Castle.

CHAPTER V

DUNBAR

FROM basalt rocks, much worn by waves and rains, one looks out on the open sea both to the north and east. The hill of rock jutting into the ocean has given to Dunbar both Celtic name and castle site. According to Buchanan and Holinshed a great warrior named Bar received the fortress as a grant from Kenneth McAlpine, who fixed the government of Alban at Scone and invaded Saxony or Lothian, dying in 860. Bar is in all probability simply an eponymous hero, like old King Cole of Colchester, but there can be no doubt of the importance of such a strong place as Dunbar in the very early days when the Scots of Dalriada were making themselves masters of the English-speaking part of what was to become Scotland.

In 1072 Dunbar and the eastern marches were granted by Malcolm Canmore to Gospatrick, the Earl of Northumberland, who, having joined the rising of 1068, helped the Danes to sack York, and committed other offences against William the

Conqueror, was compelled to leave England behind. By far the most striking thing about the castle to-day is its situation, as in Scotland is often the case. It occupies two small basalt hills that rise straight out of the water, and are connected with the land; they are still impressive, though much less extensive than of yore. Between them is a smaller rock, which is connected with the west hill by a natural arch and with the east by a mass of masonry that once consisted of an archway and a closed passage above; the fact that the actual arch is entirely destroyed speaks well for the tenacity of the masonry. At high tide the sea flows in under both arches and fills a very tiny harbour, entirely protected by the defences. The actual remains of the castle are extremely scanty, the destruction in 1567 by order of Parliament under the Regent Moray having apparently been very thorough.

The ruins on the eastern hill are mediæval and very featureless; the design is governed entirely by the ground, as could not very well have been helped; there are vaults on the lowest level, and part of a tower is supported only by timber props. It is mostly, at any rate, of the fifteenth century, during which the castle was rebuilt by the master mason, Walter Merlioun.*

The buildings on the other hill are of the early sixteenth century, and although they are extremely ruinous the deeply splayed oval embrasures, with large mural niches for ammunition, and air-shafts to allow the smoke of the guns to escape, are well

* In 1499 he received a pension of £40 a year for his services (Macgibbon and Ross, vol. v, p. 530). Boece refers to "the castel of Dunbar; quhilk be nature and crafty indустre of man, is the strenthiest hous, this day, of Albion."

preserved, and afford a good example of military architecture after artillery had become a really serious weapon. The present condition of the castle as to cleanliness is much the same as that of a Chinese city; and although notices inform all who can read that "anyone found depositing rubbish or refuse will be prosecuted," the satisfactory results are exceedingly small; a large part of the population is either very illiterate or very contemptuous of authority.

Though not very near the Border, Dunbar sometimes had an important share in the wars between English and Scots. The most famous occasion was when, in 1338, it was successfully held by a Countess of Dunbar and March, the renowned Black Agnes, against the forces of William de Montacute, first Earl of Salisbury, in the wars of Edward III. When the English battering engines sent pieces of rock onto the battlements she sent her maids with napkins to sweep the dust away, and when a wooden "sow" full of soldiers was brought near the walls she said she would make it farrow, and crushed it with a great rock flung down, which brought the armed men out. This gallant exploit did much to preserve the independence of Scotland. Agnes's husband, Patrick, the tenth Earl, had sheltered Edward II after Bannockburn, and had put himself under the protection of Edward III, but afterwards rebelled. In 1368 he surrendered Dunbar Castle to his son George, by whom it was forfeited to the Crown. The place played a large part in the miserable story of Mary's relations with Bothwell, to whose keeping she granted the castle, and he carried her thither in 1567.

The old or southern harbour is enclosed by a

picturesque red sandstone pier with a passage along the top, protected by a parapet. This dates from the days of the Commonwealth, and Cromwell, always on the look out for ways of stimulating trade and industry, contributed to the expense of its construction. The new, or northern harbour, which is considerably larger, is enclosed by a quite modern pier, and an entrance has been made through the rocks by the castle. It gives a very high idea of the skill of the sailors to see the boats being steered in. In by far the most picturesque part of the town, though hardly the most attractive for residence, are the crumbling old sandstone houses by the quays, some of which have seen very much better days. A short slope leads up to High Street, a fine broad thoroughfare, at whose northern end stands Dunbar or Lauderdale House, a large but uninteresting building in a sort of classic style, now rather appropriately used as a barrack. The chief ornament to High Street is the picturesque sixteenth-century Town Hall, a feature in which old Scottish burghs are usually richer than English ones, evidently from Flemish influence. The crow-steps of the gables are themselves gabled, and a chimney rises at the top of each end of the roof; in the centre of the front is a stair tower of hexagonal form, surmounted by a spire. The ground floor is plastered with little shops, whose placards summarise the news of the day. Above are the iron-barred windows of the cells in which the burgh used to entertain those with whose adventures newspapers are so largely concerned, and over them, partly in the roof, is the Council Chamber, poorly panelled, but loyally furnished with two copies of the Royal Arms, one of them with the initials of James VII.



TOLBOOTH, DUNBAR.



INNERWICK CASTLE.
(P. 81.)

Antiquities in Dunbar are not numerous. On the Edinburgh road is a stumpy tower with steep-roofed narrow aisles, which is the sole remains of the monastery of the Trinity, or Red, Friars. At first sight it looks like a very simple form of the usual type of central tower to a friary church, but there is no doubt that it was originally a dove-cot; it is not the fragment of a larger building. The parish church was made collegiate by the husband of Black Agnes, the foundation consisting of dean, archpriest, and eighteen canons. It was one of the first instances of what became extremely common in Scotland after the zeal for monasteries had died away. The members of a collegiate chapter were not under vows (except, of course, those of their ordination), and could hold property of their own, their duty, besides praying for founders and benefactors, being to teach. A collegiate church differed from a college or university chiefly in that the college was in connexion with the church instead of the church being an adjunct of the college. The present building, whose tower is a most conspicuous landmark, was designed by James Gillespie Graham, a pioneer of the Gothic revival in Scotland, and erected in 1821. The interior has been altered and the galleries removed, which is seldom an improvement when the church was built to receive them. There is a superb monument of different coloured and white marbles to George Home (or Hume), Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under James VI, by whom he was made Earl of Dunbar in 1605. He took a prominent part in the restoration of bishops in Scotland. The Earl is represented kneeling with his cross-sword under a round arch, on either side of which is a man in armour, above are four beautiful figures, and over

all the arms with motto, "REX DITAT DEVS BEAT." The date is given as MVCX, which is clearly intended to be read 1610 (would Cæsar have understood it?), but the Earl really died in the following year.

Dunbar as a fishing port is less prosperous than of old—some say because men fished from it on the Sabbath—but it has a new prosperity as a summer resort (with a most admirable golf course), one of whose great advantages is that the main road slips by it. Another is the cordial, almost intimate, relations that exist between the rulers and the ruled. Instead of the usual language about pains and penalties and fines that is employed by those to whom the government of mankind is committed, the powers that be in Dunbar speak to their subjects like this: "The Provost, Magistrates and Councillors of the Burgh of Dunbar request that all Cisterns supplying water to Dwelling Houses in the Burgh be Washed out and cleaned without delay."

In 1779 the renowned Paul Jones, whose bones have at last found a tomb in the soil of the country for which he fought, threatened Dunbar with five ships, but made no actual attack. In earlier days the neighbouring fields twice witnessed the clash of arms. The feeble John Baliol, who had consented to wear the Scottish crown on ignominious terms, was on April 27, 1296, defeated by the English under Warenne, the virtual beginning of the long war of independence. The other battle was fought farther from the town in 1650, and it was an important item in the events which George Chalmers (p. 96) sums up in the remark, "Haddingtonshire was debased by the fanaticism or ruined by the follies of those guilty times." *

* *Caledonia*, vol. ii, p. 426.

He continues that "it is a sad reflexion that it was of little importance to a harassed people whether the fanatical Lesley or the miscreant Cromwell should prevail." This view has been widely held, but it seems superficial enough. It is true indeed that the most astute theologian can find nothing really tangible either in doctrine or worship that divided the English Puritans from the Scottish Covenanters. Nevertheless their ideals were wide apart as the very poles. The Puritan, whether in Old England or New, was essentially a man of the world, a keen trader, an industrious worker, who desired that his State should count for something among the nations of mankind. Cromwell did more for the foreign position of England than any other ruler she has ever had, considering the brief duration of his power. The Covenanter (in strange contrast with the character that the Scots have subsequently developed) was a religious fanatic, nothing more. Even to-day most of the Covenanters in America refuse to vote at political elections, so vile in their opinion are all the institutions of this world (p. 328).

Arnot (p. 277) thus describes the battle: "Cromwell's army lay at Dunbar in a very bad situation. They were so straitened for provisions, that he had meditated to send his foot and artillery by sea into England, and to break through with his horse in the best manner he could. Lesley had secured the passes between Dunbar and Berwick, so that Cromwell's retreat would have been as dangerous as disgraceful. But he was spared this mortification by the madness of the clergy. The Scots army, instead of being under the authority of their general, was regulated by a

committee of clergymen, who took care to see it purged from all profane persons, that no iniquities should be committed, particularly that of Sabbath-breaking, and who in general superintended its motions. Having cleared the army of about four thousand profane persons, they concluded that they were a body of saints, and consequently invincible. At the same time, the clergy had been wrestling night and day with the Lord, as they termed it. At last a revelation was made to them, that the sectarian and heretical army, together with Agag (that is, Cromwell), were delivered into their hands. Puffed up with this imaginary revelation, they compelled the general, in spite of all his remonstrances, to descend into the plain to give battle to Cromwell. In a few minutes, their army of sixteen thousand foot, and seven thousand horse, was totally routed. The clergy made great lamentations. They told the Lord, that it was little to them to lose their lives and fortunes, but to him it was great loss to suffer his elect to be destroyed : And they ascribed their overthrow to the wickedness of the land, the manifold provocations of the King's house, the leaving a most malignant and profane guard of horse about the King, the owning of the King's quarrel, without due subordination to religion and liberty, and the carnal self-seeking of some, together with the neglect of family worship in others. Besides these, they supposed that the Lord had consented to their overthrow, that more blood, blasphemy, cruelty, and treachery might be upon the land of their enemies ; because victory was a burthening and weighty mercy which they had not strength to bear ; and because their enemies were not enough hardened, nor they sufficiently mortified."

In rather strange contrast with the subtle and theological bent of the Scottish mind is the fact that while the Puritans have been divided chiefly by purely theological differences, as in the rise of Unitarian views, the Presbyterians have been largely torn by a point so purely one of expediency as the best way to fill vacant charges. If Arnot may again be quoted: "The Presbyterian clergy of Scotland, who, in the course of our history, have been seen to involve the nation so often in tumult and rebellion, are still a divided sect. The right of patronage is the grand touchstone of the respective parties. The one set, which encourages patronage, are men of moderate and peaceable principles, both respecting church and state, who discharge quietly the duties of their function. The other, who are violent enemies to patronage, are more bigoted in their religious principles; men who are ever inclined to advance the republican part of the constitution, and who are always endeavouring, by arts suitable to the end, to insinuate themselves into the favour of the rabble. By these men, but much more by Seceders, Methodists, Cameronians, Independents, Anabaptists, Bereans, and the endless tribe of sectaries, fanaticism is propagated, and is productive of much distress in private families." "It frequently happens that a father is robbed of all his family by these wholesale dealers in poison."

Gough seems not to be altogether independent when he writes, "The right of patronage is the grand touchstone of the two parties among the Presbyterians; those who encourage it being men of moderate and peaceable principles; those who oppose it are bigoted republicans."

It was the patronage question, and practically

nothing else, that in 1843 unfortunately tore the Presbyterians of Scotland asunder and created the original Free Church—United Free, since its union in 1900 with the so-called United Presbyterians, a body composed of many different seceders who agreed in condemning the abominable heresy of Erastus. The Established Church has now abolished the patronage system that caused the disruption, but is to some extent divided from the United Free by the growth of ritualism. This again is to a great extent the result of the possession of so many mediæval churches, numbers of which are restored to something very like their appearance in ancient days.* The real triumph of Presbyterianism (and it is no slight one) is in the fact that of all countries closely in touch with modern ideas, Scotland is the one in which men most go to church to-day.

Just below Doon Hill, on which the Scots army under Alexander Leslie † were camped before the battle, stands the quiet little village of Spott among its trees. By the uninteresting modern church are preserved the ancient jousts, ‡ and there are tombs belonging to the family of Sprot of Spott. The strange witchcraft delusion reached

* A member of the United Free Church, discussing this point with myself, found the communion tables, quire stalls, fonts, lecterns and so on, very bad, but the limit was reached in a parish where the beadle was decked in a scarlet gown !

† He had fought by the side of Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War and been knighted by that King, he had been created first Earl of Leven in 1641, he had served in Ireland and been present at Marston Moor ; at Dunbar he was fighting with fanatical Covenanters on behalf of a perjured King.

‡ By means of which in the ages of faith a wrongdoer was chained up like a dog.

this remote and peaceful hamlet; it is curious that American powers of advertising have given to so many people an impression that what really pervaded all Europe was the particular disgrace of Salem in Massachusetts. The kirk session records in 1698 are much taken up with Marion Lillie, known as the Rig-Woody Witch, and seven years later on the top of Spott Loan were many supposed witches burned.

Surmounting a more or less detached peak of the Lammermuirs, some 2 miles south-west of the village, there is an ancient camp, its area about an acre and its plan a circle. Both bank and ditch are double, and it is still a most impressive work when seen from the side of Stenton, but the old people who live in the Lammermuir vales around say it was ploughed over once, and its appearance bears them out. At present, however, its red earth is covered with grass, and from the prehistoric rampart is a glorious view, over the heaving slopes of the hills and up sundry lonely valleys, over the wide vale of the Tyne and the lands about Dunbar, and over them all the sparkling sea. The valleys that babbling streams have cut in the mass of the Lammermuir range are of most idyllic beauty: sheep pasture by the water and under the dark trees; wild rose and elder and whin and broom, with foxgloves rising through the bracken, make up a most perfect undergrowth.

At Stenton there is a holy well, covered by a small round building that is protected by a conical top. It appears to be seventeenth-century work, though supporting a mediæval crocket: if this really was a place of pilgrimage it was probably of very minor importance. The little ruined church in the village is puzzling in architectural detail. A

small tower has a smaller upper stage, whose gables are crow-stepped and whose windows have round arches, each cut in a single stone. The nave door has mouldings of rough Norman type, but the building seems to have been erected in the early sixteenth century, more or less perhaps in conscious imitation of the style of former days.

The next parish is Whittinghame, where George Chalmers* says the Earls of Dunbar held their "manorial" courts. The policies of the House (the seat of A. J. Balfour) are extremely varied and beautiful. There are wide stretches of well timbered parkland, thick woods with some huge willows and planes, and deep glens full of trees; the well-kept grounds beside the house, which is modern and rather ugly, shade off naturally and very gradually to the rougher sections, where rhododendron and wild rose form thick tangles of bush. There is a small mediæval tower, bearing the boar's head of Douglas. Under the yew-tree near by it is said that Archibald Douglas, Morton, and Bothwell plotted Darnley's murder in 1566.

East Lothian has a larger percentage of farms above 300 acres than any other county in Great Britain, though the average holding is but 203 acres. Wheat thrives well on the plain between the Garleton Hills and the sea. The county has a great reputation for growing potatoes, including the famous *Dunbar Reds*, but the average yield per acre (1901-10) is but 7·32 tons, while that of Clackmannan is as high as 8·49 tons.

* The author of *Caledonia* was born in 1742 and died in 1825; for a time he was a lawyer at Baltimore, in Maryland, and he published pamphlets about the American Colonies.

CHAPTER VI

THE TOMBS OF ST. BALDRED

JUST beyond the pine woods that form the seaward border of the celebrated Tynninghame plantations (p. 100), the wide Ravensheugh sands stretch along the shore. Largely they are covered with reeds and rough grass and moss where rabbits swarm; partly they are firm enough to be cycled over. Across the estuary of the Tyne is a pleasant view of Dunbar, with the Lammermuirs behind.

Close by the river-mouth, where sea-pinks grow in profusion over the basalt rocks, is a funnel up which the water for ever swells and surges with a gentle motion that so suggested to the mothers of long ago the lulling of babies to sleep that the little inlet is known as the Cradle of Baldred. St. Baldred or Balther has left a great name in the folk-lore of all this district, and the Episcopal church in North Berwick is suitably called by his name; there is, however, considerable uncertainty about the actual facts of his life. He had cells on the Bass and in Tynninghame, and was apparently a Northumbrian disciple of St. Kentigern, or Mungo, of Glasgow, although Baring-Gould and the Bollandists agree that he lived in the eighth century—both with a query. Chalmers (*Caledonia*) tells us “the worthy Cuthbert succeeded the

respected Baldred, during the seventh century, in preaching to the confiding Saxons of this *shire* in their own language." From the *Aberdeen Breviary* we learn that a crag dangerous to the navigation of the Forth he removed to a more convenient position, as if he had merely been navigating a ship, and the rock in question is still known as St. Baldred's Boat. When he died at Auldham the two neighbouring parishes of Preston and Tynninghame disputed with Auldham for the privilege of enshrining his remains, but conveniently that night a miracle was wrought: instead of one body there were three. All the three churches could be his tombs.

In the parish of Preston is the little town of East Linton,* whose chief interest is an old bridge over the river now called Tyne. Thus Patten refers to the spot: "Marching this mornig a ij mile, we came to a fayre Ryuer callen Lyn rūning all straight eastwarde toward the sea, ouer this Riuer is ther a stone bridge y^t they name Lyntō brig, of a toun therby on our right hād & eastward as we went y^t stōds vpō the same Ryuer, Our horsmen & cariages past through ye water, (for it was not very depe) our footmē ouer the bridge."

The bridge in question has two segmental arches, each supported by four thick square ribs, and it was probably quite a modern work when the meddlesome English filed across. In a field on the road to Haddington is an upright stone of hard black rock, described by David Webster (*Topographical*

* West Linton is a pleasant little Peeblesshire town just under Mendick, and on a river still called Lyne. It contains the interesting bas-reliefs, almost Assyrian in their character, that were made by James Gifford, a notable person in the reign of Charles II, who figures in Dr. Pennecuik's poem.

Dictionary of Scotland) in 1817: "A stone 10 feet high on the road side, half a mile from the village, marks the grave of a Saxon commander." It is probably much more ancient and closely resembles, though on a smaller scale, the famous Devil's Arrows in a field near Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

Preston, Prestonhaugh, or Prestonkirk, stands just north of Linton on the babbling river, and possesses a mediæval church, sadly bedevilled. The old chancel is an excellent specimen of early pointed work, with tall lancets and chamfered buttresses rising from the wide plinth, but instead of resounding with the strains of Christian worship it is full of dead Hepburn bones. An adjoining doorway bears date 1734; the greater part of the church seems to have been built in 1770, but it was extended to the north in the early years of the nineteenth century. Among those who rest in the churchyard is Andrew Meikle (1719-1811), who made thrashing-machines practically useful by inventing the fixed beaters or skutchers. A few months before his death a subscription was raised for his benefit; the material rewards to the benefactors of mankind are usually not very large.

The ancient village of Tynninghame is no more; its site is enclosed in the Earl of Haddington's park. Outside the gates, however, is a beautiful hamlet that yet bears the name—one long street, well treed, wide enough to have room for gardens and grass. In 1840 the Widows' Row was rebuilt. The little Norman church, standing among yews that shut it out even from the park, has been deliberately and barbarously destroyed, except for the arches that opened to the chancel and to the

apse, and the two shafts that supported the vaulting of the latter. It resembled Dalmeny (p. 316), but was richer.* Under a recess with early pointed mouldings, where the sedilia ought to be, is a girlish figure on an altar tomb. The dust of Earls and Countesses mingles with that of St. Baldred.

The plantations were begun in 1705 by Thomas, the sixth Earl of Haddington, at whose baptism in 1679 the following was eaten for dinner—probably not any of it by him: fresh beef, six pieces; mutton, sixteen pieces; veal, four pieces; venison, three legs; geese, six; pigs, four; old turkeys, two; young turkeys, eight; salmon, four; tongues and udders, twelve; ducks, fourteen; fowls, roasted six, boiled nine; chickens, roasted thirty, stewed twelve, fricasseed eight, in pottage ten; lamb, two sides; wild fowl, twenty-two; pigeons, baked, roasted and stewed, one hundred and eighty-two; hares, roasted ten, fricasseed six; hams, three. He introduced into East Lothian rye-grass and clover and the practice of fallowing land. About his plantations he wrote: "As the oak is my favourite tree, I have planted it everywhere; and I can show them very thriving on rich, poor, middling, heathy, gravelly, clayey,

* On each side of the chancel arch is a recessed niche with zigzag, where probably a side altar stood. The zigzagged chancel arch has three shafts aside, both caps and abaci covered with scales: the similar shafts of the arch to the apse have Ionic volutes and queer-looking acanthus leaves; the arch itself is adorned with zigzag and lozenge and large oblong spaces with diagonal lines. The vaulting shafts are each double and banded with zigzag mouldings; in their present detached condition they have a most meaningless appearance. The loss of this beautiful little church is exceedingly to be deplored.

mossy, spouty, and rocky ground, nay, even upon dry sand. It is visible that the oak grows everywhere on my grounds faster than any other tree, some of the aquatics only excepted."

The profusion of trees so close to the sea is certainly remarkable, more striking than at Gosford (p. 169). The beeches are huge and form some extremely fine avenues, but the famous holly hedges seem to have suffered rather from being no longer kept clipped. The house has the common Scottish feature of round towers, but it is mostly modern. A square-headed doorway in the wall of the garden bears date 1666. There are some beautiful herbaceous borders with hedges of yew behind them, and fuchsias grow with surprising luxuriance. A striking pergola of apple-trees has an Italian statue at either end.

Women, picturesquely shawled, are to be seen working in the fields throughout all this countryside. As far back as 1845 it was written: "The parish has long had the advantage of a skilful and respectable tenantry, and the habits of the people generally are influenced in no small degree by their ordinary pursuits." The last statement seems so very exceptional as scarcely to be credited, but it was vouched for by the minister of the parish, the Rev. James Wallace, D.D. In 1761 the parish of Tynninghame was united with that of Whitekirk, and a medal with clasping hands was struck to commemorate so auspicious an event.

Whitekirk was a place of pilgrimage of old, and Our Lady's Well, within gunshot of the church (whose site no man knows), was resorted to particularly by those who wanted to have babies. But there were also those who did not, and one of them was Æneas Sylvius (p. 183), who visited the

spot, in consequence of a vow at sea, in 1435, when walking over the frozen ground with bare feet he permanently injured his health. There is an interesting cruciform church without aisles, built at different times in the fifteenth century, one of the most picturesque village kirks to be found in all Scotland. The central tower rests on plain round arches, simply bevelled, the vault having ridge ribs not in line on either side of the central boss. An aumbrey 6 feet deep in one of the responds south-west at one time threatened the stability of the tower, which supports a low square spire.

The windows seem originally to have had simple intersecting mullions;* the east wall is blank except for a small rose, high up over which is a shield that seems once to have borne the arms of Abbot Crawford of Holyrood (1460-83). The chancel has a pointed barrel vault; the other arms have wooden roofs. The favourite Presbyterian T-shape was secured by the simple process of destroying the south transept, which has been rebuilt recently with a smaller projection than of old.

The Earl's gallery has a sixteenth-century front with Ionic pilasters and cusped arches that came from Tynninghame church. Another former possession of the same building is a Bible printed

* This is sometimes found in very late work in England, for instance, in the University Church at Cambridge. The most ornate part of Whitekirk is the south porch, which has diagonal buttresses, pinnacles, several canopied niches, and a pointed barrel vault whose form it is attempted to mask by means of ribs. In the foundation of the original south transept was found a stone cist containing a skull. The porch and chancel are crow-stepped. There survives the matrix stone of an elaborate brass.



WHITEKIRK (SOUTH SIDE).



BEACH BY TANTALLON CASTLE.

by Robert Barker in London in 1617; it seems strange that it had to be sent to the Bass for safety when Scotland was in the hands of the English Puritans. Perhaps the fact that it contains the Episcopal Lectionary was the reason it was apprehended their consciences would prompt them to do it harm! Where once the altar stood is the Ionic pew of the house of Baird of Newbyth, dated 1691. Some years ago one of the family discovered in the Vatican a document* giving a history of the place, of which the following is his translation:—

“In 1294, when Edward I, King of England, had defeated the Scots’ army near Dunbar, many of the army fled into that castle, then commanded by Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar, who, seeing the number within so great that the place must soon be surrendered, rather than fall into the hands of her enemies, made her escape by water in the night in order to have gone to Fife. But she, receiving a hurt while getting into the boat, and the wind being against her, was obliged to be landed on that part of the shore nearest to Fairknowe, to which she was carried. The English, however, ravaging the country, they were obliged to halt while a party of them passed, during which time, being in great agony, she prayed to the Holy Mother for relief, when an hermit came and told her if she had faith to drink of that holy well she would find relief, which she did, and had no sooner done drinking than she was perfectly recovered

* Rev. F. H. Waddell, a former minister and historian of the parish, tells me he has twice attempted, but without success, to find the document while in Rome. The Vatican Library is not, it appears, sufficiently catalogued to enable it to be rediscovered.

from all bruises and made whole. This miracle she made known to Andrew de Foreman, Prior of Coldingham, and in the year following she built a chapel in honour of our Lady, and endowed it with ten merks a year for ever. The number of miracles performed at this well was so great that in 1309 John Abernethy, with assistance of the monks at Melrose, procured a shrine to be erected and dedicated to the Holy Mother. In 1413 there were no less than 15,653 pilgrims of all nations, and the offerings were equal to 1,422 merks. In 1430 James I, King of Scotland, being a good man who loved the Church, built the Abbey of the Holy Cross at Edinburgh, and took the chapel of Fairknowe into his protection, added much to it by building houses for the reception of pilgrims, called it Whitechapel where he often went, and made it dependent on his own Abbey of the Holy Cross. In 1439 Adam Hepburn of Hailes built a choir all arched with stone agreeable to the mode of Peter de Mainie, and so it continued in great prosperity as a place of sanctity until the year 1540 when the cup of vengeance was full and heresy had covered the North. Oliver Sinclair, being poisoned by the letters written to his master by that infamous wretch his uncle, Henry VIII of England, asked leave of his King to build him an house near the Whitechapel, which the other too easily granted, in building of which he pulled down the pilgrims' houses, and made use of the stones for his own house. Times growing worse instead of better, and the great men longing to enrich themselves with the church lands, as their neighbours in England had done, notwithstanding the great efforts of that apostolical man, Cardinal Beatoun, and many more, now Saints in Heaven,

the pilgrims were no longer safe. The offerings, as well as all the other lands, then valued at 750 merks annually, were seized upon and the shrine was beat to pieces. That holy chapel also shared the fate of many more and was made a parochial church for the preaching of heresy, and by them called Whitekirk."

This is a most inspiring and uplifting account, though it would inspire more confidence in its accuracy did it not chance (in addition to other slips) to make Black Agnes defend a castle about twenty years before she was born, and to blunder by some three centuries in so exceedingly elementary a point as the date of the foundation of Holyrood (p. 213).

On a rocky ridge to the north of the church there is a long and narrow building which was probably the teind-barn. The western end, with vaulted lower part and sloping stair in the thickness of the wall, was evidently a small pele; an angel holding a shield (whose armorial bearings, if there were any, are obliterated) seems to fix its date in the fifteenth century. The other part, three-storied, step-battlemented, does not seem very much later.

The third tomb of St. Baldred was Auldhame, where he died. The poor ruins of the village look out to the sea from their woods over the most delightful sloping cliffs, which are thickly treed. The ivy-buried remains of what is locally called the castle appear above the trees; it was a sixteenth-century house of very ordinary type, gables crow-stepped, windows square-headed, basement vaulted, round turret with turnpike stair. A cottage or two in equal ruin, a small pond walled by rocks, and a few once-cultivated roses

straggling amid tangles of wild vegetation—no more than that of the village survives. It is in the grounds of Seacliff House, a large modern mansion that has stood a gaunt ruin by the shore, unrestored, since it was burned some years ago. The flames were noticed on the Bass before any one realized their existence on the spot. This parish, too, is united with Whitekirk, in whose church is a galleried Seacliff pew.

Only a few miles off to the westward, a great landmark far over the treeless landscape, is the lofty Fenton Tower, an L-shaped house resembling Auldham, built of rubble—yellow, grey, and dark-red stone. Erected in 1577 by Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, it stands to-day a roofless ruin, merely a shelter for horses. The lower stage was vaulted; two stories above and the attic had wooden floors: some fragments of beams that remain are not remarkable for size. The projection is small; its lower part contained a stairway to the hall; above are little square bedrooms, all reached by a turnpike. The hall occupied all but one end of the stage above the basement. Nearly every chamber has a fireplace; some of them, like the doors, have the simple round mouldings characteristic of the period. The front door retains the cavities for its stalwart wooden bolt; all the lower windows are very small, and there are a few loops for musketry, but the preparations for defence on the whole are slight, much less than the age just before had required, though more than were wanted in the England of that day.

The hamlet close by bears the designation of Kingston, perhaps the very commonest of all Saxon place-names.

CHAPTER VII

THE BASS ROCK



Tree Mallow.

“BESIDE this Ile (May) is ane wondrous crag, risand within the see, with sa narro and strait hals, that na schip nor bait may arrive bot allanerlie at ane part of it. This crag is callit the Bas; unwinnabill be ingine of man. In it ar coves, als proffitable for defence of men, as thay wer biggit be crafty industry. Every thing that is in that crag is ful of admiration and wonder. In it ar incredible noumer of Soland Geis; nocht unlik to

thir fowlis, that Plineus callis See Ernis; and ar sene in na part of Albion, bot in this crag and Ailsay. At thair first cumin, quhilk is in the spring of the yeir, thay gadder sa gret noumer of treis and stikkis to big thair nestis, that the samin nicht be sufficient fewell to the keparis of the castell, howbeit thay had na uthir provision; and thocht the keparis tak fra thir fowlis thir stikkis and treis, yit thay tak litil indingnation thair of, bot bringis haistelie agane als mony fra uthir

placis quhair thay fle. Thay nuris thair birdis with maist deligat fische; for, thocht thay have ane fische in thair mouth abone the seis, quhair thay fle, yit gif thay se ane uthir bettir, thay lat the first fal, and doukis, with ane fellon stoure, in the see, and bringis haistelie up the fische that thay last saw; and thought this fische be reft fra hir be the keparis of the castell, scho takkis litill indingnation, bot fleis incontinent for ane uthir. Thir keparis, of the castell forsaide, takis the young geis fra thaim with litill impediment; thus cumis gret proffet yeirlie to the lord of the said castell. Within the bowellis of thir geis, is ane fatnes of singulare medicine; for it helis mony infirmiteis. . . . In this crag growis ane richt delicius herbe; and, quhen it is transportit or plantit in ony othir part, it is of litill sapor or gust. In this crag wes sum time ane stane, full of ene and holis, like ane watter spounge, holkit in the middis; of sik nature, that all salt watter that is waschin thairwith, becumis incontinent fresche and delicius to the mouth. We heir, now, that this stane is in Fast Castell."

Thus, about the year of grace 1536, did the Rev. John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray and Canon of Ross, translate into English Boece's description of the Bass Rock. The interest of the little island is out of all proportion to its size. In the case of most places, in the Old World at any rate, it is the human race that, however unworthily, have created the greater part of the interest, but on the Bass Pope's remark about the proper study for mankind is not true. Humanity is but a passing visitor to the rock; only the birds have their wives and families there. This fact was tacitly recognized by the renowned house of Lauder,

whose later crest* was a gannet or solan goose sitting on a rock, with the appropriate, but slightly profane, motto in Latin, *Sub umbra alarum tuarum* ("Under the shadow of thy wings").

We are not to permit our admiration for the Fathers of the Church and the mediæval writers who followed them to carry us away into the realms of their natural history; for instance, St. Basil displays more enthusiasm than accurate knowledge of zoology and mathematics when he insists that the Lion of the Tribe of Judah must have been the Virgin's only Son because even in nature a lioness has never more than a single cub. So what Boece tells us about the solan geese, particularly as to their origin from the little worms that may often be seen in drift-wood, must be taken with some ocean brine. Nor do they catch fish precisely in the manner indicated by the passage already quoted. Nor are they confined in Scotland to the Bass and the Ailsa Crag; they are also to be found on Sullam in the Shetlands, on Suliskerry in the Orkneys, and in remote St. Kilda, or rather its satellite, Stack Lü. Outside of Scotland they reside on Lundy Island, and have numerous ancient colonies in the New World.

The most interesting thing about the solan goose is that he is so intensely human—whether he would be flattered to be told so is quite another thing. Although it has not actually been proved, he seems during his whole life only to have one wife. "As a general rule, on their arrival (at the Bass) they are already mated, as evidenced by their alighting in pairs, with the

* Adopted about the year 1561, when a younger branch of the family succeeded to the crag.

usual interchange of friendly greetings and a ferocious attitude towards their next-door neighbours. Exceptions, however, are to be seen in young birds nesting for the first time, or those who, through some misfortune, have lost their partners and, nothing daunted, are again in the matrimonial market. Selecting a vacant ledge on the densely populated cliff face, the female awaits developments. From amongst the crowds that wheel in front, as if by prearrangement, a male bird darts to join her, and strikes the rock face a few inches overhead with a sounding crash, sufficient, one would think, to break every bone in his body. Both birds are instantly locked by each other's bills, and with outspread wings and bodies flattened to the rock, a tug-o'-war begins, the male bird apparently trying his best to pull the other off the ledge. Both sexes are similar in plumage and nearly indistinguishable, and only by actual observation are we, by inference, able to determine which is which. Consequently, their attractions being equal, there is no attempt at "displaying" on the part of the male as in the case of many birds, notably the blackcock, who struts and flaunts his fineries for the conquest of his more soberly clad females. As the tug-o'-war proceeds, they struggle and twist over each other like a pair of enraged cats, their grip at times changing to the throat, the skin being stretched to an alarming extent. No attempt is ever made to spear each other, though this would certainly be their most deadly means of offence. Minutes at a time may elapse without either bird making a move or relaxing its hold. Then with a sudden twist grips are lost, fresh ones as quickly taken, and the struggle renewed as furiously as ever. A



SOLAN GEESE ON THE BASS.

careless wing dangling over the ledge is instantly seized and worried unmercifully by the occupants of the ledge immediately beneath, without in the least distracting the attention of the owner. Occasionally both birds topple over the ledge and fall headlong to the sea, some 200 feet below, without relaxing their hold of each other. Others separate in mid-air, while sometimes one is unfortunate enough in its descent to get caught by the leg in a projecting fissure. After continuing for hours, the inevitable result of these battles is a gradual weakening of attack on both sides and a final halting in the middle of a charge with distended bills, followed by a ludicrously solemn wagging of the head as if to say 'enough.' A few repetitions of this, and both birds are whetting their bills on each other in perfect amity. The whetting of bills is their most pronounced form of endearment." This might easily be taken for a metaphorical, and possibly slightly coloured, description of the way in which bipeds of a different kind get engaged on the North Berwick rocks, but it is signed by the well-known and most accurate observer of bird life who writes as "J. M. C."

Whatever their enthusiastic admirers may say to the contrary, the nests of the solan geese are quite as close together as our own slum dwellings, and to all appearance they are almost as frailly constructed. They are made of the most miscellaneous materials, such as seaweed, sticks, bits of grass, fragments of soldiers' uniforms, Molucca beans, and in fact anything that comes handy. In constructing them it is to be regretted that they frequently display somewhat loose conceptions of the rights of property, but these thefts seem to

be taken in good part, and the usual remedy of those who suffer is to steal from some one else who chances not to be at home. Only one egg is laid in each nest, as one small solan goose is all that his parents can manage at once. A young one whose down is just beginning to appear may frequently be seen trying to waddle about on the rock, using both wings and feet and looking rather like a reptile.

The feeding of the babies is too delicate an operation to be performed for the benefit of inquisitive human beings, and, once more to quote J. M. C., "Only when the young are well advanced and an exceedingly healthy appetite has been developed, calling for more frequent attention, do we see the operation take place. A week or so before flight the young solan is quite as large as the parent birds, whose resources are then severely taxed in satisfying their bulky offspring's inordinate appetite. Little wonder that the family is restricted to one only! A full-grown mackerel or herring is to the young solan as 'a minnow tossed to a cat.' Tapping with the bill on that of the parent bird is the method of expressing a desire for food, and after enduring much importuning—evidently intended to inculcate abstemiousness in the young—the provider opens its mouth to the widest. The youngster immediately thrusts its head into the gullet of the parent as far as the shoulders, and deftly extracts the delicacy purveyed, bolting it intact before withdrawing its head."

Despite all attempts to teach the young to be abstemious, they become very fat, rather bigger than their parents, and show no desire to devote their attention to the serious business of life. At length a broad hint that they are expected to

embark on a profession is given them in the form of a push into the sea from the high shelf on which they have so far lived, administered by their fond parents. For several days they drift about on the waves, exposed to the severe rigours of a British midsummer, and their fat supports them. However, the eventual result is that their wings develop, and they learn to fly in time to take part in the annual migration to warmer skies. The first feathers of the young are black; then they become mottled, and finally, after three or four years, they attain the white hue with black tips to the wings and yellowish head that adorn the adult bird, by which time the full extent of the wings is about 6 feet. Formerly solans were considered good to eat, in spite of their extreme greasiness, and the twelve birds that seem to have formed part of the emoluments of the old-time Vicar of the Bass were in 1845 still paid to the minister of North Berwick, who was considered to represent him.* The eyesight of solan geese is extremely good, and they dive down from a considerable height in the air to secure the fish of which they have caught sight. This procedure has been taken advantage of to play practical jokes on the unsuspecting birds by placing fish on floating boards, by contact with which they are killed. This was the usual method of catching them. A solan flying over Penzance is stated once, having noticed some pilchards on a fir plank about an inch and a quarter thick, to have dived down and driven its beak quite through the board, breaking its neck in the process.†

* *Statistical Account.*

† *The Bass Rock: its Civil and Ecclesiastical History*, by Rev. Thomas M'Crie; *Geology*, by Hugh Miller; *Martyrology*,

The fat puffins—solemn-looking birds with huge bills, blue, yellow, and red—sit stolidly in the old embrasures of the castle and do nothing very particular. They are locally called “Tammie Norrie,” or sometimes sea-parrot; their young are never seen, as they nest in old rabbit-holes or in openings of the crumbling masonry. About the middle of August they all go away, no one seems quite to know whither; they come back in March.

The Bass was visited by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and in his work, *Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium* (1651), he gives an account of what he saw: “The surface of this island in the months of May and June is almost completely covered with nests, eggs, and young birds, so that you can scarce find free footing anywhere; and then such is the density of the flight of the old birds above, that like a cloud they darken the sun and the sky; and such the screaming and din that you can scarce hear the voice of one who addresses you. If you turn your eyes below, and from your lofty stance and precipice regard the sea, there you perceive on all sides around an infinite variety of different kinds of sea-fowl swimming about in pursuit of their prey: the face of the ocean is very like that of a pool in the spring season, when it appears swarming with frogs; or to those sunny hills and cliffy mountains looked at from below, that are covered with numerous flocks of sheep and goats.” “Among the many different kinds

by Rev. James Anderson; *Zoology and Botany*, by Professor Fleming and Professor Balfour. Edinburgh, 1847. This is a most useful work, though one smiles at the extreme religious bitterness that it displays.

of birds which seek the Bass island for the sake of laying and incubating their eggs, and which have such variety of nests, one bird was pointed out to me which lays but one egg, and this it places upon the point of a rock, with nothing like a nest or bed beneath it, yet so firmly that the mother can go and return without injury to it; but if any one move it from its place, by no art can it be fixed or balanced again; left at liberty, it straightway rolls off and falls into the sea. The place, as I have said, is crusted over with a white cement, and the egg, when laid, is bedewed with a thick and viscid moisture, which setting speedily, the egg is soldered as it were, or agglutinated, to the subjacent rock." This account, one of the authors of the work on *The Bass Rock* (1847) thinks, "may fairly be ranked among exploded popular errors"; but the guillemots, who live in very close association with the razor-bills, do lay their eggs on the bare ledges of the rock, sometimes actually overhanging the edge; but accidents seldom or never occur, rather because the heavy end of the egg is in the right place than from any cement.

The eider ducks are not very numerous; as they occupy the lower ledges close to the water they are not so easily observed. Their food is chiefly crustacean. Nearly the whole surface of the cliffs is covered with the nests of the sea-birds; the space allotted to each species is reoccupied year after year. It was perhaps settled by great battles between the ancestors of the birds unremembered generations ago.

The rock is precipitous all round, the cliffs being in ledges to a great extent, to the immense convenience of the birds. As if sliced off with a knife,

there is a sloping surface from the highest point down to the only place where it is possible to land; this faces southward toward the Lothian shore. East and west the basalt rock is pierced by a cave-like tunnel, and in it are some large boulders which, when moved about by a stormy sea, give an earthquake feeling to those who sleep above in the lighthouse building. Hugh Miller thus explains the existence of this curious feature: "One of those *slicken-sided* lines of division so common in the trap-rocks, runs across the island from east to west, cutting it into two unseparated parts, immediately under the foundations of the old chapel. As is not uncommon along these lines, whether occasioned by the escape of vapours from below or the introduction of moisture from above, the rock on both sides, so firm and unwasted elsewhere, is considerably decomposed; and the sea, by incessantly charging direct in this softened line from the stormy east, has, in the lapse of ages, hollowed a passage for itself through."

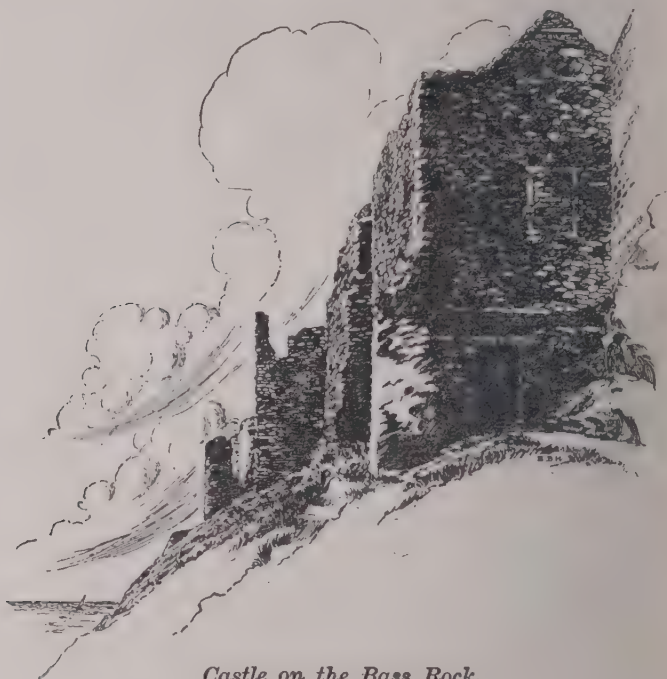
The sloping surface is covered with rough grass, forming a pasture for sheep, or, where it is more rocky, with different species of campion, pink and white. Three small terraces may be rather indistinctly traced, and on the central one are the ruins of a little oblong church, which was dedicated to St. Baldred and occupies the traditional site of his cell.* It is built of claystone porphyry, occasion-

* The record of its consecration in *Extracta ex Chronicis Scocie* is: "1542. The v. d. of Jany. M. Villielm Gybsone, byschop of Libariensis and Suffraganeus to David Beton, Cardynall and Archebysschop of Santandros, consecrat and dedicat the paris kirk in the craig of the Bass, in honor of Sant Baldred, bysschop and confessor, in presens of Maister John Lawder, arsdene in Teuidaill, noter publict." The quiet

ally seamed by minute veins of dull red jasper, quarried in the vicinity of Dirleton, sandstone being employed for details. The said details are of the fifteenth century, and in a papal bull of 1493 about the grease of gannets in dispute between the Lauders and the Prioress of North Berwick, it is referred to as newly built. There is no east window, but in the wall is a trefoiled niche, probably a piscina ; on the north is a sepulchral recess, on the south an aumbrey and by the door a stoup. A little fern (*Asplenium maritimum*) grows in very small quantities in the cracks of the masonry.

From early times the Bass was the property of the ancient family of Lauder, to whom it is alleged to have been granted by Malcolm Canmore. Part of the rock was, however, probably from yet earlier times, a possession of the see of St. Andrews, whose bishop in 1316 granted such portion to Robert Lauder, reserving only a yearly payment of a pound of white wax. Not far above the landing-place the slope is crossed by a curtain wall, which naturally follows the lie of the ground, having sundry projections and round bastions where a rocky projection offers a suitable foundation ; the parapet is battlemented, with the usual walk along the top of the wall. Another curtain at right angles runs down to the sea close to the landing-place, ending in a ruined round tower, whose vaulted base has poorly splayed and apparently rather unskilfully constructed embrasures. The entrance passes through this out-work wall close to where it joins the other ; there assumption that St. Baldred was a bishop is a good example of the efforts made in the later Middle Ages to ignore the Celtic origins of the Scottish Church.

is a wood-lined opening for the timber bar. The main defences are entered a little farther on in the same line, through a projecting two-story building which has some fireplaces with very simple and late mouldings. The buildings are of the local basalt, and the masonry is rough rubble; there



Castle on the Bass Rock.

are, as is so frequently the case, no very clear indications for dating the different parts, which were in all probability erected at different times, but no detail seems to exist that can have been completed very long before the year 1500. It is certain, however, that some sort of castle existed

at a much earlier date ; James (afterwards to reign as the first of that name) was there in 1405—just before his long captivity in England.

In 1671 the Bass became a State prison, and was chiefly used for the confinement of the Covenanter martyrs. A little beyond the entrance, to a tower that formed a simple bastion has been added about this time a gabled chamber which, though of restricted dimensions, must have been comfortable enough, with blue Dutch tiles round its moulded fireplace, now very much decayed. It appears in the drawing (which is taken from just within the wall going down to the sea) surmounted by a pinnacle of ruined masonry. A space recently dug out is called an *oubliette*, but it seems to be merely the interior of the old tower. Here was confined—at any rate according to tradition—John Blackadder, the best known of the Covenanter martyrs of the Bass, who died on the rock in 1686. He is buried at North Berwick, where a United Free church is called by his name. From his epitaph we learn—

“Passions to reason chained, prudence did lead—
Zeal warmed his breast, and reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He, Enoch-like, enjoyed and walk'd with God ;
Till, by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confined to gaol, or flesh and blood.
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow ; and by angels led
Enjoyed the mansions of eternal joy.”

His son, Colonel Blackadder, who asked the General Assembly “that they should not spend their fire upon one another,” gets terribly hauled

over the coals by Dr. M'Crie for being a type of "incipient moderatism," but he is said to have been "a brave soldier and a devout Christian."

Under Charles Maitland the Bass held out against William III until 1690. A few Jacobite prisoners, who were subsequently confined on the rock, succeeded in surprising and overpowering the garrison, and for several years they held the crag with magnificent gallantry against the whole force of the kingdom. By plundering vessels that chanced to come within their reach they secured abundant supplies, causing much satisfaction to the King who had lost his throne and corresponding annoyance to the one whom Parliament had chosen to fill the vacancy. A couple of frigates were sent to bombard the fortifications, but the walls were too high up to be effectively reached by their fire; otherwise they were certainly not of a sort to defy any kind of artillery. It seems probable that the destruction of the upper part of the round tower by the sea was caused, or at any rate promoted, by this bombardment.

Help to the garrison was sent by the French, and kindly messages by the ex-King. So serious did the position appear to the British Government that to have any dealings with the Jacobites on the crag was declared to be a capital offence. An effort to execute a person who ignored the prohibition within sight of the Bass was prevented by a well-aimed shot from its castle, but the life of the poor fellow was only slightly prolonged. At length, in 1694, the garrison surrendered, but by feasting the commissioners who came to treat with them on wine and biscuit, and by deceiving them on one or two points, they secured the most favourable terms.

By charter from the Crown in 1706 the Bass passed into the possession of the Dalrymples, to whom it still belongs. The Government reserved the right to fortify it, should such a course seem desirable.

The highest terrace was occupied by a garden where vegetables for the garrison could be grown, but only on a small scale. At present its wall is broken down and the site is covered with nettles, though a large bed of daffodils is still holding its own. Rabbits are numerous, but they were only introduced in the early nineteenth century. The tree mallow (*Lavatera arborea*), which in Britain is an extremely rare plant, though it grows on the Ailsa Crag, was formerly abundant all over the slope of the Bass; the sheep have annihilated it on the upper land, but it still grows luxuriantly below the castle walls. Another not very common plant which flourishes on the Bass is the sea beet (*Beta maritima*); this also is confined to the space below the fortifications.

On the highest point of the Bass there is a cairn of stones, and from it is a wide look-out over one of the fairest estuaries of earth. Camden describes the scene like this: "Here the coast retiring on both sides opens a most noble frith full of islands, which, by the many rivers it receives, and the influx of the ocean, spreads itself to a great extent. Ptolemy called it BODERIA, Tacitus BODOTRIA, as I apprehend from its depth; the Scots give it the name of Forth and Frith, we that of Edenborrow Frith; others the Fresic or Scottish Sea."

The only water on the rock is polluted, and almost all supplies have to come from the mainland. Since the castle was dismantled in 1701

there were no regular human inhabitants until 1902, when at the east end of the castle, on the site of the governor's quarters, were erected the white lighthouse and its dependent buildings, where the men live a bachelor existence, permitted to be with their wives on the mainland for about a third of the time. The light, which is formed by paraffin with an incandescent attachment, is only visible from the south and east, but on the other side of the island is a hooter that bellows out over the entrance to the Forth; it is blown by compressed air conveyed in a pipe from an engine in the buildings by the Light. An old gun that is lying beside it was fired to salute George IV on his way to Edinburgh, but it has now found a better use as a perch for the blameless sea-gulls.

CHAPTER VIII

NORTH BERWICK

AN ancient town, now chiefly famed for golf, which received charters from Robert III (1390-1406) and James VI, stands on the rocks by the shore, and on either side spreads a wide, sandy beach. The rocks, of Lower Carboniferous age, partly covered with mussels and seaweed, are most remarkable for their great variety of colour; the sandstones are of every shade of dull-red, pink, yellow, and green, and they have been much changed by volcanic fires that have brought in basalts and tuffs, dark grey and black, mixed everywhere along the coast with the sandstone, and towering above just behind the town in the dome-shaped mass of North Berwick Law. On the rocks by the sea are slight remains of the ancient church; waves break where its altar stood. A broken fragment of stone has some very early-looking dog-tooth work, but the vaulted porch, which is the only part of the building to survive, does not seem to have been built before the eve of the Reformation.

A fine old-world street leads up to a large ivy-covered rough-cast house, one of the seats of the Dalrymples, who own much of the land around, including Tantallon and the Bass. Among the

buildings of the street is the old Town Hall, from whose roof of curved tiles rises a picturesque clock-turret, whose lower stage is used for shops, while an outside stair rises to the plain plastered rooms that are used by the burgh. The dignity of the street is greatly helped by plane-trees along each side; some of them were planted by distinguished men. In 1902 the *Acer platanoides* was placed in the soil by Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the *Acer pseudo-platanus atropurpureus* by King Edward I.*

This pleasant thoroughfare, all but a little bit by the shore, is most appropriately named Quality Street: with such associations and such trees, it could hardly be called anything else! In days gone by it was largely occupied by the spinsters and widows of the country families, whose places stud the region round. Near the land end of Quality Street, in a well-kept yard, stands another ruined church, whose creepered walls and little curved-roof tower are much more picturesque in their present state than they ever were before. On a sundial are the dates of the building and reconstruction, 1680 and 1770.

Neither the endless motors, nor the strings of cycles, nor the numerous lodging-houses, nor even the human race represented by that kilted Cockney over there can destroy North Berwick's charm. On the pier which protects the little harbour, or in the old part of the town, one may readily forget the dull, uninteresting line of brick and stone that has stretched its length along the sea-front, or at the sight of the blissful children who play all day on the broad smooth sands, perhaps in charge of a dark-skinned native of Madras in her

* In England the Seventh of that name.

flowing Eastern robe of yellow cloth, forgive the extremely indifferent style of villa architecture. There is, indeed, a cemented swimming-pool upon the very rocks, also close by an Esplanade where, on a little cabin with a tiny stage in front, it is advertised that certain entertainers will twice daily appear. But even these attractions fail to detract materially from the fascination of the place. Out to sea there are the rocky islands that so help to give a character of its own to this part of the coast, and far beyond, the blue hills of Fife. And there is the continual interest of all the shipping, great and small, that goes up the Forth. The rocky quays are a pleasant place on which to spend a morning. There are old sailors who pass their time in rest and quietness; they are almost the only people in this hustling age who have not forgotten how. They make sage and interesting comments on the boats in the harbour, their builders, their crews, their cargoes and destinations, their past and future. Or perhaps, looking far out upon the water, it is: "Will yon be a motor-boat?" "Aye." Then a thoughtful pause. "But whatfor will there be seven men in her?" There follows much slow and weighty discussion. It is at last agreed that the boat will be McAllister's, that the skipper is undoubtedly in the bows, and that the seventh man will be Maister McDougall, whom they will have taken with them for reasons such-and-such. Or perhaps a long line of torpedo-boats is steaming swiftly up the Forth. Then there are foreboding glances all round at a cloudless sky, and "We'll be gettin' a storm noo. They torpedo-boats aye bring rain."

Presently there is a distant sound of music.

Across the Esplanade on the little stage are five stalwart young men, caps at any angle, pipes or cigarettes in mouths, and with them an inoffensive-looking girl. Formed in line, they are advancing, retreating, and side-stepping with the greatest agility and seriousness to the muffled tones of a little piano. It is the practice hour of the entertainers. No one pays the slightest attention to them. In Scotland we take things at their proper time and then get our money's worth. But come in the afternoon, and precisely at three o'clock there burst upon the sight five bewitching Pierrots and a large-hatted enchantress in pink. The piano blares forth, and in the sprightly antics that follow one may recognize, though in a glorified form, the patient evolutions of the morning.

On Sunday, however, the atmosphere of the pier is quite different. The young sailor walks decorously about, leading his little child by the hand. The old sailor sits soberly all church-time on a bench, viewing with disapproval those whose method of enjoying the sunshine strikes him as less sabbatarian than his own. "Eh!" he says thoughtfully to his neighbour, "Sunday's gettin' juist like ony ither day!" When service is over at Blackadder United Free, whose spire appears in the drawing, the congregation come streaming into Quality Street. Many of them stroll down to the harbour, and the old sailor greets all who pass. He is evidently well known in the town. A genial doctor reaches the place where he is sitting. "Good morning, James."

"Good morning, doctor." Then, with a glance at some one who is getting into a boat, "Sunday's gettin' juist like ony ither day, doctor."

The doctor's eye twinkles. "Aye, James," he

answers solemnly, dropping into broad Scotch, "an' the warst o't is, there's nae law against it! Ye canna keep them oot o' the boats! Why, in the guid auld days, James, if we'd seen a mon that had been swimming on the Sabbath we'd hae thrawn him back i' the water, we wadna hae let



North Berwick Harbour and the Law.

him get tae land, and we'd hae ta'en awa' his claiths! Aye, I ken well, James, I'd hae dune it mysel'."

James assents quite seriously, and the doctor, who is evidently interesting a little group of churchgoers in the superior morality of days

gone by, quietly continues: "Na, na, there's nae law. A policeman ance told me, 'Ae day I found a Frenchman paintin' a pectur on the Sabbath. I clappit him in the cell, an' Monday mornin' I gaed tae the magistrate and askit him, 'What shall be dune tae the Frenchman that painted a pectur on the Sabbath?' " "Let him gang!" he said, "let him gang!" Eh, but he had the cell the nicht!"

Where now are houses and gardens by the station, but on what was then a hill-side some little distance from the town, was founded before 1154 a Cistercian nunnery by Duncan, Earl of Fife. What remains is just a roofless hall with gables, long and narrow in plan, the ground floor occupied by four chambers of unequal size, vaulted at right angles to the axis of the building. From it extends a long wall pierced by a doorway that appears to date from the late fifteenth century. It does not seem as if these buildings had been part of the main structure (they do not fit in with the usual Cistercian plan); perhaps they formed the infirmary. After the middle of the sixteenth century the place was much neglected, and the Humes of Polwarth first got possession of the office of prioress and then gradually of the land itself. During the early part of the seventeenth century the existing buildings were converted into a house, and there was added the three-story tower, with stair turret and a little barbican, almost touching an immense chimney, that give the ruins a rather complicated appearance from the road.

Immediately south of the town, thrown up by fire and later scratched by ice, rises, 612 feet high, the great landmark of the district, North Berwick Law. *Hlaw*, or *law*, is an old English word that occurs as early as *Beowulf* and is akin to Latin

clivus. On the top are two whalebones, supposed to continue a tradition that began when the town on which they look down was a whaling port. Close to them are ruins of a signal station that was in use when it was feared that Napoleon's much advertised invasion might really take place. The view is exceedingly interesting and includes much of the best land in Scotland and many great country seats. All around spreads the fertile plain, divided, chiefly by stone dikes, into largish fields which display in summer every shade of green and brown; there are patches of woodland here and there that sometimes mask deep glens. Along the whole southern border the plain slopes up to the wavy summit line of the Lammermuirs; in one place it is puckered by the low but very lovely Garleton Hills, which shut out a view of the county town and of the Lamp of Lothian; in many places there sweep up isolated volcanic hills, Traprain Law and the Edinburgh crags rising from the land and the Bass, Craigleith, the Lamb and Fidra from the sea. Beyond Doon Hill, the last slope of the Lammermuirs, spreads seaward the peninsula on which stands Dunbar, and over it are the distant cliffs by Fast Castle and St. Abb's. The coastline, though it appears quite low, is extremely broken, and well displays the different hardness of different sections of the rock; where it is hard there are reefs, and where it is soft there are beaches of smoothest sand. On one of the little promontories immediately below are the not very lovely roofs of North Berwick: some are tiled, but most are slated, and beyond Quality Street they are for the most part somewhat inadequately sheltered by trees. Besides the masses of igneous rock, already mentioned, appear other islands from the clear

blue waters of the Firth of Forth, including the low Carboniferous shore of May, and from them on the other side rise the low hills of the Kingdom of Fife, swelling up to quite creditable peaks in this part and in that. Up the Firth is the familiar outline of Arthur's Seat, to the right of it the Castle Rock. To the left is the fair outline of the Pentlands with all their associations with Ramsay and his *Gentle Shepherd* (p. 282); quite a narrow gap opens between them and the Lammermuirs. The *Gentle Shepherd* gives the tone to this whole landscape; it is no wild, magnificent prospect of Highland mountains, but a scene of lovely pastoral peace, of thriving farms and pleasant homes, that is thrown into greater relief by the jagged rocks just here and there.

The old and famous golf course is now known as the West Links (under the control of the New Club). The soft springy turf and the invigorating sea-air, combined with the knowledge that this east coast was the earliest home of the national game, make the conditions for golfing in the district absolutely ideal. It is not at all infrequently that a stiff breeze gives plenty of opportunity for practising the methods of playing in a high wind that are so carefully set out in James Braid's *Advanced Golf*—a book calculated, if ever one was, to confirm the foreign conception of the extreme seriousness with which Britons pursue their pleasures! Even the best inland courses cannot quite come up to links that stretch along the shore, while the absence of heather and long grass is a wonderful help to the driver who does not send the ball exactly in the direction desired. On many an inland course, notably, for instance, that of the Royal Ashdown Forest Club in Sussex,

any other than the straightest drives are apt to be penalized by the disappearance of the ball into a tangle of bracken, heather, and whin.

After all it appears, from the researches of James Cunningham (published in H. S. C. Everard's *History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews*), that the game had its origin across the North Sea, in the Low Countries, whence many other influences were wafted to Scotland (p. 88).

A little boy delightedly holding a newly possessed golf club and ball occupies the centre of Jan Steen's (1627-79) picture known as the *Feast of St. Nicholas*, and golf is an occasional subject of old Dutch tiles. The town of Naarden has a fifteenth-century statute forbidding anyone to play with golf-clubs (*doen mit kolven*) in churches, and *het kolven* had been forbidden in certain parts of Amsterdam a whole century before; the often cited Scottish Act of Parliament forbidding "the futball and the golf" was only passed in 1457. But while golf is played to-day wherever the English tongue is heard, from Peking to Newfoundland, the game seems to be extinct in the land that gave it birth.

A little to the east of North Berwick is a small valley that branches near the top; a little burn flows down it through woods and past ruined cottages. It is called the Ladies' Walk and forms a public park. By its lower end is the club-house of the Rhodes Golf Links, belonging to the burgh. The course extends along the shore over grass land that slopes down to the rocks by the sea; there are eighteen holes. Golf is at present the principal industry of the town, but on this very course are the vaulted remains of eighteenth-century lime-

kilns that were evidently on an extensive scale. The far end of the golf course looks over Canty Bay, which is divided into two by a miniature basalt promontory, on which sheep are sometimes to be seen within a few inches of the sea (p. 140). The sand is much coarser than at North Berwick, and it is very largely formed by the attrition of limpet shells, of which a great variety is lying about; some beautiful seaweeds trail in the transparent water. Orchids and other wild-flowers grow among the grass that extends quite close to the shore. By the small rocky landing of the boat that crosses to the Bass are four or five cottages, and near them, on a ledge, the old hotel; a new one stands on higher land and faces the road.

Just beyond Canty Bay, on an aggressive-looking headland of basalt and volcanic tuff, stands the castle that more perhaps than any other calls up visions of Scottish romance. A strange local legend, preserved in the second *Statistical Account*, has it that the name was derived from the fact that the two architects, Thomas and Allan (surely they ought to have been grooms!) got permission to put their names on the building. These were contracted into "Tam et Allan," and then corrupted into Tantallon.

A splendid general impression is given by Sir Walter Scott in the often-quoted description in *Marmion*—

"Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,

TANTALLON CASTLE.



FROM WEST.



FROM EAST (SHOWING THE BASS).

And double mound and fosse ;
By double drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
 To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
 And towers of various form.
Which on the coast projected far ;
And broke its lines quadrangular ;
Here was square keep, there turret high,
A pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry,
 The gathering ocean storm."

The barony of North Berwick passed from the Earls of Fife to William, the first Earl of Douglas (d. 1384), during the reign of Robert II (1371-90), the son of Bruce's daughter, Marjory. This turbulent noble had learned the art of war in France—if indeed a Douglas required to learn what came as natural to the family as original sin—and there cannot be much doubt that the castle was at any rate begun by him. A very much higher antiquity has been claimed for it, but only because some of its round arches bear a superficial resemblance to Norman work: in its general character the building is a splendid specimen of the style of the late fourteenth century, showing, as is so usual in Scotland, the influence of France. It is indeed possible, though not very likely, that the earthworks are older than the masonry. A largish court is enclosed by a ditch that extends from sea to sea; on the east it meets a gully (whose little burn is full of watercress), and protected by this additional defence is the gate, of which little remains; the scarp of the earthworks is for a short distance protected by masonry, of which large pieces

have fallen. On the west there is an outer earth-work, enclosing a smaller court, whose object, at least in part, would seem to have been to control the road.

The point of the promontory is enclosed by an inner ditch, which also runs from sea to sea, and immediately behind it is the curtain wall. In the centre rises a great square tower, the entrance and the keep; at either end is another tower, round without the curtain, but square within. The towers are of five stories each, of which the top one rises over the curtain, whose battlemented parapet projects on a cornice; the direction is a straight line on the right of the gate-tower, but there is an obtuse angle on the left. The portcullis groove of the entrance is very marked, all the inner part of its walling having fallen away; the lower stage of the gateway was vaulted. The corbels that supported the floors above remain, and likewise fire-places, the lower ones hooded. The curtain wall is 12 feet thick, and each section contains a turnpike stair, approached by a sloping stair, the roof of whose passage is formed by round arches of large blocks ascending in steps. There are many little mural chambers with splayed slits and tiny window-seats. Each end tower has vaulted chambers on all levels, the highest vault at right angles to the rest; each has a turnpike stair in a turret; that of the west tower starts from the ground,* the other is reached by a sloping stair in the curtain, the roof of whose passage is formed by lintels on corbels, rising in

* Under this tower, which might equally be called north, is a dungeon with a little stair rising to a sanitary convenience, perfectly preserved.

steps. The curtain evidently continued along the edge of the cliffs, but it only remains on the western (or northern) side. In the middle of the court is a deep well, partly rock-cut, on whose sides grow hart's-tongue ferns.

The turbulent family of Douglas lost their estates in 1455, but in 1479 the castle of Tantallon was recovered by one of the least peaceable of them all, Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, best known as "Bell the Cat." His grandson, the sixth Earl, who had married Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, widow of James IV (p. 41), in 1514, fell foul of James V, his stepson, and the castle was besieged by the King. The Earl, as Hume of Godscroft tells us, was "not willing to shut himself up within the walls of any strength, having ever in his mouth this maxim, which he had received from his predecessors, that it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." * However, as the contemporary writer, Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, records, "the artaillie, with the canones and canoneris, war conveyed to Tantallon, and seidged the same the space of twentie dayes, bot cam no speid. Bot whidder the castle was so strong, or if the principall seidgeries war corrupted be the Earle of Angus' moyane, I cannot tell, but the king was constrained to pas home to Edinburgh, and left it without any hope of wining thair of, bot had both money, men, and hors lost at the persute thair of; and at his returning had ane noble captaine slaine be Archibald Douglas, callit David Falconer, att whose slauchter the king was heavilie displeased."

Eventually, however, the King secured the stronghold by negotiation, and proceeded to

* *History of the House of Douglas*, quoted by Billings.

refortify it. Lindsay of Pitscottie tells us how "the king gart garnish it with men of war and artillery, and put in a new captain, to wit, Oliver Sinclair, and caused masons to come and ranforce the walls, which were left waste before as trances or through passages, and made all massey work, to the effect that it should be more able in time coming to any enemies that would come to pursue it." The original work is all of sandstone of different colours, mostly brick-red; the new work of the King is chiefly of volcanic tuff; Macgibbon and Ross suggest that it was preferred as being less apt to splinter under artillery fire. The outer gateway was practically rebuilt; the keep was strengthened by the erection in front of a rounded projection, containing only a narrow door blocking the large portcullised gate through which Marmion rode out. Over it is a chamber with arrangements for pouring hot lead or tar on any one attacking the entrance. The new work has loopholes for guns, and similar ones have been provided in the end towers. The mural chambers (p. 134) were to a great extent walled up, as Lindsay says. A new turret with turnpike stair was also built on the inside against the keep. It was probably at the same time that the living rooms along the west (or north) of the court were rebuilt. About half is hopeless ruin, but the part nearest the curtain can easily be made out. The lower stage consists of a vaulted corridor with rooms opening from it at right angles; one of them was clearly the kitchen and has a large fire-place. Above was a small hall with a fire-place and the usual flat arched windows; a series of rooms over, lighted by small lancets, were very low: the marks of a flattish timber roof above them are very clear

against the walling at one end, but the arrangements were evidently altered later, as there are corbels between their windows which could neither have supported their floors nor the roof of which traces remain.

A Covenanting army captured Tantallon in 1639; it was afterwards taken by Monk. Attempts to destroy the castle evidently did not get further than wrecking the interior and breaking down the outer walls of the end towers. In a few weeks it might still be rendered quite as formidable as it was in the sixteenth century. At some time within the seventeenth century a large double dovecot was built in the outer court; it is oblong and in two sections, with doors on different sides. The walls are entirely covered with holes for nests and the roofs are formed of stones overlapping each other till only a small central hole is left.

On the other side of North Berwick, a short distance from the sea, is the beautiful village of Dirleton, which is built round a broad green where sheep and cattle pasture under the shelter of large trees, among which in different directions appear the grey walls of the castle and the church. The village is singularly like a little bit of the South of England, except in its details; it seems somehow to lack the dour and grey appearance, the flowerless rubble walls, that one associates with the Lowlands and with the writings of Carlyle.

The architectural interest of its castle is not less than that of Tantallon, and the contrast in situation is as great as well could be. The rock on which the castle stands rises not from the waves of ocean but from well-kept flower-beds, and in place of bare and wind-swept cliffs there are thick

groves of large trees and gardens rich in tall clipped hedges, containing even two maidenhair-trees such as grow in the flowery cloistered courts of the temples of Japan in company with camelias and trailing wistaria.* The crumbling ruins are half covered with ivy, wallflower, and wild rose.

The lands of Dirleton belonged in early days to the family of De Vallibus, or Vaux, and the earliest part of the castle, showing thirteenth-century features, was almost certainly built by them. This stronghold evidently consisted of a curtain surrounding an irregular court, whose plan was determined by the form of the rock; at the corners were thick round towers of different diameters, and in one case a little straight-sided tower with bevelled edges joined a round one, as appears in the photograph opposite p. 140. This last feature still remains, with two round towers and the foundation of a third. They stand impressively on the edge of the rock, beneath which a wide moat has been hollowed. Within the largest of the round towers is a small chamber, rib-vaulted as an irregular hexagon, with deeply splayed square-headed window slits; the hooded fire-place has a sort of dog-tooth moulding and low shafts, but the room has a rather fifteenth-century look.

In 1297 the castle was besieged on behalf of Edward I of England by that turbulent prelate, Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham (p. 322); it surrendered on terms and was partially demolished. About 1340 Sir John Halyburton entered into the estates by marrying a De Vaux, and it remained

* The gardener told me that these little trees have not made any growth in twenty years, though they look quite healthy.

in the same family till another heiress carried it to William, second Baron Ruthven, great-grandfather of the alleged conspirator, John, Earl of Gowrie (p. 299). By one of the Halyburtons the castle was rebuilt, the surviving round towers being incorporated, the foundation of another being used as the base for the corner of a straight-sided curtain. Between these points—on the south side—is the main gate, with four piers in front of it for the bridge over the moat: two square projections are joined at the top by a pointed arch and the corbelling for little round turrets remains; there are two round-headed doorway arches with an opening for lead in the vaulting between. Along the east side is an extremely thick, straight curtain wall, in which were set, close to the outer edge, the windows of the hall. Of this chamber little remains except a recessed seat with carved foliage in its southern wall. Under the hall is a long vaulted cellar, which communicates at the northern end with a chamber vaulted at right angles, with some ornate little niches, probably the lord's room; under it are two other chambers, partly rock-cut, the lower one entered only by a shaft. At the other end of the long cellar is the bakery, in the south-east corner of the castle, with a large oven; over it is the kitchen, with huge fire-places, north and east; the floor slopes to a sink with gargoyle, and there is a well. A passage room connects the kitchen with the hall. By the gateway are three stories of living rooms, the lowest vaulted; the others had wooden floors.

Additions and alterations were made beside the old round towers during the sixteenth century, presumably by the Ruthvens. One of the letters of Logan of Restalrig (p. 299) refers to Dirleton as

the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland. There are practically no remains of buildings on the north and west. When the place fell into the hands of Monk, orders were given to destroy it, and this was done more completely than at Tantallon; but to demolish such defences really thoroughly was beyond the resources, or at any rate the patience, of the Commonwealth authorities. Outside the defences, on the north, is a round dovecot, domed and with swelling sides, buttressed, and with three strings, the highest with a kind of billet moulding.

The original parish church was at Gullane, but in 1612 an Act was passed to rebuild it at Dirleton, the work being entrusted to Thomas Erskine, to whom James VI had granted Dirleton, among many other marks of favour, for his services against Gowrie. "Understanding and being crediblie informit that the kirk of Gulane is situat at the outsyde of the haill parochin theirof, quilk is ane great parochin, and is sa incommodiouslie situat besyde the sea sand, that the same, with the kirk yard thairrof, is continewallie over blawin with sand; . . . that it sal be lesum to Thomas Viscount Fentoun, Lord Dirletoun &c. to demolishe and cast down the said kirk of Gulane, and to transport the stanes haill tymmer work and otheris materiallis thairrof, to the said town of Dirletoun, for bigging of ane new kirk within the samyn . . ." The church at Dirleton is a long and rather narrow building without any original features, but its proportions seem to show that it was intended for Episcopal services, bishops having been restored in Scotland two years before it was built. The seventeenth-century tug-of-war between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism is often to be traced in the architecture of village churches.



DIRLETON CASTLE, FROM SOUTH.



CLIFFS BY CANTY BAY.

The former, of course, desired no alteration from the mediæval plan, but the latter inclined to T-shaped buildings, the pulpit being placed in the middle of the long side with a large window on either hand, a gallery being provided at each end of the building as well as in the transept. In 1664, at Dirleton, was built a south transept (which is dated); it opens by a moulded arch with shields surmounted by crowns, and has a nondescript three-light Gothic window with a classic pediment and bevilled stones outside. At a later time large windows have been opened by the pulpit. The tower is modern.

On the beach by Dirleton is the site of Elbottle (Old Dwelling), where David I for a time kept his court. The slight remains of the Cistercian cell are built up into a garden wall, and the only surviving gable looks decidedly post-Reformation. A short distance along the shore towards Gullane, in the centre of a tiny bay with igneous or metamorphosed rocks, a cave runs for some 50 feet into the side of the low cliffs, and is said to have been used by smugglers.

The sand that seems to have been so serious a drawback to Gullane in the early seventeenth century is now covered with smooth short turf, across which the road passes unenclosed. On it are the famous golf courses of Muirfield and Gullane, the former place consisting chiefly of a hotel and its golfing reputation. Muirfield is one of the six championship courses, the others being St. Andrews, Prestwick, Hoylake, Sandwich, and Deal. In 1907 it was rearranged and improved, some of the holes being moved. On one side, at Archerfield, there is another course, and at Gullane, on the other side, there are no less than three; not

far beyond there is yet another, at New Luffness, and in the same neighbourhood yet one more at Kilspindie. Yet so great is the enthusiasm that instead of there being any excess of golf courses there are waiting lists for all the clubs.

At Gullane is a ruined church, which one of the Halyburtons made collegiate. The chancel arch is Norman, having a common combination of scallop and cushion caps and zigzag towards the nave: the Norman masonry is rough wide-jointed ashlar, the stones prepared with the pick. A north transept has been clumsily added, probably in the fifteenth century. Grose says that the last vicar was deprived for smoking * by James VI, in the days when Joshua Sylvester was writing his *Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered (about their Ears that idly Idolise so Base and Barbarous a Weed; or at least-wise Over-love so Loathesome Vanitie), by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

Dominating a considerable part of the links is the strange-looking gateway of Saltcoats Castle, whose name appears to be derived from salt pans at Luffness near by (p. 165). A relatively narrow building, whose lower story is vaulted, is terminated by a remarkable façade; two square projections, whose bases are circular, are connected by a round arch, under which is a door, high above the ground, and a couple of windows; along the top is a line of gargoyles, and there are loops for musketry, some of them cross-shaped. On the other side of a little court is a vaulted kitchen

* The King's opinions on the point are well known. His *Counter-blaste to Tobacco* contains some excellent vituperative epithets, the comparative disuse of which makes our present-day controversies so dull and unconvincing.

with a huge end chimney. This is about all that at present remains, except the garden wall, the ruins having been used for building dikes, though it is satisfactory to know that the "stones were found so firmly cemented together that they were compared to having been 'sheathed in steel.'" * Built into a cottage is the original date-tablet 1590, with the initials "P.L. M.F.," standing for Peter Livingston and Margaret Fettis. The first of the Livingtons is fabled to have received a grant of land in this district for slaying a wild boar which was terrorizing the country-side. This castle was evidently built in imitation of much older ones: the gateway was perhaps copied from Dirleton; whether it really formed an entrance is rather doubtful.

One of the most delightful villages in the neighbourhood of North Berwick is Athelstaneford; the church is quite modern, and the huge placard in the yard specifying the precise cost of every sort of grave (for which the minister is in no way responsible) is in extremely bad taste, nor is the village street at all interesting, but its literary associations and its position on the lower slope of the beautiful Garleton Hills give the place a charm that is of no ordinary kind.

Camden writes of it: "A little from Haddington stands Athelstanford, so named from Athelstan, an English commander, who was slain with his men there about the year 815; but that this was Athelstan, the warlike King of the West Saxons, must be utterly denied, if we have any regard to the time and manner of his death."

But the real interest of Athelstaneford is much

* Millar's *Lamp of Lothian*, quoted by Macgibbon and Ross.

later. On its green is a simple obelisk to the memory of Robert Blair (1699–1746), who was for some fifteen years its parish minister and who rests in its churchyard. It was he who first wrote “Visits, like those of angels, short and far between,” which has been entirely superseded by Campbell’s tautologous plagiarism. *The Grave*, which he wrote in the old manse, deserved and achieved an immediate popularity—

“Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,—
What ’tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I’ve heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarned men of their death. ’Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarum. But what means
This stinted charity ? ’Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what ’tis to die ? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice ? I’ll ask no more :
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, ’tis no matter ;
A very little time will clear up all
And make us learn’d as you are, and as close.”

The minister in 1845 (W. Ritchie) quotes in the *Statistical Account* a poem in praise of Blair by “a young gentleman now a minister,” of which the following is a verse—

“In this same spot, at such an hour,
He viewed the scene, and felt its power ;
At this same hour, a saint in Heaven,
He feels o’er death the triumph given.”

Blair’s successor was John Home, famous as the author of *Douglas*. It is related that an aspiring

playwright sent a copy of his work for criticism to a friend. This was the answer he received—

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“I have read your play. Oh my dear Sir!

“Yours sincerely,

“JOHN SMITH.”

Something of the same kind was poor Home's experience with his ministerial brethren, except that he does not seem to have asked their opinion. They were, however, not slow to supply it. As Arnot puts it, “The presbytery, after making the hackney'd complaint of the growth of immorality and irreligion, set forth, either from involuntary ignorance, or with deliberate falsehood, that the Christian church had, in all ages, condemned dramattick representations. They proceeded, in whining jargon, to ‘warn, exhort, obtest, and plead, with all within their bounds, to discourage the illegal and dangerous entertainments of the stage; and to restrain those under its influence from frequenting such seminaries of vice and folly.’ The presbytery of Glasgow (though nowise concerned) joined in the cry, ‘lamenting the melancholy fact, that there should be a tragedy written by a minister of the church of Scotland.’”

The lay mind was much less unsympathetic, and when enthusiasm for the new play was at its height asked, “Whar's your Wully Shakespeare noo?” Its success in England was very great; Gray said that it “retrieved the true language of the stage, lost for three hundred years.” So at least we are assured in Elizabeth Inchbald's contemporary edition, but it certainly seems that at any rate a century is to be deducted! There would

not appear to be anything in the play for which the most modest need blush, but the objections of the presbytery were comprehensive. Carlyle, of Inveresk, a leading "Moderate," was censured merely for attending a performance.*

Not far from the village, on the slope of the Garleton Hills, is a rubble stone structure that seems to have been built late in the fifteenth century to protect cattle and other movable property from lawless marauders. It encloses a large court, round which are vaulted chambers of varying shape and size. On the north project four towers, and on the south are two—three of them in the corners, so arranged as to enfilade the east and west sides as well. The building is known by the very prosaic and unimaginative name of the Vaults, but it seems possible that Home, wandering over these hills by moonlight, may here have received an inspiration for the speech of the peasant who afterwards turns out to be Douglas—

"My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks: a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:

* Although *Douglas* is now almost forgotten, one line is frequently quoted, probably by many who have no notion of its source—

"I found myself . . .

As women wish to be, who love their lords."

The tragedy also contains the sentence "Virtue is its own reward," but this remark had already been made in substance by Dryden, Henry More, Prior, Gay, and Izaak Walton.

And Heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took ; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear."

Though of limited extent and cored of volcanic stone, the Garleton Hills possess much of the peculiar attraction that belongs to the South Downs, particularly where high up on the ridge just south of the village, not on quite the highest ground, but overlooking the whole landscape from the Lammermuirs to the sea, there lies an ancient camp. Though the individual trenches are on quite a small scale, the general effect is most impressive, and there are just the right number of trees to give an added charm but in no way to obscure the works. Along the northern side there is a steep precipice and no artificial defences are required ; the area enclosed is extremely rocky and about two acres in extent. Along the south and continued round each end are three banks and ditches, and at either end two more. Those on the east, where the ground is pretty steep, are close up ; on the west the slope is far more gradual and the banks are farther out ; the westmost runs straight across the ridge. On the south, as appears

in the photograph, the regularity of the banks is interfered with by the rocky nature of the soil and by the road which slopes up from the west.

A delightful walk over the springy turf, crossing a road and passing some large quarries, leads to the highest pinnacle of the Hills, which is crowned, but not adorned, by a tall monument erected by grateful tenants to the memory of the fourth Earl of Hopetoun (p. 329). What he did for them is explained by Dr. Wallace (p. 101): "A scheme for the relief of his tenants, worthy of so distinguished a nobleman, was devised by John late Earl of Hopetoun, whereby the money rent which had been promised was converted into a proportion of wheat, at the price it was expected to realize when the contract of lease was made, and at the same time a maximum price was fixed, to protect the farmer against contingency; and this mode of paying rent is now generally adopted."

Upon much lower ground on the hill-side are remains of Garleton Castle, which seems to have surrounded a court and to date from the sixteenth century. It is partly built up into cottages; the remains comprise fragments of a round tower and of tunnel-vaulted rooms, loopholed for musketry.

Separated from the Garleton Hills on the north by so narrow a valley that it is commanded from higher ground at the distance of about a hundred yards is a low, camp-crowned ridge. It is locally called the Chesters, or else Captain Head, the latter corrupted from Camptoun, which is the name of the neighbouring hamlet.* Three banks and ditches are distinct along the north side and across the two ends; at the west end is a fourth. On

* Many of whose inhabitants are ignorant of the very existence of the camp.



ANCIENT CAMP ON THE GARLETON HILLS.



GARLETON CASTLE.

the south, which seems the side most exposed—towards the Hills—there is but a single bank and ditch for part of the way, double for the rest; on this side was the entrance, which came up the valley from the west. This camp seems altogether mysterious; three excellent hill-tops in the immediate vicinity would seem to offer strong positions and the one that was selected appears specially weak. The area actually enclosed is extremely narrow and restricted; perhaps this camp was a mere outpost of the larger one on the top of the Hills; in any case its makers must have feared the most formidable attacks from the side of the sea and expected the Garleton Hills to be in the hands of friends.

This camp is on the barony of Drem, which belonged to the Knights Templars of old, and they had a house in the village of the same name, the main-line junction for North Berwick. Remains of it are probably to be found in a kitchen garden, where is a gabled wall pierced by a round-headed opening and two lancets, the shaft between which has disappeared.

The soil of the district is fertile glacial clay, which varies very much in its composition according to the character of the rocks from which its materials were derived. The way in which the streams have varied their courses and captured each other's headwaters in a comparatively yielding material is a fascinating study, on which much interesting information is given in a *Geographical Description of East Lothian* in the December, 1912, number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, by Charles M. Ewing.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAMP OF LOTHIAN.

ON either side of the babbling Tyne, in a wide valley of fertile fields gradually sloping southward to the uplands of the Lammermuirs, sheltered on the north by the delightful Garleton Hills, stands the picturesque old town of Haddington.

It is a district redolent of the memories of all ages, presenting such landscapes of quiet pastoral peace as many of us are accustomed to associate with the southern counties of England, but with the peculiar fascination that belongs to all parts of Scotland in addition; few Scottish country towns can compare in their charm with the staid and rather venerable town that gives its alternative name to the county of East Lothian.

Here stands (it is to be feared one ought in strict accuracy to say "here stood") the noble church which, from its great beauty, men called *Lucerna Laudoniæ*, the Lamp of Lothian. In 1355 Edward III of England, forced by a Scottish invasion to leave his warlike operations in France, made a raid of revenge into Scotland itself, and plundered and destroyed on such a scale that his invasion was long remembered as the "Burnt Candlemas." John Fordun, the Aberdeen Chronicler (part author of the *Scotichronicon*), a contemporary

writer, tells us how the King "burned the town, the monastery, and the sacred church of the Fratres Minores of Haddington, a costly and splendid building of wonderful beauty, whose quire, from its elegance and clearness of light, was commonly called the Lamp of Lothian, and a church which was the singular solace of the pious in that part." John Mair (or Major), who lived 1469 to 1550 and, after studying at Cambridge and Paris, was a professor at Glasgow and later Provost of St. Salvator's College at St. Andrews, says: "The English King then in his wrath set fire to Haddington, and, along with the town, burnt to the ground that most fair Church of the Minorites which is called the Lamp of Lothian. Now I for my part do not think it well that the Minorites should possess Churches of this sumptuous magnificence; and it may well be that for their sin, and the sins of the town itself, God willed that all should be given to the flames."

That the present parish church was the building which belonged to the Franciscans was apparently first maintained by Dr. Barclay, writing in 1792. The view has been widely accepted, or at any rate repeated,* but the architectural evidence to the contrary is exceedingly strong, and documentary evidence is conclusive; a charter of 1560 actually gives as one of the boundaries of the friary (which must have been farther down the river) a road leading to the parish church, thus implying that the two were quite distinct. In this case, however, the title must simply be transferred, for it entirely

* Grose accepted it. One of Billings' views shows a fourteenth century vaulted building in ruin, west of the church: this was probably believed to be part of the conventual buildings.

suits the present church, and no Scot will ever dream of admitting that the Lamp of Lothian has gone out. The Church of St. Mary was founded in 1134 by David I (who made the town a royal residence, a dignity which it retained till the thirteenth century), and he bestowed it on the Priory of St. Andrews. The present building, however, which is singularly uniform, was not erected till about the middle of the fifteenth century; it is a magnificent cruciform structure, consisting of nave of five bays, quire of four bays, both with aisles, central tower, and aisleless transepts of two bays each. All but the nave is in roofless ruin, otherwise the church would be the finest in the district described in this book. Its character is entirely Scottish, retaining most of the features of the Decorated style, but strongly influenced by the spirit of English Perpendicular work. Clustered pillars with leaf-carved caps support finely moulded pointed arches; vaulting sprang from corbels in the aisles, many of them angel-carved, and in the centres from soaring shafts, clustered below the clearstory string, simple above it. The clearstory windows (each of two lights, with tracery a sort of compromise between Decorated and Perpendicular) are placed very high, so as to illuminate the vaulting, but a rather large blank space is left below. The tower is of the utmost beauty; its vault was at the same level as those of the four arms and its superb arches rise as nearly as possible to the same height. Above the roofs it is pierced each side by three tall windows, each round-headed and of two lights, with transoms matching a string-course that runs all round. On each side, high up, is a canopied niche, eight of them in

HADDINGTON CHURCH.



FROM NORTH-WEST.



NORTH ARCADE OF QUIRE.

all, and above from an enriched string-course projected, or project, eight great animal gargoyles. In the centre of each side is a square corbel that helped to sustain a double crown—such as still exists at Newcastle Cathedral and St. Giles's.

The effectiveness of the exterior is greatly enhanced by the contrast of the red and yellow stone, which has been used by the builders much as it came, without any effort to make patterns. Heavy buttresses are crowned by square pinnacles, but only in one case—south of the quire—is a flying buttress built. The walk along the parapet of the clearstory is continued across the gables of nave and quire, and in all likelihood the transept ends were similarly arranged; four beautiful corbel squinches carry it around the corners of the tower. Of the great end windows, that of the quire, recently restored, is of four lights, those of the transept are, or were, of three; the west window of the nave, which is the only mediæval feature that has a rather later look than that of the church as a whole, is of six lights with a very heavy central mullion, on which two inner arches rest. The indications seem to point to the church having been built from the east end westwards, but with hardly any modification of design. The nave, however (which forms the present church), was largely reconstructed in 1811, when, in order to insert galleries (now removed), the pillars were heightened and new plaster vaults at a higher level substituted for the original ones of stone; the work was, however, better done than might easily have been the case.

Under the great west window is a fine double doorway, both outer and inner arches round; the outer arch has foliage carving, the inner ones

have deep cut but late mouldings; on the cap of the central shaft is a shield with the Crown of Thorns, the Hands and Feet. A remarkable peculiarity of the church is the fact that the end walls of the aisles and the side ones of the transepts are unlighted.

About a mile lower down the river was a house for Cistercian nuns, frequently called the Abbey of Haddington, founded in 1178 by Ada, Countess of Northumberland, mother of Malcolm IV (the Maiden) and of William the Lyon; there are now practically no remains of its buildings. A section of Haddington across the river, however, which was part of the property of the house, still bears the name of Nungate, and here are the very interesting ruins of St. Martin's, the sole survivor of five mediæval chapels that supplemented the parish church. The aisleless nave (55 feet \times 16½ feet) is a good example of Norman work; the walls are nearly 5 feet thick and there are considerable fragments of the tunnel vault. Some original splayed windows remain; also the small and very plain chancel arch, with no other details than simple abaci. In June, 1912, the building was carefully repointed and excavations made to find the foundations of chancel or apse, but without very definite results. As is not infrequent in mediæval walling, the original holes for scaffolding are very conspicuous.*

In 1567 the prioress of the Cistercian house

* Till 1602 the cure of this church was held with that of Athelstaneford. In that year one George Grier was appointed to St. Martin's alone, but he does not appear to have had a successor. The only surviving gravestone in the churchyard is to Margaret Manners, spouse to Richard Purves, mason, who died in 1779.

conveyed its lands to William Maitland, younger, of Lethington. In a vaulted chapel added to the north aisle of the quire of the parish church is a sumptuous double monument of marble and alabaster, with Corinthian shafts and shields with coloured arms, to the memory of John Maitland, Lord Thirlestane, Lord Chancellor of Scotland (died 1595), and his son John, first Earl of Lauderdale. Each has a recumbent effigy with his wife at his side, in the latter case one of the Setons (p. 166).

The Chancellor was honoured by an epitaph written by a King, though now no longer legible:—

“Hæc Jacobus Rex Sextus.

Thou, passenger, that spy'st with gazing eyes
This trophy sad of death's triumphant dart,
Consider, when this outward tomb thou sees,
How rare a man leaves here his earthly part—
His wisdom, and his uprightness of heart,
His piety, his practice in our state,
His pregnant wit, well versed in every art,
While equals all were ever at debate ;
Then justly hath his death brought forth of late
A heavy grief to prince, and subjects all.
Who virtue love and vice do truly hate,
Though vicious men be joyful at his fall.
But for himself most happy doth he die,
Though for his prince, he most unhappy be.

The lines, it must be confessed, rather help to justify the sobriquet about the wisest fool in Christendom, but not many epitaphs are written by real kings. Perhaps had the Chancellor lived longer James would have been less enthusiastic, for he was a strong supporter of the Presbyterian party. The son, according to local tradition, cannot rest even in the tomb, and once when the

vault was opened his coffin was discovered to have moved! But the explanation was extremely simple: Haddington has frequently suffered from serious floods, and a sealed-up leaden cist will float.

In the magistrates' pew, in the west gallery of the church, there are still the old copies of the Book of Common Prayer that were used in Episcopal days. They are dated 1687 (two years before the disestablishment), but their condition as to thumbmarks would indicate much more than that two years' use. They are bound with Bibles, and contain the Offices for King Charles the Martyr, the Gunpowder Treason, etc., having on their title-pages nothing about Scotland, but merely "the Church of England." The last Episcopal curate of the parish, George Dunbar, was so well liked that at the disestablishment he and his flock were permitted to share the church with the Presbyterians, the different services being held at different hours, and this friendly arrangement went on till his death, in 1711. He is buried in the churchyard, and on his tombstone it is recorded that "he faithfully served this cure twenty-six years." His Episcopal successor was John Grey, who had served at Aberlady (p. 165) before the disestablishment, but at Haddington he had to officiate in an upper chamber in Poldrate. He founded the Free Library, and was buried in the ruined quire of the parish church. In 1770 an Episcopal church was built (Holy Trinity), and it is still in use, though very largely reconstructed.

The High Street of Haddington is broad enough to form a market-place, as is so often the case in a Yorkshire town; its chief feature is a plain

classic Town Hall, with a conspicuous spire. Writing about it in 1817, David Webster says: "The town-house and county-hall is a respectable building, but disgraced by an unsightly mass, intended for a steeple." A considerable number of old houses give the quiet streets that interesting look which new towns always lack. There is one that presents to the immediate vicinity of the Town Hall a plain pilastered façade; not a blade of grass in front, but there is a pleasant garden at the back. This was the home of John Welsh, of Craigenputtock, a doctor of the town, who died in 1819. He rests under the ruined vault of the Lamp of Lothian's quire, and inserted in his tombstone is a marble slab, thus inscribed: "Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

"She was born at Haddington, 14 July, 1801: only child of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving Helpmate of her Husband; and, by act and word, unweariedly forwarded him as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted.

"She died at London, 21st April, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

Of this much discussed married life, Miss Alison Hay Dunlop* has well said, writing of the Stockbridge home: "As a rule, microscopes should not be applied to the early married lives

* *Anent Old Edinburgh*, 1890.

of other people, indeed the ordinary powers of human vision are often more than enough, but in Carlyle's Stockbridge home there appears a sufficiency of reasonable but perhaps restless happiness—the latter quality derived, or at least greatly aggravated in his case, from a lack of definite daily duty—of anything in the shape of a tangible bone to keep his thought-hunger from gnawing into his own heart. Possibly the thought has flashed across many a mind as to how much might have been changed in both these lives if it had pleased God to have given a little child to lead them."

There is, indeed, a contrast between this grave, over which perhaps once more the vaulted roof may spring, and Christian services again be heard in all the beauty that existed of old,* and the lonely tomb of Thomas Carlyle himself in that bleak little graveyard at Ecclefechan, the character of the country that spreads around which is the best commentary on his writings.

Associations of a very different sort, and far less agreeable, cluster around the most interesting architecturally of the old houses that nestle under the Lamp of Lothian. It presents a narrow façade to Hardgate Street, and a little court between two wings on the other side is almost washed by the Tyne. It is locally known as Bothwell Castle, and tradition says that it was occupied for a time by the infamous James Hepburn, fourth Earl of that name, and his fascinating, but hopelessly irresponsible wife,

* No better monument to the event can possibly be erected when the union of two Communions takes place than the complete restoration of the great church that they once shared. Each may teach the other very much.

Mary, Queen of the Scots. Not many years before, in 1548, a Parliament meeting in Haddington itself had consented to her marriage with the Dauphin and to her education at the Court of France. The house is a good specimen of the kind of town residence that a nobleman used to maintain in the county seat in the days before the real life of such places had been destroyed by the unfortunate centralization of later times. It is a rubble stone building, of the early sixteenth century, with a round stair-turret at the south-west corner on the street, and a dovecot with crow-steps south-east upon the river, but it has recently been allowed to become a roofless ruin, and stands in utter neglect.*

A few miles down the river, close to East Linton (p. 98), almost under the shadow of the isolated hill of igneous rock called Traprain Law, stands another place connected by local folklore with Mary and Bothwell—Hailes Castle, an old seat of the Hepburn family. It stands where a small tributary burn, trickling over the steep bank into the river, has formed a sort of promontory, and although old drawings show the ruins fairly open, they are now absolutely smothered in vegetation. Thick trees do all they can to hide the walls, whose stones are but a few feet from the babbling waters. It is as lonely a spot as well could be, and as unkept as the "castle" in the town; but here Nature is allowed her own way, and, in place of old newspapers and sardine tins, one sees ivy, elder, wild rose,

* In 1902, when Macgibbon and Ross published their most useful *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, this old building was still intact, though in a rather dilapidated condition.

campion, wild forget-me-not, long grass, and nettles wherever they can find any space. A hugely thick curtain wall and two square towers seem to date from the thirteenth century; the largest of the towers, standing by the point, evidently formed a sort of keep. Its lower part was tunnel-vaulted, and from it opens on the side towards the river a most uncomfortable looking little dungeon; the two upper stories have large fire-places; there were timber floors. The curtain is (or rather was, for it is largely gone) of considerable extent, running along the steep river-bank for about eighty yards, nearly to the mouth of another little burn. This (eastern) part is very ruinous, but there is still to be seen a little rib-vaulted postern passage with steep steps to the river, or rather to a landing, whence a ladder, no doubt, extended to the water. Between the towers is a long gabled structure, whose vaulted basement is still intact; the upper part has been altered in the sixteenth century, comfortable rooms being provided, with wooden floors and windows overlooking the river. A chapel (?) in the south-east corner opened to the castle court by a large round arch, and the piscina is most remarkable from its side-drain coming towards the *inner* face of the wall.

A picturesque old three-arch bridge leads over the Tyne from the immediate vicinity of the Lamp of Lothian to the suburb of Haddington (south of Nungate) called Giffordgate. Here, says local tradition, fortified by a tablet under a young oak that Carlyle was partly instrumental in erecting, was born the man who was destined to impress his own character on Scotland more than any other who ever lived, John Knox. "The

Reformation," says Billings, "sprung up almost within the shadow of Haddington Church, and perhaps many a comfortable priest walking forth of a summer evening, on the pleasant banks of Tyne, about the year 1510 or thereabouts, may have encountered in his walks, without paying him much heed, the child, of whose influence in after years over his fellow-countrymen, the now blackened ruins of the fair edifice are a type."

The best panegyric on Knox was pronounced by the Regent Morton over his open tomb: "who never feared the face of man." That he was consistent through good report and bad report, that he earnestly believed he had a great mission, and that in spite of much discouragement in the course of his stormy life he never turned aside, his bitterest enemies, and he was hardly of the stamp that does not make any, must admit. That the Scotland after the transformation in which he bore so large a share was on the whole a better, certainly a more law-abiding, Scotland than before, most people will not deny, however much they may question his right to any of the credit, however strongly they may insist that no real improvement is to be observed till long after his generation had passed away.

Of the works of John Knox it is particularly unfortunate that the most interesting to the present day is very far from showing him at his best. His theology was at least in all its main principles taken from his friend John Calvin, but his views about the proper place of women were almost entirely his own, and in his delightful *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* (1558), he sets them out without either

ambiguity or evasion. Both England and Scotland were under female rule at the time ; neither Queen was at all to his mind ; both were to be succeeded by women, and in the case of his own country the second Queen was to be, from his point of view, no improvement whatever on the first. The reader is not kept in suspense for a single moment—the title itself sees to that—and the first sentence is as uncompromising as anything even Knox ever wrote. “To promote a woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion, or empire aboue any realme, nation, or citie, is repugnant to nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reueled will and approued ordinance, and finallie it is the subuersion of good order, of all equitie and justice.” In his preface he had explained how he was constrained to write : “May the sounde of our weake trumpet, by the support of some wynd (blowe it from the south or blowe it from the northe it is no matter) come to the eares of the chief offenders. But whether it do or not, yet dare we not cease to blowe as God will giue strength.” Women, we learn, are all under a curse, and it is impossible not to be struck by the enormous number of times the same remarks are repeated in different (or identical) words. “Man hath receiued a certein glorie and dignitie aboue the woman, and therefore oght he to appeare before his high maiestie, bearing the signe of his honor, hauinge no couerture vpon his heade: to witnesse that in earth man hath no head (beware Chrysostome what thou saist, thou shalt be reputed a traytor if Englishe men heare the).” Posterity may well marvel why those to-day who do not entirely agree in such matters with John Knox wreak their wrath on such apparently

harmless things as plate-glass windows, pillar boxes, and telephone wires but let the Reformer's effigies go scatheless.

Knox wrote much more as the English did than was usual among the Scots of his time; though the rather waffling apologies for the *Blast* that he subsequently sent to Queen Elizabeth are more Scottish in diction. He desired closer relations with the southern part of the island and, although his reasons were of course primarily religious, he clearly saw that the ancient alliance with France was no longer in the best interests of his country. He never at all approved the policy, if such it can be called, of the French-trained Queen. "The very face of heaven," he thought, "did manifestlie speak what comfort was brought to this country with hir—to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety—for in the memorie of man never was seen a more dolorous face of the heavens than was at her arryval—the myst was so thick that skairse micht onie man espy another; and the sun was not seyn to shyne two days befor nor two days after." *

Few will be found to-day to defend all that Knox ever did, still fewer would choose him to share their hearths, but on the whole his influence was overwhelmingly for good; Scotland would be vastly poorer had he never been born. It is in no small degree the Presbyterianism which he so

* This is a method of arguing that is by no means obsolete to-day. Quite recently I received a letter from an eminent barrister, well known in London clubs for the soundness of his Toryism, which, after adverting to our present weather, continued: "But a nation that can tolerate such a Government as ours may expect absolutely anything in the way of divine vengeance" (August, 1912).

largely moulded that has given the Scots those sterling and vigorous qualities that are respected through the entire world.

By royal grant, confirmed by Parliament, Aberlady was officially recognized as the port of Haddington. It is a pretty village, close to Gosford



Luffness.

(p. 169), at the edge of wide stretching woods on the sandy shore of a little bay with wide tidal flats at the mouth of the small west Peffer Burn. The feeling of restful calm that spreads over the seaport that has been is decidedly augmented by the assurance of the minister three-quarters of a cen-

ture ago that "there are no wild animals peculiar to the parish." Aberlady was an ecclesiastical barony that belonged to the bishopric of Dunkeld, and the parish was an island belonging to the same diocese. The low mediæval tower has an early look, but has been largely restored, and the church is otherwise chiefly modern. By the gate is the old mounting-block or louping-on stane, and in the village street are the steps, the base, and part of the shaft of the cross.

A short way to the east, by the banks of the burn, is Luffness, with slight and rather uninteresting remains of a Carmelite friary in the grounds of the house. Neatly turfed over and shaded by fine trees are extensive earthworks that seem to be partly the mediæval defences of the castle and partly fortifications thrown up by the French in 1549, when the English held Haddington. The beautiful gardens are rather formally laid out with a good deal of clipped box. On the site of the castle is a T-shaped house that incorporates parts of the older walls, but on a little turret adorned with cable, billet, and a kind of nail-head moulding is a tablet giving the initials of the builder, Patrick Hepburn, and the date 1584. It is an excellent specimen of the domestic architecture of the period; the projection is a saddle-roofed tower on the north containing a wide newel stair. There is a round dovecot, very similar to that of Dirleton (p. 140). The place at present belongs to the family of Hope.

Close by, on the smooth wide grassy stretches by the sea, are the numerous golf courses that have already been mentioned (p. 142). The east Peffer Burn flows into the sea just north of Tynninghame by what was *possibly* the original channel of the Tyne.

CHAPTER X

SETON

THE best known of an ancient and famous house, now extinct in its main line, was perhaps George, fifth Baron Seton, the devoted supporter of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the site of the castle of his ancestors, which was partly destroyed by Hertford in 1544, he erected what was deemed the finest Scottish mansion of its time. Not one stone remains upon another, the present house being a singularly ugly modern castellated structure, with large sash windows and round turrets. But close by, among the wind-swept woods by the low shore, there is one worthy relic of the family in Seton Chapel, which they founded, and where many of them lie at rest.

From Maitland's *History of the House of Seytoun*, continued by Viscount Kingston, himself a Seton, we learn that in the late thirteenth century Katherine Sinclair of Hermanston, widow of Lord William Seton, "biggit ane yle on the south syd of the paroche kirk of Seytoun of fine astler ; pendit and theiket it wyth stane, wyth ayne sepulture thairin quhair sche lyis, and foundit ane preist to serve thair perpetuallie." In 1493 George, the second Baron Seton, founded a small college, and a loose round font seems to be the only thing existing

of earlier date; the only recumbent effigy in the church, a figure in armour, with lady, under a flat-arched recess on the north, is very probably his monument. The third Baron, who fell at Flodden, "theickit the Queir of Seton with stane." His widow, Jane Hepburn, "biggit the forewark of Seton above the zit, and also she biggit the northomoss yll of the College Kirk of Seton and took down the Yll biggit be Dame Katherine Sinclair on the south side of it, the said college kirk, because the syde of it stood to the syde of the kirk, to mack it a perfecte and a proper cornet and a cross kirk, and biggit up the steeple as ye see it now to ane grit hight swa that it wants little of compleiting." The church thus forms the transepts and quire of a cruciform building, with a sacristy on the north, but no nave. It is a good example of the latest period of Scottish Gothic architecture without any influence of English Perpendicular, though the stone broach spire which surmounts the tower, with lancet windows and stair south-east, would look more at home in the English Midlands than in East Lothian; it has never to this day been finished. The walls are of ashlar, with buttresses, diagonal at the corners, supporting pinnacles, and having corbels and canopies for statues; one corbel has the Crown of Thorns, Hands, Feet, and Heart; several have the three crescents of the family, Round the eaves is a moulding with bosses, and the roofs have overlapping stone slabs, except that of the quire, which has been altered. Inside there are pointed barrel vaults; at the east end of the quire, where is a three-sided apse, there are ribs resting on foliage corbels; the others are quite plain, except that the tower is vaulted, with ribs and a bell-hole.

It rests on moulded arches with foliage caps and clustered responds; flat squinch arches and cornices support the octagonal spire. The windows are of Decorated character; those at the ends of the transepts are of four lights, with heavy central mullions (resembling the west window at Haddington); under each is a sepulchral recess. There are wide sedile under a flat arch, and several piscinas; that in the sacristy has a side-drain going straight through the wall (p. 68). This chamber had an upper story, the corbels for whose floor remain; there is a hagioscope to afford a view of the high altar, which stood in the middle of the apse.

In the north transept is a monument of 1616 for an Oguelvie who married a Seton, and in the south transept is a broken memorial of about the same period, whose sole surviving inscription is:—

“In steed of epitaphes and airye praise,
This monument a ladye chaste did raise
To her Lord’s living fame, and after death
Her bodye doth vnto this place bequeath
To rest with his till God’s shrill trvmpet sovnd,
Thogh tyme her lyf, no tyme her love can bound.”

The chapel has been for centuries disused, and forms the family burying-place of the Earls of Wemyss. It is kept in substantial repair. Close by are Port Seton and Cockenzie, both of which have little harbours protected by stone piers, and in the latter some of the old masonry is strangely laid in vertical instead of horizontal courses. So far extend the tramways from Edinburgh; hence through Musselburgh to Joppa they are propelled by electricity, the rest of the way to the metropolis by cable. Beyond Port Seton unbeautiful houses

SETON CHAPEL.



SOUTH SIDE.



INTERIOR OF QUIRE.

are succeeded by a grassy common half covered with wild roses and extending quite to the shore, on whose wide tidal stretches of rock and sand the crack of rifles is frequently to be heard; it is a splendid site for the butts. The road to Aberlady skirts the common under the park wall of Gosford House, a seat of the Earls of Wemyss that was founded to replace Seton Castle. The modern house, resembling a great pavilion, looks at the sea over the sloping barrier of trees that the cutting winds have pruned and smoothed. Once within the grounds, however, one is struck by the absence of anything to suggest the immediate neighbourhood of ocean; rabbits and pheasants abound under a rich growth of many kinds of coniferous trees, with here and there a copper beech to give variety, and in one lovely corner branches droop over a pond. Throughout the district one is struck by the small damage to the scenery that the collieries have done, particularly in contrast with the once beautiful, but now hopelessly coal-bedraggled, slopes of eastern Durham.

The woods of Gosford are overlooked by the tower-like structure of Redhouse Castle, an old seat of the Laing family, though the present structure dates only from about 1600. A walled court has buildings on the north and east, including the main part of the house, with four stories and attic, in the north-west corner, and the ubiquitous dovecot in the opposite one. Over the door, which has mouldings and the frame for a tablet with pediment above, is "NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA" and the initials M. I. L. and R. D. Shortly after the original building the house was slightly extended to the north, and a tower-like

addition erected in the north-west angle. This part is more ornate than the rest, and has string-courses and corbelled turrets. It is interesting to find a certain amount of fortification deemed necessary for a country house even at this late date and in one of the most settled parts of Scotland. Shortly after the place was built it passed by marriage to the Hamiltons, and they held it till it was forfeited for rebellion in 1745. It is now a ruin, but not having been used to any considerable extent as a quarry, it might almost be made habitable again by carpenters.

On the road to Tranent is passed the wooded park of St. Germain's, rich in large beech-trees. The person after whom it is named was a fifth-century Bishop of Autun, who twice came to Britain during the dark period between the withdrawal of the Legions and the beginning of the Saxon invasion; Constantius' *Life of St. Germanus* is almost the only authority we have for that unquiet time. His object in coming was to root out the heresy of Pelagius, that lively Welshman, who was at last convicted of error in 418, after having won Zosimus, Bishop of Rome, to his views in the previous year, and indeed (though his followers got slapped at in the ninth article of the Episcopal Church) many a preacher has put forth far worse heresy than his. Germanus contrived to extirpate the Pelagian heresy, using on his first visit arguments that were addressed to the mind; but on the second occasion he unfortunately found himself compelled to employ arguments of a different kind that were directed to the flesh. Germanus had been a Roman official, and his most valuable service to Britain was his rallying the discouraged people and gaining the Hallelujah

Victory over the Picts and some Saxon pirates. He made a real impression on the land: towns in Cornwall and the Isle of Man bear his name; in 1069, to enshrine a relic of him, Selby Abbey was founded by a Burgundian monk to whom he had appeared in a dream. This St. Germain's was a possession of the Knights Templars.

The lands of Tranent were confirmed to the Setons by Robert the Bruce, whose cause they espoused; they had held them, however, in earlier days. The parish of Seton was united to Tranent in 1580. Close to the church is a square crow-stepped dovecot which is inscribed "DAVID SITOVN 1587." The name is fairly common also among the monuments in the churchyard. Parts of the church are mediæval: there is a slab to a fifteenth-century vicar with shield, cross, and chalice; but the main part of the ugly little building is dated on the lower ends of the southern gables "I. S. 1799." The name of the town is probably Celtic, but a local legend, printed in 1845 by Rev. John Henderson, declares it to be derived from the people having repulsed some Danes, who had landed in Fife, sarcastically exclaiming "Tranent" ("let them swim"). It is interesting that they should have spoken Latin! The same minister wrote about his parishioners: "Until the middle of last century, the greater part of the population of this parish, consisting of colliers and salters, were little better than slaves, being bound to their works for life, and after having engaged in them after the years of puberty, were not permitted to leave their employment, unless the trade was given up. This cruel practice was happily done away in 1775, but the evil effects of it were not so easily overcome." In the town is a small feudal

tower with a corner turret; its rubble masonry contains numerous pieces of pottery.

Buried in Tranent Church, but without memorial, lies Colonel James Gardiner, who had been wounded at Blenheim, and received a mortal hurt in the battle of Prestonpans against the Young Chevalier in 1745. This struggle, which for a time placed a small part of Britain once more under the control of the exiled house, took place on the dreary-looking flats half a mile to the north.

The place after which the battle was called took its name from the salt-pans which of old the monks of Holyrood and Newbotle used to maintain on the flat shore. It is still a manufacturing centre, with iron and steel works, potteries, etc., in the vicinity. Other parts of the world are more beautiful—it would be affectation to deny it—but as long ago as 1845 Rev. W. Bruce Cunningham wrote of the population: "There are many excellent people in this parish at present, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the number of such may yearly increase." The earnest wish seems undoubtedly to have been realized. In a market garden now stands the "cross," on which it would not be reasonable to expect to see the feature that gives it a name. It is a round seventeenth-century structure with eight pilasters, a twisted gargoyle over each, and shell-topped niches between. From the centre rises a shaft with carved capital, and a unicorn sits above. Annually in July, Mr. Cunningham tells us, but his words are no longer true, the cross is the scene of innocent merry-making. "As if at the summons of some ancient wizard, in a mood of mirth and gentleness, a numerous company unexpectedly encircle the solitary pillar, and, amidst the agreeable warmth

of a summer noon, interchange many pleasant and friendly salutations, in commemoration, doubtless, of important transactions which happened long ago. Their accustomed rites being duly performed, the reign of silence is again allowed to resume its sway around that simple monument of departed greatness." There are two old graveyards, and in one of them is a church, which is eighteenth-century work, with some earlier fragments of little importance. From its steeple Carlyle of Inveresk, as a boy, watched the battle of 1745.

Preston Tower is a very interesting monument of feudal days, a fortalice of the Hamiltons that seems to have been erected about the year 1400. The walls are about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick; in places they are faced with rough cement full of oyster-shells, but in most parts there is wide-jointed ashlar. The tower is square, with three stories, the two lower ones vaulted with corbels for a floor at the springing of the arch; * it is joined by a little projection (giving the common L plan), which has four stories, though it is the same height. The upper vaulted room formed the hall, with a large fire-place and windows having lintels and flat arches over them; it was reached by an outside wooden stair, the corbels for whose staging still remain. (Within there is no other connexion with the ground floor than a hatch in the vaulting of the projection.) A turnpike stair leads upwards; the room over the hall has its floor sloping to a drain through the wall, with gargoyle. During the seventeenth century more room and

* This is a very common arrangement in Scottish castles. It was probably to get more space for stores, or for servants to sleep, or both.

more comfort were desired; plaster ornaments were inserted in the hall, a parapet was added along the top of the walls, each fourth corbel being utilized as a gargoyle, two extra stories were added, their relatively thin walls standing on the inner edges of the old ones. The windows of these upper floors have pediments and little pinnacles with various initials. In the near neighbourhood are three rectangular dovecots; one of them, in the same grounds as the tower, is surmounted by urns.

At the little village of Gladsmuir, on the road between Tranent and Haddington, ministered from 1743 to 1756 the famous historian, William Robertson, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University. What he accomplished with the limited works of reference available at the time was certainly marvellous, and he achieved a European reputation. The parish was only constituted in 1692, chiefly by the exertions of William Baillie, of Lamington. The church, dated on its sundial 1700, is a good example of Presbyterian architecture, T-shaped, with a round arch opening to the transept and three galleries, windows in a sort of Perpendicular style, square stone bell-cot. This building, which forms a picturesque ruin, superseded another on a different site, erected earlier in the same century, and has been replaced by a triumph of ugliness in the same yard. Among the ruins is buried John Ramsay, who was minister of the parish in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. He was able to give a favourable account of his flock: "The people in general are cleanly and attentive to their dress. Their manners have acquired a considerable degree of polish, arising in some measure from their vicinity to the capital,

and from the great intercourse that is now maintained all over the country." However, he has to add: "There are at present in the parish ten public-houses, or houses licensed for retailing spirits. It cannot be doubted that so many of them, when they are not needed, have a very pernicious influence upon the morals of the people. When there are so many persons anxious to get customers to their houses they cannot be expected to be very careful to prevent that excess in drinking which prevails among us to such an extent. The act permitting publicans to keep their houses open on Sundays ought immediately to be abolished, as one of the most ill-advised that was ever sanctioned by a British Parliament."

Not far from the church, on the high road, are the impressive-looking ruins of a large distillery, with a deep well. It is called *Society*, a name which evidently connects it with the Society of Brewers established in 1598, whose buildings were at one time a prominent feature near the Greyfriars at Edinburgh, giving their name to one of the gates of the city walls.* Perhaps the ruin of *Society* has not been an unmitigated misfortune to Gladsmuir.

South of Tranent rises a hilly ridge from the plain with wide views, both to the Lammermuirs

* Maitland, under date 1619, says "The Common Council, by Contract agreed to pay to certain Brewers, for the District, with its Appurtenances, near the *Bristow* Port, called the *Society*, the Sum of Forty thousand Marks; but, complaint being soon after made of certain Losses sustained by the Co-partners of the said *Society*, the Council, instead of the sum agreed on, ordered an additional sum of Four hundred and sixteen Marks, eight Shillings and eight Pence to be paid for the same." There follow some indignant protests against the "grafting" propensities of public bodies.

and to Fife. Part of it is Carberry Hill, where in 1567 Mary left Bothwell and surrendered to the Lords of the Congregation, who sent her to Lochleven. The place now grows potatoes and overlooks coal-mines, and seems to have forgotten its historical associations altogether. Looking northward is Falside Castle, once the seat of a family of the same name, now neglected and in ruin among farm-buildings, surrounded by fields of corn. Admission is denied to all but birds, for every door and lower window is walled up. It consists of a strong fifteenth-century oblong tower, four stories high, and of a little less substantial sixteenth-century addition of the same height on the south. The newer part has a stair turret in an angle, and, apparently for the sake of the view, a corner close by is bevelled off; some of the windows have their original iron bars, inserted when they were built. There are ruined outbuildings and remains of the courtyard wall. In the immediate neighbourhood in 1547 the English, under the Protector Somerset, defeated the Scots under the Regent Arran, in the battle known as Pinkie.

Southward, looking over the valley of the Tyne, at the slope of the Lammermuirs, stands the flowerless and severe-looking village of Elphinstone. On the very edge of the ridge is the tower, which was built during the fifteenth century by the family of the same name. It is an extremely interesting and remarkable structure, the outside of which is very simple, the plan a rectangle about 50 by 35 feet, the masonry roughish ashlar, with plinth and parapet on a cornice with cannon gargoyles, some twisted, the plain square-headed windows rather irregularly placed. The design would appear to be one of the simplest. Once inside,

however, the complication of little chambers, passages, chimneys, and stairways is altogether extraordinary. The walls are of immense thickness, but so honeycombed as to lose all the advantages of massiveness. There are three main stories; the lowest has a round vault, the next a just pointed one—forming the hall—and the builder has so contemptuously ignored the necessity for adequate abutments that had he vaulted the top floor the whole would have collapsed long ago; as things are, it is only modern ironwork that has prevented the hall vault splitting the tower in two.

The only entrance is by a round-headed door on the south; it leads to a sloping mural stair, whose roof is supported on three round arches ascending in steps; this gives access to the hall and, by a door half-way up, to the loft resting on corbels at the springing of the vault of the bottom story. The hall is as fine as so tunnel-like a chamber could be. At the east end is a mere slip of a kitchen with hatch; at the west is a wide fire-place with clustered responds, but built up over it are shields with the arms of Seton (2), Maitland, Douglas, Menzies, Johnston, Elphinstone, and Maitland again (see upper photograph opposite p. 206). The hall is naturally a dark room, but a little extra light is introduced by a small window through the chimney, a most unusual arrangement, which also afforded a view of the room from the close vicinity of two relatively large mural chambers in the north-west corner; there is also a squint from the ingle-nook of the hall to a turnpike stair. The large room over the hall has a fire-place at each end; it was evidently divided into four by a partition wall and by a floor. In this part, besides a warren of small chambers and closets, two turnpike

stairs and one sloping one in the thickness of the walling, as well as the necessary tunnel windows to light the central chambers, is a strange mural gallery which slightly encroaches on the space for the central rooms, the north wall being widened over the hall vault. Only one turnpike stair reaches the parapet. It is rather a surprise, after so many strange things in the interior, to find the walk round it quite normally arranged. The top floor formed a sort of attic, on the same level as the parapet walk ; the existing wooden roof is quite modern. The ingenuity and completeness of this miniature mansion make it one of the most interesting and unique buildings in all Scotland. The way so much is made of so very small a space might furnish hints of value to the designers of present-day flats. One feels peculiarly grateful for the care taken to preserve it, and almost equally indignant with the visitors who abuse the kind freedom of access allowed by writing their most insignificant names upon the walls. This is all the more inexcusable as the sand by the sea only a short distance off would afford them an ideal tablet !

Plans of the tower with its honeycombed walls (from Macgibbon and Ross) are given in Charles E. Green's *East Lothian* (1907), an interesting little work on the county.

CHAPTER XI

ESKDALE

“Musselburgh was a burgh
When Edinburgh was nane,
And Musselburgh will be a burgh
When Edinburgh is gane.”

So runs a local rhyme which none can prove or deny, but there can be no doubt that Musselburgh was a settlement of civilized mankind long before the metropolis was more than a hill town of relative barbarians. The parish church, which is now called Inveresk—but it was Musselburgh in the Middle Ages*—stands on high ground, visible far over the valley of the Esk, within the limits of a Roman station, a large part of whose agger remains on the north, though altered in appearance by a path along the top and burials in the side. The ancient church, dedicated to St. Michael, was largely built of Roman bricks, and must have been of the greatest interest, but some evil spirit put it into the hearts of the people to replace it by the ugliest of classic barns in 1804; the spire is, however, a

* For instance, in 1475–6 by Charter, “Rex ad manum mortuam ratificavit donationem quam Simon de Prestone de Craigmillar miles, fecit, . . . ad sustentationem unius capellani perpetui in ecclesia parochiali de Mussilburgh.”

great improvement on the rest. There are two eighteenth-century sundials. Buried in the yard is Rev. Alexander Carlyle, who was minister from 1748 till 1805, and Moderator of the General Assembly in 1770. He was nicknamed Jupiter from his fine appearance, but his broad ideas were by no means universally approved, and he got into trouble with his colleagues for attending a performance of Home's *Douglas* (p. 146). As we learn from her epitaph, his wife was a perfect jewel, "elegant and prepossessing in her person, frugal without meanness, knowing without pretension to learning." The view from the churchyard is now almost blocked by trees; it must have been extensive in Roman days.

In the town of Musselburgh below there was once a chapel dedicated to St. Mary of Loretto, a noted place of pilgrimage. It stood by the eastern entrance to the town, where a house has occupied the site and annexed the name. During the sixteenth century it was destroyed, and, according to an often-repeated tradition, its stones were used to build the Tolbooth, thus drawing upon the people of Musselburgh a papal excommunication which was annually repeated till far into the eighteenth century. The character of the existing Tolbooth, which was erected to replace the original one, probably a fortified tower, destroyed by Hertford, is not inconsistent with the tradition. There are three stories, all vaulted; a parapet on corbels protects a passage along the top story, the space for which is gained by a thinning of the wall. At the west end is an archway, over which rises a square tower, whose top corners being splayed off, there rises a picturesque octagonal slated cupola. The other end faces a small open square; there is an outside stone



MUSSELBURGH TOLBOOTH.



BRIDGE OVER ESK.

stair giving access to the first floor both of the Tolbooth and of a later Town Hall built against it, whose lower part was originally open on arches. The inner door is dated "jn 16th 1773," and one of its mottoes is,

"He that God doth fear
will not to falsehood lend an ear."

This is a most admirable sentiment to adorn the entrance to a court, and particularly so in a town whose motto, which might with great advantage be imitated by many others, is *Honesty*. The traditional story of its origin is one of those few tales of history that are creditable to every one concerned. Thomas Randolph, the first Earl of Moray, strong supporter of Bruce and Regent after his death, died in Musselburgh during the year 1332. The people were so kind and sympathetic that Moray's nephew and successor, the Earl of Mar, invited them to make some request as to the extension of municipal privileges. When he heard that they had nothing particular to ask, he remarked that they were very honest fellows, and *Honesty* became the motto of their burgh. A few years later, however, Mar did get them a new charter. Three anchors and three mussel-shells are displayed in the burgh arms. In the open space by the Town Hall is the Cross. A lion holding a shield sits on the top of a shaft which rises from three steps resting on a tall square base. Musselburgh is an ancient home of golf and possesses a famous course.

Even when accustomed to the blood-stained story of Border warfare the following account of the (English) *Expedicion* of 1548 by William Patten

(p. 72) makes some little demand on one's credulity. "And thus w^t blod & slaughter of ye enemie, this chase was continued V miles in length westward, fro the place of their standynge, whiche was in the fallow felde of Undreske, vntill Edinborowe parke, and well nye to the gates of the toune itself, and unto Lyeth; And in the breadth nie IIII myle, from the Fryth sandes vp towarde Daketh Southwarde. In all whiche space the dead bodyes lay as thik as a man may note cattell grasing in a full replenished pasture. The Ryuer ran al red with blood, soo that in the same chase wear counted, as well by sum of our men, that sumwhat diligently did marke it, as by sum of them taken prisoners that very muche did lament it, to haue bene slayn abooue XIII thousande. In all thys cumpas of grounde, what with weapons, armes, handes, legges, heddes, blood and dead bodyes, their flight mought have easly bene tracted to every of theyr III refuges."

At the eastern entrance to the town, where the roadway is skirted by two posts supporting urns, dated 1770, is Pinkie House—the Episcopal church in a corner of its grounds. The original building, perhaps of the sixteenth century, was L-shaped, one side forming an oblong tower. In 1613, as an inscription, now covered, records, it was expanded into a mansion by Alexander Seton, Chancellor, and first Earl of Dunfermline. At present it forms two sides of a square, not quite at right angles. There is a fine oriel extending through all three stories at the south end of the east side, at the other end of which is the rather unusual feature of two *square* corbelled turrets with a parapet passage between, while the tower has been heightened with four round turrets. The general effect is extremely

picturesque, and it is enhanced very much by a beautiful square well-top with round arches and pilasters, a corona above surmounted by an urn.

The Esk is crossed, not far from its mouth, by a narrow three-arch bridge, a causeway leading to it on either side. It seems undoubtedly to be a work of the Seton family carried out in the seventeenth century, though frequently referred to as Roman. On the other side is Fisherrow, where is a picturesque little harbour for fishing boats enclosed by stone piers of the character that is frequent along the coast. The country round Musselburgh has long been famous for coal-mines. In 1742-4 William Adam cut a tunnel 800 feet long to turn a wheel at Pinkie in order to drain some coal-seams. As long ago as the first part of the fifteenth century Æneas Silvius (afterwards Pope Pius II) wrote: "The poor people, who, in rags, begged at the Churches, received for alms pieces of stone with which they went away contented. This species of stone whether with sulphur, or whatever inflammable substance it may be impregnated, they burn in place of wood, of which their country is destitute." * It would be interesting to know just how the charitable people

* This account recalls that of its author's countryman, Marco Polo (written about 1298), concerning coal in China: "There is found a sort of black stone which they dig out of mountains, where it runs in veins. When lighted it burns like charcoal and retains the fire much better than wood; insomuch that it may be preserved during the night and in the morning be found still burning. These stones do not flame, excepting a little when first lighted, but during their ignition give out a considerable heat."

Cosmo Innes says: "The monks of Newbattle were probably the first workers of coal in Scotland. Their own house is only divided by its little stream from a bank where coal was

who dispensed the pieces of coal to beggars carried them about.

A short distance inland the Esk issues from Dalkeith Park, through which it flows for something like 3 miles, and in which the north and south branches join their waters. The surface of the park itself is much diversified; in places there are thick woods of oak; the wide stretches of undulating grass, over which deer wander, are shaded by fine trees, including some large sycamores in a line; near the stables are a few cedars. The great beauty of the place is, however, in the deep wooded glens of the North and South Esk, trees hanging over the water here and there. Similar rocks in similar conditions produce very similar scenery, and one is very much reminded of the river valleys of Durham, which have also been eroded in the Coal Measures. The house stands magnificently by a bend in the North Esk; above and below it are great stretches of velvety lawn, diversified by large banks of different kinds of rhododendrons, the effect of which when in blossom is extremely beautiful. It has been the site of a castle for many centuries. William Graham received it from David I; during the late fourteenth century it passed to the house of Douglas, and a good deal of building seems to have been done by James Douglas, fourth Earl of Morton, the well-known Regent. During his occupation the place became popularly known as the Lion's Den. In 1581 he was executed and Dalkeith passed for a time to the Crown; in 1642 it was purchased by the family of Buccleuch, to whom it still belongs.

found so near the surface, and on such a declivity, as to be easily wrought without mining or expensive operations for carrying off the water " (p. 186).

Monk made it his head-quarters while in Scotland, and a room is still shown as that in which the Restoration was arranged, though there is much uncertainty as to the exact point at which Monk decided to take the step of recalling the King. The present house is the work of Sir John Vanburgh, but it incorporates earlier portions. The front has four Corinthian pilasters supporting a pediment, which very obviously has no roof behind it; all three stories have sash-windows; wings project on either side, and smaller ones, only two stories high, come out beyond them. The ivy and the magnificent situation alone prevent the house from being ugly. Little has been done to give the park the formal character and the vistas up avenues or glades that the architecture seems to demand.

Just within the gates to the town is an Episcopal chapel, built about 1840, and good Gothic for the period. St. Nicholas' Church, Dalkeith, originally a chapelry of Lasswade, was made collegiate by one of the Douglas family. The nave and aisles with transept chapels and south porch were rebuilt about sixty years ago in a spirit of profound contempt for the old work; but the quire, except its west end, which is included in the church, remains an interesting ruin. There are three bays with a three-sided apse; the walls have a wide plinth, and there are large buttresses with gabled tops, pinnacles, gargoyles and canopied niches; a band of poor foliage runs along the parapet, and the windows are each of three lights with loop tracery and no cusps. The south door is round-headed, with three shafts aside and carving that resembles work in Roslynn chapel. The roof was a pointed barrel vault with ribs springing from

corbels. The date is about 1500. Where once were altar and quire stalls now docks and nettles grow, and it would be an exaggeration to say that the condition of the building to-day reflects great credit on those responsible for its upkeep. Of about the same period is the tower of old Newton church, which stands among cornfields in a little clump of dark-foliaged plane-trees just outside the park walls on the north. There are four stories, the two upper ones having ledges for their floors formed by the walls getting thinner. A round arched door opens west, and a square-headed one opened to the church, which has been replaced by a T-shaped building, dated 1742 on its sundial, some distance away.

A most lovely spot on flat meadows by a bend of the South Esk, a high bank thickly wooded rising just across the stream, and no suggestion of the outer world, was chosen about 1140 as the site of one of the abbeys founded by David I. It was occupied by monks of the Cistercian Order, and as the first of them (traditionally) came from Melrose (itself only recently refounded), it got the name of Newbotle—corrupted into Newbattle—or new dwelling. The last abbot, Mark Kerr, who got into trouble for an affray near the Abbey with some French troops,* contrived to secure the property for himself, and his son and namesake became the first Earl of Lothian. It stills belongs to the family. The fourth Earl, who was wounded at Almanza in 1707, and was subsequently Governor of Guernsey, became the first Marquess.

Very little of the monastic work remains; the

* This started a curious quarrel as to jurisdiction in the matter between the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow.

existing mansion occupies the site of the buildings on the east side of the cloister, and partly incorporates them. Excavations in 1893-4 revealed the ground plan. The church was evidently the original Norman structure with later modifications; its foundations are marked out in gravel on the grass; the nave had ten bays and the transepts and quire two each, the former with an eastern aisle, nave and quire with aisles north and south. The refectory, along the south side of the cloister, was parallel with the church, an arrangement extremely unusual in a Cistercian house, though there are other examples at Merevale, in Warwickshire, and at Cleeve Abbey, in the Vale of Flowers, Somersetshire. At the east end of the refectory there still exists a small chamber with a fire-place and barrel vault running north and south. It forms at present the chapel; originally it was in all probability the *calefactorium*, the only place in the monastery where monks might warm themselves at a fire. The house includes two sections of rib-vaulted undercroft (over which was originally the dormitory), with a central line of octagonal pillars, from whose capital and base mouldings it is safe to say that this part was built immediately after the abbey was burned by the English in 1385,* during one of the somewhat numerous invasions provoked by a French-supported Scottish incursion into England. Some

* Wyntoun says :—

“The Kyng Rychard of Inglond. . . .
To Scotland, and at Melros lay;
And thare thai brynt up that Abbey.
Dryburch and Neubotil, thai twa
Intil thair way thai brynt alsua,
Of Edynburgh the Kyrk brynt thai.”

masonry in the south-east corner seems to have belonged to the rere-dorter, and near it is a later tablet inscribed "1602 H K." Among old fragments preserved is a font with arms of a sixteenth-century abbot and of the King, James V, with those of his English mother and of his two French wives, and also of the family of Ramsay.

The house is partly eighteenth, but chiefly nineteenth-century work, and more or less Gothic, though the dining-room has pilasters and carved wood done locally in Grinling Gibbons style; the state drawing-room has a painted plaster ceiling.* The rather formal gardens are most beautiful, and contrast admirably with the wild woods just over the river. East of the house is a colossal beech, its trunk about 7 feet in diameter, with a base of huge gnarled roots; the branches form a great dome of foliage, and drooping to the ground, have taken root all round, some of the saplings they have formed being much larger than themselves.

Robert Leighton, afterwards the well-known Archbishop of Glasgow, entered on the charge of the parish of Newbattle in 1648; his gentle and loving character comes out in almost every sentence of his published sermons, and one cannot help wondering what might have been had the old Scottish idea of prelates been formed rather from him than from James Sharp. He lies buried in the peaceful churchyard of Horsted Keynes, in the Sussex Weald. In the old hill-side yard where Newbattle parish church once stood there are the usual carven gravestones, and plenty of them, but no ruins. Below is a T-shaped building, which is dated 1727 and exhibits no particular style. Close

* There are some fine pictures, including the three heads of Charles I by Vandyke.

by, the river-banks are kept as ornamental shubberies, and where trees dip their lowest boughs into the water is an old two-arch bridge and an elaborate classic gateway with lodges that forms one of the entrances to the abbey.

The following summary of the state of the inhabitants of Newbattle was written by their minister, John Thomson, in 1845; one may suspect that most of it would apply to other places in Scotland as well: "The language spoken is English. Habits of the people in general cleanly. Ordinary food of the peasantry, tea or porridge to breakfast; broth and a little meat and potatoes or cheese to dinner; and potatoes or porridge to supper."

Lasswade, the mother parish of the district, is a beautiful village in the gorge of the North Esk, whose charm is rather lessened by the pollution of the water that is the inevitable result of so many industries being situated on the banks of the stream. It is to be hoped it was cleaner in those mythical days before there was a bridge, when a girl, who must have been of gigantic stature, carried wayfarers across, and thus originated the name—the real derivation of which is probably *Laeswe*—common, and *weyde*—meadow. The old church tower with lancet windows and saddle roof fell in 1866, while the best means of preserving it were being studiously discussed. Most of the remains were carted away, and little more of the church remains than a roofless sixteenth-century transept and a moss-grown effigy of a knight. But more interesting than either is a seventeenth-century vault, covered with stone slabs and festooned by roses, where lies William Drummond, of Hawthornden. His tablet with a medallion is

modern. Sir Walter Scott once had a cottage in the village.

In a bend of the river a little higher up is Polton with its paper-mills; such industries on the very edge of forest one associates much more with the Appalachians than with any part of Great Britain. Immediately above begins the reach in a very deep and narrow gorge, on whose south side is perched the old castle of Hawthornden, and which continues to Rosslyn. Black's *Picturesque Tourist of Scotland*, published in 1859 (14th edition), is entirely justified in the remark, "This romantic spot seems to have been formed by Nature in one of her happiest moments!" The glen winds according to the meanderings of the river when long, long ago the excavation was begun; in many places the gritty red sandstone is exposed to form high cliffs; everywhere else is a luxuriant growth of oak, beech, holly, plane, ash, yew, birch, several kinds of fir and other trees, creating a wonderful variety of green. On a prominent rock near a bend in the river is a mediæval keep, small and very plain, one angle acute owing to the nature of the site: it is built of rough ashlar, the blocks of local stone prepared with the pick; it is not impossible that it may be of Norman date, but it seems more likely that Macgibbon and Ross are right in assigning it to the fifteenth century. Through the rock on which the castle stands has been excavated a tunnel to the edge of the cliff, with a look-out at the end; on either side is a short passage, each leading to a little chamber overlooking the glen, one of them forming a dovecot—the places for nests, like everything else, cut in the rock. The main tunnel communicates with a deep well that starts from the court above, and this is the only

direct connexion between the castle and the caves. There are other rock-cut chambers in the neighbourhood, and a great deal has been written about them. Our fathers were as apt to make chambers in the rock as all races who have the opportunity have shown themselves to be ; where the ground is suitable it is much more usual than not that the lower parts of mediæval castles should be extended into the rock, and Maitland (*History of Edinburgh*) is well justified in his reference to the “noted Caverns of *Hawthornden*, by Dr. *Stuckely* in his *Itinerarium Curiosa*, said to have been the King of *Pictland's* Castle or Palace ; which nothing can show the Doctor's Credulity more than by suffering himself to be imposed upon by the Tattle of the vulgar, who in all Things they cannot account for, are ascribed to the *Picts*, without the least Foundation.” Joining the old castle is a plain rough-cast crow-stepped house built in 1638 by William Drummond ; some alterations were made in 1795 by William Abernethy Drummond, Bishop of Edinburgh. There are date-tablets in each case. Close to the projecting point called John Knox's Pulpit is a little rock-cut room looking over the trees of the glen where Drummond used to write ; a better inspiration could hardly be desired. No wonder that so much of what he wrote is full of allusions to nature. He fully appreciated the beauties of his home, as when he wrote—

“Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who art not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.”

The changing seasons would inevitably be con-

stantly impressed on his mind, as when they suggested the following reflections—

“New doth the sun appear,
 The mountains’ snows decay,
 Crown’d with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
 My soul, time posts away;
 And thou yet in that frost
 Which flower and fruit hath lost,
 As if all here immortal were, dost stay.
 For shame! thy powers awake,
 Look to that Heaven which never night makes black,
 And there at that immortal sun’s bright rays,
 Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days!”

Drummond’s *History of Scotland* (1423–1524) is still of considerable value, and was in part compiled from materials no longer available; he also patented no less than sixteen mechanical inventions. But whatever may be the reason, the visit that Ben Jonson paid him when he walked to Scotland in 1618 (and was made a burgess of Edinburgh, after having been imprisoned for his share in insulting the Scots in *Eastward Ho*) has impressed the popular imagination more than anything else connected with Drummond. The famous greeting “Welcome, welcome, Royal Ben!” “Thank you, thank you, Hawthornden,” is said to have taken place under an enormous plane-tree, whose trunk is curiously multiplied, and one of whose offspring is flourishing in the masonry of the old keep. The visit lasted about three weeks, and Drummond having tactfully written in private notes (instead of saying to Ben Jonson) what he thought of his friend, all went well. It was in part this: “He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given

rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth . . . thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen have said or done." *

No place on this earth is quite perfect, and the fly in amber at Hawthornden is that high over the trees appears a distant factory chimney at Polton.

A track up the narrow glen, rock-cut here and there, sometimes close to the river and sometimes high above it, winds through ferns and under trees to Rosslyn, a little more than a mile away. The scenery is magnificent, particularly where a minute side-stream falls straight over a sheer cliff. A rocky promontory round which the North Esk winds to enter its gorge from a rather more open part of the valley formed an ideal situation for the castle of the ancient family of St. Clair (or Sinclair), who artificially isolated the promontory, and through the cutting formed a roadway with bridge over the river. By which of them the castle was first built we have no real means of knowing. One was a strong supporter of Baliol, and was captured by the English at Dunbar in 1294; another fell at the hands of the Moors in Spain in 1330, side by side with the good Lord Douglas bearing the Bruce's heart. According to their family historian, Father R. A. Hay, who lived in the seventeenth century, the keep in the south-west corner of the little courtyard was built by Sir Henry, who died about 1400. He was one of the most interesting and adventurous of the line ;

* *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, of Hawthornden, January, 1619.* Published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842.



Rosslyn Castle and Chapel.

he did much fighting among the islands of the north, and Hacon VI of Norway made him Earl of Orkney; he extended his travels across the Atlantic to Greenland, and was one of the very first of Scots ever to stand on American soil. The keep has a rounded corner where is the stair; some of the parapet corbels remain, and its somewhat scanty ruins are of fourteenth-century character. There are also fragments of an apparently contemporary curtain. Joining the keep and extending along the side of the court northwards is the wall of what seems to have been the hall,* built probably by William St. Clair, who founded the collegiate church. Like the keep, it is of red sandstone ashlar, and it is strengthened by a series of very large rounded buttresses which carried a gallery of some kind; almost the only feature within is one of the large corbels that supported the roof. The ruined condition of this work is due to the rough wooing of Hertford in 1544 (p. 222).

Shortly after this event another hall was built on the other side of the court by another William St. Clair. As is not infrequent in Scotland, this structure clings to the rock-side and descends three stories below the level of the court, having a way out to the steep hill-side close to a large yew. Each story consists of a vaulted passage against the rock, and opening from it a series of chambers, vaulted at right angles, a heavy tower projecting south-west. Under the square-headed iron-barred

* Father Hay calls this the church, but it is nearly north and south instead of being east and west, and it is so very unlike a chapel that it seems probable he was mistaken. His work is of great value from the loss of the family records whence it was compiled. His mother's second husband was Sir James St. Clair.

windows are small splayed openings for musketry. The walling is rough ashlar; the lowest story is largely rock-cut. It contains the kitchen, with a huge fire-place and a sink; in its vault is a small hole serving the purpose of a telephone to the bakehouse above, and there are much larger openings to form a lift for stores. The hall—in ruin—has a fire-place with flat lintel, and over it a shield with engrailed cross and three crescents, also the initials of William St. Clair and his wife, Jean Edmondstone, with the date 1597. In the jamb of a window is a sink, exactly like a piscina. East of this are some other chambers still in excellent repair, dated “1622 S W S.” There is a corbelled round turret, likewise an attic with segmental pediment and bands of carving round square-headed windows. Within is a large square chamber panelled in pitch pine and with ceiling divided into nine equal panels and covered with plaster work in low relief, a beautiful composition, with date and arms in the centre and elsewhere foliage, pomegranates, birds, lions, mermaids, and so on.

It is curious to find how commonplace is the character of the country once one has climbed out of the river glen. The village of Rosslyn, which was erected into a burgh of barony* by James II in 1456, is not very interesting in itself. On its outskirts, however, is the beautiful chapel, whose fame is world-wide: the letters on the shields along the north side of the clearstory have been made out by Dr. T. Dickson, “Wilzame Lorde Sinclare Fundit Yis College Ye Zeir of God

* Burghs of barony, or of regality, *i.e.*, incorporated towns within the limits of private feudal jurisdiction of the smaller or greater extent, had to be constituted by royal charter. A charter merely from the mesne lord was of little account.

MJJJL," *i.e.*, 1450. The founder was first Earl of Caithness and Chancellor of Scotland; the position his fathers had gained in Orkney he patriotically resigned to the Crown. The collegiate church was intended to be cruciform, but only the quire was built. There are aisles on three sides, opening by five arches north and south and by two on the east; the four bays of the eastern aisle are open to four chapels, forming a wider aisle—precisely the same arrangement as at Glasgow Cathedral; from the most southerly of these chapels descends a stair to a lower chapel on the hill-side. The clearstory is pierced by single-light windows, and supports a pointed barrel vault with no exterior covering; half arches carry the thrust to the double pinnacles (each pair connected by a miniature flying buttress) that surmount the heavy buttresses of the aisles. The aisles are lit by two-light Decorated windows, and from above each pillar to the wall is a flat architrave, with a relieving arch above, between which is a series of tunnel vaults at right angles to the axis of the building. Thus the main lines of the church are of the simplest, but it is adorned by a wealth of carved detail far beyond anything else to be seen in Scotland. The east wall of the transept has remains of two altars with piscinas and ornate corbels for statues; there are three openings with enriched architraves leading to quire and aisles, and above a tall narrow arch reaching to the vault; thus the screen is an integral part of the building.* Outside each door, north and south, is

* An apsidal baptistery now joins the west wall of the quire. After long lying in neglect the chapel was reopened for divine service in 1862; Bishop A. P. Forbes, of Brechin, preached at the opening service,

a flat arch between the buttresses, forming a sort of porch. The pillars are moulded rather than clustered, resembling Hispanian work; capitals, arches, architraves, string-courses, windows, are all carved; over the pillar behind the altar is a canopied niche, and there are corbels and canopies for statues between the clearstory windows. The Prentice pillar (south-east) rises from a dragon base and has four floral bands, each twining half way round; it is strange that the legend should send the master to Rome, of all places (with its single old Gothic church), to study the original, while the industrious apprentice was finishing the work. The eastern chapels alone have quadripartite vaulting; there are large central pendants. In order that each may be vaulted in a square there project from the east wall three huge corbels on shafts, each of which throws out three large pendants on which the ribs rest. The lower chapel is much plainer than the rest, and has a fire-place. The great glory of this splendid building is less in the detail than in the variety, and in the general effect of its carving: rosettes are frequently repeated on the pinnacles and elsewhere; the engrailed cross appears on the vaulting both of aisles and lower chapel; but on the whole there is the greatest variety, and the carved details amply justify Wordsworth's lines—

“From what bank

Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown,
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?”

Hay tells us that the workmen who erected the church came from the Continent, and it has been generally assumed that they were from Portugal

or Spain, from an undoubted superficial resemblance that Rosslyn bears to the Gothic work of that part of Europe; the view is vigorously combated by Macgibbon and Ross, who maintain that all the peculiar features are purely Scottish. It is a point most difficult to decide, but the pure-Scots theory is perhaps strengthened by the fact that where on one capital thirteen Angels are playing on different instruments, one is using the bagpipes. It was apparently not very long before the church was built that an Angel flying over Perth dropped the chanter of a pair of bagpipes, a fact deemed sufficient proof that the national instrument is not unknown on high! The subjects of the sculpture include many scenes from Scripture and Church history, besides such favourite mediæval satires as the Dance of Death and a fox preaching to geese. On one architrave is the sentence from the most eloquent part of the Book of Esdras: "Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas." A slab with incised figure of a warrior in mail covers the entrance to the vaults referred to in Scott's *Rosabelle*—

"Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy, and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

“There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.”

Rosslyn has long been a very favourite excursion from Edinburgh, only 7 miles away, but in the late eighteenth century the strawberries seem to have been a much stronger attraction than the chapel. Alexander Campbell, among whose music pupils was Scott himself, thought that the chapel was greatly overrated, but by the strawberries the hearts of the trippers were so gladdened that, as he most poetically puts it, “when wearied of ranging among the woods and cliffy precipices of the murmuring Esk, they return but to renew the toil in song and the dance till morning dawns; for, before their horses are harnessed, and their curricles, chaises, and coaches are hurled from the courtyard, Phœbus, in full speed along the impurpled pathway of the east, meets them on their return homeward from the rural revels of a Rosslyn excursion.”

CHAPTER XII

PORTOBELLO AND CRAIGMILLAR

IN 1739 a British fleet under Admiral Vernon captured Porto Bello,* a seaport on the Caribbean shore of the Isthmus of Panama. This victory supplied names both to Mount Vernon, the Virginian mansion of the family of Washington, and to the part of Edinburgh that is washed by the sea. Portobello has a pleasant sandy beach with a cement promenade behind it; a pier runs out into the Forth, and the character of the place is given by classical Established and Episcopal churches, erected about a century ago, with houses in the same general style. Apparently merely because it was thought that the incongruity of having an American name on the map of Scotland could best be neutralized by having an Asiatic one close by, the end nearest Musselburgh is called Joppa; here one must change from cable to electric car, for her neighbours on flatter soil decline to follow the metropolis in her choice of street conveyances.

* Porto Bello was founded in 1597 to supersede Nombre de Dios (which Drake knew so well) as the Atlantic port of Panama whence was shipped to Europe the treasure of Peru. It is now a fast-asleep picturesque old village, whose trade has passed to the ugly but bustling town of Colon, the terminus of the Panama Canal.

Portobello would certainly possess that restful feeling that comes from the absence of anything to go and see, which is frequently not unpleasant for a variety, were it not for the reputed Roman bridge which crosses the Niddry Burn close by. It has heavy square buttresses and a skewed round arch that has been destroyed and rebuilt narrower than before ; the date is most puzzling, but in spite of its undoubtedly early look it seems probable on the whole that it cannot be earlier than the fourteenth century.* Though close to mining villages the immediate surroundings of the bridge are very picturesque ; the lane that crosses it leads to Brunstane House, built in 1639 by John Maitland, afterwards the first Duke of Lauderdale. It forms three sides of a square, with towers in both inner and outer angles ; the former contained stairs ; to one of the latter joins an addition of the late seventeenth century, which is interesting as containing what seems to have been a marble-floored bathroom. Such provisions for cleanliness are extremely unusual between Roman and quite recent times : indeed, the idea of a bathroom in an old house seemed so preposterous that the apartment is usually known as the chapel.

Duddingston Loch does so much to recall the

* I can find nothing of much value in the numerous printed works about the district. Professor Haverfield writes to me that, so far as he knows, the bridge is altogether unworthy of its reputation as a Roman work. Thomas Ross writes : " I fear there is little chance of finding reliable evidence about it. I find on looking up the Laing Charters a reference to Brunstan and to the 'bridge of St. Magdane on the east, and the water of Brunstan on the south.' . . . All the so-called Roman bridges in Scotland that I know about have melted into thin air, and so I fear will all those attributed to the time of David I."

Highlands that it is not easy to realize a great city is quite near. On one side tower the crags of Arthur's Seat, sometimes into the clouds; on the other are banks of trees. The edges are shallow and their reeds are starred with yellow irises in the proper season; enthusiastic fishermen may often be seen wading about and wild fowl abound. No other capital of Europe, save Stockholm, allows wild nature quite so near.

On a bluff overhanging the water there stands the ancient church; by its gate is a high louping-on stane (mounting block), and fixed in the wall close by are the old iron jousts. The small nave and chancel are of Norman date; grotesque carved corbels support the chancel eaves, later buttresses lean up against the original pilasters. The south door has zigzag round the arch, and a variety of the same ornament sprawls over the detached shafts, two aside; inserted in them are the Crucifixion and other figures, not easy to be known. The chancel arch has three shafts aside; the caps are the common Scottish compromise between scallop and cushion, and have a cable moulding on the beads below. On the north has been added a transept of the regular Presbyterian character, dated 1631, with uncusped windows of Jacobean type. The very nondescript tower contains the Abercorn gallery, the seat of whose ducal owner is Duddingston House, designed by Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, London, in 1768. It stands in a large park used for military manœuvres. An Earl of Abercorn bought the property from a Duke of Argyll in 1745.

The Kirk Session records are full of interesting references to current events, and in one place are

the autographs of Sir Walter Scott,* McKerlie, the navigator, and David Scott, the painter, all of whom record their belief in the Presbyterian confession of faith. Among the pieces of plate belonging to the parish are two large chalices like loving-cups, dated 1682, two English pewter flagons of 1724, and large brass plates of the seventeenth century, depicting Adam and Eve and the spies returning with their enormous bunch of grapes.

The manse stands close by the churchyard and has a beautiful garden overlooking the loch and the country beyond. Scott's tree has fallen on its side and lies a rotting log, though still treated with every care. Over the land to the south appears Peffer Mill House on the Braid Burn; it is a good specimen of a small Scots seventeenth-century L-shaped house. In the angle is a round stair turret; there are two stories and an attic; one side of the L is lengthened to an additional room beyond what is usually there, and additional picturesqueness as well as additional accommodation is the result. There seems to be little doubt that this small mansion was selected by Scott as the seat of the Laird of Dumbiedikes in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

Both from its historical associations and its architecture, Craigmillar Castle, which is a landmark through all this district, is one of the most

* His enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, however, gave Scott a leaning to Episcopacy, and while in Edinburgh he was a frequent worshipper at St. George's, York Place, where his seat is duly marked. It was built in 1792, and is the oldest structure now used for Episcopal services in the metropolis (except that St. Margaret's Oratory is sometimes used for baptisms), the original St. Paul's in Carrubber's Close, erected just after the disestablishment in 1689, having been replaced by a larger building.

interesting in Scotland. It is fortunate in possessing very fully that hall-mark of respectability, connexion with the life of Queen Mary, without which no country house in the South of Scotland can be considered as quite complete, any more than an English one can be deemed perfectly satisfactory if Queen Elizabeth failed to stay there.

In 1374 Craigmillar was purchased from one Sir John de Capella by Sir Simon Preston, whose family was to be so prominent in Edinburgh history; it retained Craigmillar till in 1661 it passed to the Gilmours. The commanding rocky site would probably be fixed upon as a suitable position for a feudal stronghold in early times—the top of the keep over the trees is a familiar landmark throughout the whole district to-day, and there are traces of earthworks which are probably older than any of the masonry. The great L-shaped keep which stands upon the rock (and is seen towering above the other buildings in the photograph) was probably built by Sir Simon Preston before the end of the fourteenth century. It is, as might be expected, enormously massive; the main part has two vaulted stages (the upper as usual forming the hall), and the projection, which rises a little higher and has a large chimney and crow-stepped gables, has four, all except the top one, which is probably an addition, vaulted. The hall is dimly lit by three square-headed windows reached by tunnels through the thick walls, with benches along their sides; in the west end is a huge fire-place, with hood resting on clustered shafts, the mouldings of so late character that it is impossible to believe it is not an insertion, though the masonry does not seem specially to indicate it; along the bottom of the vault are

carved corbels for the usual timber flooring, which could be reached by a door at the east end: if this was really erected it must have made the hall a most gloomy and depressing apartment. The roof of the main part of the keep retains its original stone slabs, nearly flat. In 1427 (the date appears) a small oblong court was enclosed by a curtain, the projection of the keep being incorporated in the south side. At each corner is a round tower, rising above the rest; that in the south-east angle is curiously straightened on one side, in which is a postern door. The parapet is built on widely projecting corbels with machicolations; it is extremely perfect on the north and east sides. In all probability there were originally chambers of some kind against the curtain, reducing the court to very modest dimensions indeed. In 1479, or thereabouts, there was confined in the castle the brother of King James III, John, the Earl of Mar, who was supposed to be aiming at the throne. "He was ain fair lustie man, of ane great and well-proportioned stature, weill faced, and comelie in all his behaviouris, who knew nothing but nobilitie. He used meikle hunting and hawking, with other gentlemanie exercise, and delighted also in entertaining of great and stout horse and mares, that their ofspring myght flourish, so that he might be served thairwith in tyme of warres";* and what could man ask further of a king? The actual wearer of the crown was of far inferior stamp—that is, from the standpoint of that lawless age. "He was ane man that loved solitariness, and desired never to hear of warre." It might be added that he loved favourites to share the solitariness, and in particular Robert Cochrane, who procured

* Lindsay of Pitscottie.



HALL OF ELPHINSTONE TOWER.



CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, FROM SOUTH.

the imprisonment (and perhaps the murder) of the King's own brother, and whom afterwards the nobles very naturally, it might almost be said very properly, hanged.

During the early sixteenth century were added walled courts on the east and west of the curtain; the door of the western one has the date 1510, a shield with the three unicorns of the family and a cheese-press and a barrel or tun, the rebus for Preston. Joining the wall of the other is the chapel, one of whose crow-stepped gables appears on the right of the photograph; it is a small building with a stoup, canopied niche, and other features, with details of very late character. The *Diurnal of Occurrents* (quoted by Billings) says that English invaders under Hertford "past to Craigmillar, quhilk was haistilie given to thame, promesand to keip the samyne without skaith: quhilk promes thai break, and brunt and destroyit the said hous." This destruction would not appear to have been very thorough, though we need not doubt that the English burnt the woodwork. Extensive repairs and probably enlargement went on the moment they had left; the date 1549 with the Preston arms appears on the door of a barn which forms the western end of a long court that was enclosed along the whole northern side of the curtain and its two dependent courts, a round dovecot, which could also be used as part of the defences, rising in the north-west corner. At the same time were rebuilt the chambers within the eastern curtain and between it and the keep; all rooms in this part are vaulted, except the attics, which are no longer roofed. In the basement near the keep is the bakehouse and in an adjacent room a well.

During the reign of Mary, Craigmillar was undoubtedly one of the most comfortable country mansions in the vicinity of the metropolis, and its owner, Sir Simon Preston, was a devoted friend of the Queen until she married Bothwell; and so she was frequently there. Some of the walled courts were kept as gardens, and the woods adjoined. A more pleasant retreat from the troubles of uncongenial society at Holyrood could hardly have been desired. As there was no room in the castle for all the French servants of the Queen, whom she might, one would have thought, have left behind with great comfort, they were accommodated in the hamlet near by, which till the present day has preserved the name of Little France.

During the seventeenth century the whole block of chambers against the western curtain was rebuilt in a style of considerable comfort; the rooms include a new dining-room with separate kitchen and offices; there is a private stair into the hall. These chambers are much more modern than the rest; their construction involved the destruction of the old parapet, and apparently the south-west corner tower was clumsily reconstructed. There are at present no buildings against the northern curtain.

Few structures illustrate so well the gradual development of domestic architecture from the comfortless vaults of a feudal castle to what needs only modern plumbing to satisfy all the requirements of our own comfort-loving age.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CANONGATE

OF all the hills that stand about the capital, none is quite so famous as Arthur's Seat. In a land where elevations are low its 822 feet of height above the sea give a wide prospect on every side from its crest, whence, if the day be clear, twelve counties may be descried. Here popular imagination long ago saw Arthur's throne—that is, unless the word be corrupted from *Ard-na Said*, the Height of Arrows, as is Maitland's view.

This Arthur was in Caxton's phrase among the "nine worthy and the best that ever were," "notoriously known throughout the universal world." * Joseph of Exeter (late twelfth century) declares, "The old world knows not his peer, nor will the future show us his equal: he alone towers over all other kings, better than the past ones, and greater than those that are to be." Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* has said of the Arthurian Legends—

"They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;

* These were : Three *Christians*, noble Arthur, Charlemain, Godfrey of Boloine : three *Jews*, Duke Joshua, King David, Judas Machabeus : three *Paynims*, Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar.

And Dryden, in immortal strain,
 Had raised the Table Round again,
 But that a ribald king and court
 Bade him toil on to make them sport."

Over the Saxon mind Arthur cast a spell, and the delightful legends of his life form a sort of golden thread that runs through the whole of English literature. It is all the more remarkable since he was the foe of our own fathers, but it illustrates a deeply-ingrained feature in English character; we never yet waged war without arousing among some of our own people much sympathy for the other side. Arthur's name is written over all the country from Brittany to Scotland, much as that of the great Solomon* in all the lands from the Mediterranean to Afghanistan. Holinshed sums up his history: "Of this Arthur manie things are written beyond credit, for that there is no ancient author of authoritie that confirmeth the same; but surelie as may be thought he was some woorthie man, and by all likelihood a great enimie to the Saxons, by reason whereof the Welshmen which are the verie Britains in deed haue him in famous remembrance. He fought (as the common report goeth of him) 12 notable battels against the Saxons, & in euerie of them went away with the victorie, but yet he could not driue them quite out of the land."

Dr. Thomas Hodgkin (*Political History of England*, vol. i) has given good reasons for believing that Arthur probably belonged to a Roman family which remained in Britain after the legions

* Solomon figures frequently in the *Arabian Nights*; the highest peak among the Suleiman Mountains on the borders of India and Afghanistan is called his Throne.

were withdrawn. Though Arthurian romance is now specially located in Wales and the lovely counties in the south-west, there is no reason whatever why Scotland should not claim her share. Nennius, the only original authority for Arthur's existence, enumerates the twelve great battles that he fought, and four or five of them seem to have been on Scottish soil (p. 79). Mount Badon seems to be the only one undoubtedly in the south-west. Mount Breguoin, the site of the eleventh conflict, is sometimes placed in Edinburgh itself.*

The lion-shaped mass of Arthur's Seat is wholly of volcanic origin, as in fact are all the small hills that rise from the Lothian plain. Its rocks are of different dates : the lower and northern portions are of the Lower Carboniferous period ; the coarse agglomerate to the south and on the summit, where hard basalt has boiled up through it, were piled up in a later vent, perhaps in Permian days. The wearing of the softer rocks by rain and ice, the latter of which has left its scratches, well seen on the west by the Queen's Drive, has produced the present outline. Northward from Arthur's Seat itself extends the lion's back, known as Crow Hill ; and westward, beyond the valley known as Hunter's Bog, Salisbury Crags present a convex escarpment to the city.

Overlooking Holyrood and the Firth of Forth from the rock-side just above the knoll named Haggis Knowe, stands the famous hermitage, on

* The antiquity of the name " Arthur's Seat " has been doubted, but James Grant (*Old and New Edinburgh*) has pointed out that at any rate it occurs in the *Flyting*, written in 1508, partly by Walter Kennedy, the rival of William Dunbar.

the borders of utter solitude, yet in sight of bustling life. It is appropriately called by St. Anthony's name. There is a spring close by. A sort of cell, of which a fragment survives, was partly built and partly cut in living rock; a cupboard recess remains. The chapel, whose north and west walls still stand, was carefully repointed in 1911. It is a small fifteenth-century structure, having coarse sandstone dressings and rubble work of local volcanic stone. It was vaulted in three bays with a narrow passage west, containing a stair to an upper room over the western part that formed a tower with saddle-roof. The north door has a long recess in which slid the thick wooden bolt.*

An old Scottish ballad refers to the spot; Chambers (*Scottish Songs*) says it is the lament of Lady Barbara Erskine, whom her husband drove from home during the late seventeenth century.

“Oh, waly! waly! gin love be bonnie
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like morning dew.
 Oh, wherefore should I busk my heid?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

“Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
 St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me!

* Daniel Wilson believed it to have belonged to the Preceptory of St. Anthony at Leith, founded in 1435 by Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, which gave its name to St. Anthony's Wynd, off Kirkgate. It was occupied by knights who followed the rule of St. Augustine and had no other house in Scotland.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,
An' shake the green leaves aft the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my life I am wearie."

The side of Arthur's Seat overlooking Duddingston has traces of terrace cultivation, which was in all probability the work of prehistoric times; there are also some much later earthworks that date only from the mutiny of the Seaforth Highlanders in 1778. The real delight of these hills is that they still preserve a waste of treeless wild that recalls the Western Highlands, though a great city is creeping all round. The enclosure is called the King's Park; it is the fragment of an ancient royal hunting-ground. According to the venerable legend that has given Holyrood Abbey a picturesque dedication and the Canongate an interesting coat of arms, King David I was once hunting close to the foot of Arthur's Seat when all alone he met a huge white hart terrified by the noise of bugles and horns. He was in the greatest danger from the furious animal, and would have perished, but a glowing cross* was put into his hand, and the wild beast fled. On the selfsame place the abbey rose.

It seemed likely that this story had its origin

* The celestial cross whose material no mortal could know was on the altar of Holyrood till 1346, when it was captured by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross; it was then placed in Durham Cathedral, but unhappily it has long disappeared. But according to Ælred it was the Black Cross, which contained a fragment of the True Cross, duly proved by convincing miracles, brought to Scotland by St. Margaret, that Holyrood was founded to enshrine. Edward I carried it to England, but Robert Bruce induced Queen Isabella to restore it.

in an actual occurrence, but the excavations carried out by W. T. Oldrieve, F.S.A., in 1911, have shown that an early Christian graveyard with a small, but extremely massive, church, existed on the site of its quire long before the foundation of the abbey.*

The foundation of this great abbey was only a small part of the benefactions of the devout King, who erected the bishoprics of Brechin, Dunblane, Caithness, Ross, and Aberdeen, in addition to building other religious houses. By alienating so large a part of the royal possessions he considerably weakened the position of the Scottish Kings. As Lindsay puts it—

“King James the first, roy of this region,
Said that he was ane sair sanct to the crown.”

He felt himself a personal sufferer, but Father Hay, who was in quite a different position, asserts that “he left a glorious memory, and, full of virtues, passed to our Lord in the company of saints.” A lot depends on the point of view!

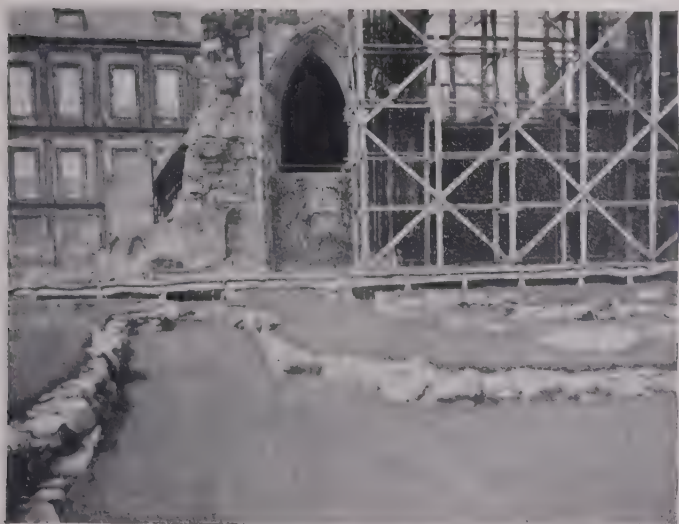
The Augustinian Canons were apparently accommodated in the castle until the abbey buildings were sufficiently advanced to receive them. To the original structure belongs the fine Norman door that opened from the cloisters to the nave.

* The foundations of the early church are seen in both the photographs opposite. It was a plain oblong building with a deep and rather puzzling recess in the east wall. The foundations are almost entirely of boulders, while those of the latter work are mostly of slightly larger stones, broken rather than squared. But there are some exactly similar boulders in the foundations of the quire, whose builders evidently had no respect for the work of their predecessors.

HOLYROOD.



EXCAVATION ON SITE OF QUIRE.



PALACE, CLOISTER, NAVE, AND FOUNDATIONS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It has double shafts with scallop caps; the outer order of the arch has billet moulding, the inner orders have zigzag. The two nearest windows of the aisle are Norman, but have been restored or rebuilt; whether the Norman nave was ever finished seems very doubtful. The present nave is a superb specimen of Early Pointed work—the same that south of Tweed is known as Early English, apparently because on the whole it is the least distinctively English of all the styles! The building seems to have taken about twice as long as the Temple to erect, for its details show a very gradual transition from the beginning to the end of the style, say c. 1180–1280. The interesting arcading under the windows of the north aisle is not yet free from Norman influence; the two-light triforium openings and windows of the tower are rapidly nearing Decorated forms. The great west door is very deeply recessed with nine shafts aside and carved caps with birds and animals amid leaves; it shows strongly the influence of France. On either side the towers project (but the south one is with the greatest clumsiness built into the palace). The northern tower is adorned with trefoiled arcading below, having heads in high relief within circles in the spandrels, and two-light arcading (if the phrase may be allowed) above, in both cases continued on to the nave wall.

There are eight bays, and each pillar is composed of twelve shafts; well moulded arches springing from leaf caps are spaced by triple vaulting-shafts. Shafted lancets lit the aisles and there is arcading below. The structure evidently showed signs of weakness early, and strengthening arches were inserted in the triforium walls; during the fifteenth century pinnaced buttresses were

added: on the south they fly over the cloister walk. The beautiful north door, with bosses in the hollow of the round-arched moulding and panelling with canopied niches above, is of the same period. The two large windows over the west door form an interesting specimen of seventeenth-century work, having been erected by Charles I, as an inscription tells us, though could he have foreseen the future he might have modified the remark about establishing the Throne of his kingdom for ever. Each window has two shafts connected by little arches below, running straight up into a large cusped one above; all the arches are round. Charles II fitted up the chapel with a throne for himself and twelve stalls for the Knights of the Thistle (p. 270). James II used the building for Roman Catholic worship, but his arrangements failed entirely to please the Edinburgh mob, and in 1688 the church was wrecked. In 1758 it was restored and heavy stones covered the roof, but it was so unskillfully managed that only ten years later (December 2, 1768) the structure fell, annihilating the whole clearstory, the north arcade, and the vault of the north aisle.

The recent excavations have shown that the north transept had an eastern aisle; the quire had five bays, with one aisle on the north and two on the south. A double aisle in an Augustinian church is extremely unusual; it was common for the nave to have but one aisle, as at Hexham and Bolton. The jamb of the west window of the south transept is still to be seen, but the foundations of the transept were trenched for in vain. The neatness with which the site of quire and transepts has been turfed to form part of a royal garden and display the remains laid bare reflects

no small credit on those by whom the work was done. In 1570 the not very admirable Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney and "Abbot" of Holyroodhouse—he who married his namesake to Mary—reported to the General Assembly that the church had been dilapidated for twenty years, and suggested that "the superfluous ruinous pairts, to wit, the Queir and Croce Kirk, might be disposed to faithfull men to repair the remanent sufficiently." Accordingly, windows were inserted in the western tower arch and in its buttressing arches across the aisles, and all but the nave was taken down. Probably from the first the nave had formed the Canongate parish church. By the north-east corner of the quire may be seen a small part of a mediæval roadway, paved with stones which include some broken fragments from the church. It is nearly 10 feet wide.

South of the nave are remains of the north cloister walk, which was vaulted and has a beautiful little arcade against the aisle wall, the shafts, as usual in Early Pointed work, having foliage caps. Against the walling that connected the piers supporting the flying buttresses was cinquefoiled arcading. Practically the only other remains of the abbey, recently laid bare, is a fragment of the chapter-house, which was octagonal with a central pillar.

The Scottish kings, like Philip II of Spain, seem to have enjoyed the society of monks. At Scone and Dunfermline, as well as here, a palace joined a convent, and at the latter the architectural evidence points to the sumptuous repasts of monarchs having been dressed in the same kitchen as the monks' sparse rations, while the latter were consumed in a far more splendid

hall than any that the palace held. When the original Edinburgh—that is, the castle—was getting rather cramped, the sovereigns had frequently and for protracted times sought freer air at Holyrood, where they lived as the abbot's guests.* By James IV, who fell at Flodden in 1513, was begun, and by his son, James V, was finished, a royal house about 80 feet west of the church. It consists simply of an oblong tower with round corner turrets—to-day it forms the north-west corner of the palace. Other buildings were gradually added, of which there remains the picturesque little sixteenth-century garden-house known as Queen Mary's Bath. The rooms she used were entirely refitted during the seventeenth century, and even as to their antique fittings one cannot help thinking now and then with Macgibbon and Ross, "it would be satisfactory to have some genuine evidence as to their descent from the time of Queen Mary."

All that went on in the palace in those days—Mary's irresponsibility, Knox's vehemence, Rizzio's murder, Darnley's folly, Bothwell's crimes—is it not a thousand-times-told tale and one that we would most gladly forget? The story does not lack villains, but it sadly needs a hero. In our own happy times it is the custom, while flinging mud at all who live, to dash whitewash on all who have passed. Sympathy for the misfortunes of Mary is the happy growth of recent years. When in 1586 she had been condemned to death

* Apparently part of the buildings, perhaps the abbot's house or the Hospitium, was set aside for royal use. In 1473 a glass-wright was employed to make a window for the Queen's chamber.

in England, and her son, James VI, ordered the bishops and ministers to pray for her, none but his own chaplain would obey. Maitland, in his *History of Edinburgh*, 1753—a most valuable compilation—justly observes: “This is a Piece of Wickedness, of so flagrant and black a Dye, that it needs no other Remark, than only to observe, that it is, perhaps, not to be paralleled amongst the most flagitious and irreligious set of men.”

By Charles II what was practically a new palace—substantially the building that exists to-day—was begun in 1671; the date is cut on one of the cloister piers. The architect was Sir William Bruce, of Kinross, who had intrigued to bring about the Restoration; the master-mason, Robert Mylne. It is a building of three stories, with Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian pilasters, surrounding a court into which a cloister opens by nine round arches on every side. The old tower of James IV and V projects on the north from the west front (which is of only two stories, with a gateway through), and another tower with similar round turrets is built to match it on the south. A great gallery on the northern side has pictures of the Scottish kings; the artist was Jacob de Urt. They range from Fergus I, who is alleged to have come over from Ireland to set up the Scottish State when Alexander the Great was conquering the world, down to James VII, who did not die a king. But in 1745 his descendant was holding a brilliant court in these very rooms.*

* No part of the existing palace is on the actual site of the abbey except that it partly covers the ground once occupied by the buildings on the west side of the cloister. Against

The suggestion that Holyroodhouse should become the seat of the University was made by Hugo Arnot, who published his *History of Edinburgh* in 1779. Assuming that rooms for the sovereign could have been reserved, as was done at Durham for the bishop when the old castle there was put to a similar useful purpose, it is deeply to be regretted that the scheme was never carried out; the benefit to Scotland had been very great. Arnot himself was a very interesting character, though more delightful to read about than to meet. As in the case of his countryman, Smollett, we learn a great deal about the author's temperament when perusing his writings. He suffered dreadfully from asthma, and Harry Erskine wrote of him—

“The Scriptures assure us that much is forgiven
To flesh and to blood by the mercy of Heaven;
But I've searched the whole Bible, and texts can find
none,
That extend the assurance to skin and to bone.”*

However, as Arnot seems to have had no definite religious belief, it does not matter very much.

From his foundation charter it seems that David racked his brain to think of everything he could possibly give to the favoured canons; one of their numerous privileges was the right

the slope of Salisbury Crags is now re-erected St. Margaret's Well, a little octagonal grotto vaulted with a single pillar, that was moved from Restalrig when the North British Railway occupied its original site.

* *Traditions of Edinburgh*, by Robert Chambers, 1847.

of founding a burgh between their abbey and Edinburgh. Thus, as by the southern capital, there grew up a town which took its name from a religious house, which was eventually to be absorbed into the larger city. It was probably from an early time that the Canongate joined Edinburgh, but it was never included in the walls, nor did the Canongate at any time possess defences of its own. In 1636 the city secured from the Earl of Roxburgh the superiority of the regality of the Canongate, but not till 1856 did the old burgh of the abbey become a part of Edinburgh.

Like mediæval Edinburgh, the Canongate consisted of a single tolerably wide street with tall buildings called "lands" rising on either side. The reason for the great height of the lands was the same as that which is to-day carrying the business men of New York, particularly those on the island of Manhattan, nearer and nearer to heaven. Space was limited on the earth. Each story of a land is called a house, and the "houses" sometimes have separate owners, as in the case of single floors also in the Inns of Court and in old Paris, a city on which Edinburgh was largely modelled.* Archways through the lands lead into closes and wynds; Maitland's map (1753) shows 260 of the former and 22 of the latter in the whole of the metropolis, including the Canongate. The distinction seems to be that a wynd formed a thoroughfare and a close did not; but in this respect many have been altered since they were named. The buildings are mostly of rubble stone and extremely

* The same arrangement is sometimes to be found elsewhere, as in part of the Strangers' Hall at Norwich.

massive; the upper floors are reached by turn-pike stairs, which frequently have turrets projecting into the courts. The gables are almost invariably crow-stepped, and in some of the earlier examples the steps are themselves gabled—a fashion that was abandoned in the late sixteenth century. The doors and windows are usually square-headed; over the former are very frequently initials and texts, or other uplifting sentiments, with dates ranging from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth. Timber would appear to have been rather scarce; the beams in contemporary buildings in France or England have as a rule a huge margin of safety, but here they are just about sufficiently massive securely to carry the floors. The chambers within are sometimes adorned with panelling and moulded plaster, dating from the days when the quality held revels where now are slums. Mural cupboards are common, and sometimes there are queer little closets that formed Protestant oratories, the idea apparently suggested by St. Matt. vi 6. Daniel Wilson made the remark, which he afterwards withdrew, that no domestic buildings in Edinburgh could be older than the burning of the whole place by the English under the Earl of Hertford in 1544 (the provocation being that Scotland thought the young Prince afterwards known as Edward VI no eligible match for her infant Queen); but it is quite certain that such massive stonework as that of the lands could not be destroyed in a mere raid.* It is likely enough, however, that

* In a recent visit to Old Panama, which has never been rebuilt since it was burned by the Buccaneers under Henry Morgan in 1671, I was impressed by the large amount that

the English on this occasion undid the transformation of Edinburgh that had resulted in 1508, when the Council cut all the timber on the Burgh Muir and the Common Myre, and to boom its sale among the citizens permitted purchasers (in Maitland's words) "to extend the said new front, the space of seven Feet into the Street; whereby the High Street was reduced fourteen Feet in its Breadth; and the Buildings which before had Stonern Fronts, were now converted into Wood, and the Burgh into a wooden City."*

One of the most picturesque of the Canongate closes is that called the White Horse; it is rather unlike most of the others, displaying low gabled projections, wooden galleries, and outside stairs of stone. It dates from the seventeenth century, and its character is distinctly Dutch. If any stranger ventures in he will be at once surrounded by ragged children, who all together and all in the same words run off a long story of how the London coach once started from that spot.

Of the Morocco Land, whence projects a corbel supporting the figure of a black Moor, nude but for turban and jewels, various legends are told. The most interesting declares that one Andrew

still remains, despite the tropical climate and the depredations of the negro population of the district. In addition to many other ruins a tall tower still looks from the luxuriant forest over the lonely Pacific for the Peruvian treasure-ships that never come. It is extremely unlikely that Edinburgh was more completely destroyed than Panama.

* The only house that seems to retain such a wooden projection is the one called after John Knox (p. 262), where the addition is probably later.



White Horse Close.

Gray, confined in the Edinburgh Tolbooth for setting fire to the Provost's house, thence escaped. It was much too usual an occurrence to cause any particular distress, and the capital had more serious troubles as time went on and the terrible year 1645 came round. Grass was growing in the streets and plague was stalking through the lands. Then, to add to the general apprehension, a corsair from Barbary cast anchor in the Forth, and its crew demanded a colossal ransom or they would burn the town. Their leader parleyed with the Provost, and, hearing that his daughter had the plague, offered to undertake her cure, promising to sail away if he should fail. This was refused at first, but agreed to before very long. The pirate did not fail, for he possessed an elixir of wonderful power discovered by some Mohammedan physician.

Of course he turned out to be Andrew Gray, and he married the lady and made his home in the land, which he named from the country of his sojourn.*

Interest of a different kind clusters round the Golfers' Land, over whose door the following appears—

“Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprius, esset,
Ter tres victores post remeditos avos,
Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum
Hanc, quæ victores tot tulet una, domum.
I hate no person.”

* This story is preserved by Daniel Wilson, afterwards the much honoured President of Toronto University. His *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time* is of particular value for its thoroughness. For instance, he went carefully through the title-deeds of many of the lands.

This may be translated, somewhat freely—

“ When he was victor in the game that is the Scotsman’s
 own
 (His fathers, too, had thrice three times the same high
 honour won),
 He raised this house from earth to sky—a triumph, so
 he thinks,
 E’en higher than the victory he’d won upon the links.”

The exceedingly gratifying state of mind disclosed at the end in English masks an anagram: “John Patersone.” The tradition is that a Royal Scottish Duke was told by two English lords that golf is as much English as Scotch. Of course he denied it, and was challenged to play against them with any Scotchman he liked as his partner. He chose Paterson, and, the English not being victorious, this land was built with the money staked. The decision seems quite as satisfactory and more rational than the well-known method of settling the conflicting claims of Egypt and Phrygia to be the oldest of the nations. (But see p. 131.)

The writer happened to be resident in China when, in 1898, Prince Henry of Prussia paid his famous visit to that part of the world and was welcomed by the British residents. At Port Arthur the distinguished Hohenzollern was struck by those stupendous Muscovite fortifications which so long kept the Japanese at bay; at Kiao Chou his own countrymen were busily engaged in improving the harbour, building a railway, and otherwise providing for the future prosperity of the port. Much the same kind of thing was going on where the French had recently established themselves at Kwang Chou Bay. At Wei-Hai-Wei, however, the British were engaged on vastly more important work: they

were laying out a golf course by the shore! Whether this story be true or false there is no doubt that it was long a favourite in the clubs of the Far East, and it well illustrates the serious way in which the national game of the Scots is taken on the other side of the earth.

It was traditionally a most distinguished golfer, James Durham of Largo, whose performances on the links of St. Andrews in 1767 and 1780 long remained records, who originated the sobriquet "Auld Reekie," but he can hardly have foreseen how hackneyed it would become. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh* says that he was in the habit "of regulating the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see, through the clear summer twilight, from his own door. When he observed the smoke increase in density in consequence of the good folk of the city preparing their supper, he would call all the family into the house, saying, 'It's time now, bairns, to tak the beuks and gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nichtcap.'" His portrait is in the Town Hall at St. Andrews, and he is honoured by all good golfers.

In this connexion, although they had at that time nothing to do with golf, but went messages and sold papers in the streets, the third rule of the old Society of the Cadees is of some interest. It was agreed to in 1714. "Every one of the Company shall behave himself decently, and shall not use any unbecoming Language to one another, much less to any other Person; neither shall they curse or swear by Faith, Conscience, or the like, much less profane the Lord's Name, or break the Sabbath-day; but shall go to Church every Lord's



*Tolbooth and
Arms of the
Canongate.*

Day, and therein behave themselves discreetly during divine Worship; and such as cannot already read and write, shall go to School one Diet every Week-day on Pain of paying Four Shillings Scots in to the Company's Box for each Transgression, and be further liable to Punishment as the Magistrates shall find just." These rules would do no harm if still in force to-day, though regulations about the kind of language to employ would on the golf course apply to others as well.

Perhaps the most picturesque object in the main street of the Canongate is the tower of its Tolbooth, with its corbelled turrets and wooden spire. The date of the building is given in an inscription: "Patriæ et Posteris, 1591." One of the cells retains its vaulting and one of the windows its bars, but on the whole the place is much modernized; a rather commonplace hall has been formed by throwing the cells above it into the old courtroom. It was noticed long ago that this building has conspicuously displayed the Canongate motto, "Sic itur ad astra," but it is better to go there through a prison than not at all.

The two bells in the Tolbooth tower are rung for services in the

adjacent parish church, which was built in 1688, when James VII had rather lawlessly and most unwisely turned the congregation out of the chapel of Holyroodhouse. It is a large but ugly building, with a strange curved gable in front and very large round arches within, opening to transepts and aisles. If it can be said to have any style, it is a poor specimen of Italian Renaissance, not at all well adapted to Presbyterian worship. A good many famous men rest beneath the churchyard sod, or in those gloomy-looking inartistic vaults that Scotland unfortunately loves. There is Horatio Bonar (d. 1889), whose hymns will be his monument while English is still sung; there is Sir William Fettes (d. 1836), once Lord Provost, whose monument is a noble school; there is the philosopher Dugald Stewart (d. 1828), in whose honour a copy of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates has been raised upon the Calton Crag. Alexander Runciman, the painter (d. 1785), whose work at Penicuik has been destroyed by fire, and Robert Keith (d. 1757), historian and bishop, rest there too, as also the renowned Adam Smith (d. 1790), whose *Wealth of Nations* so revolutionized our fiscal notions that a return to the system he condemned is heralded as something strikingly new.

But in some ways the most interesting of all who sleep here is the unfortunate poet, Robert Fergusson (1751-74), who died insane from the effects of a fall. Him Robert Burns recognized his master, though he distanced him far in fame. Over the grave he placed a simple stone, with an epitaph written by himself—

“No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn nor animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.”

About this stone Burns wrote: "Mr. Burn was two years in erecting it after I had commissioned him, and I have been two years more in paying him, so he and I are Quits."

Fergusson, in his poem on *Auld Reekie*, has much to tell us about the once famous Cape Club, whose offshoots at one time had spread as far as South Carolina, and whose name appears to have been derived from a difficulty that its members occasionally found, after its meetings, in rounding a certain street corner that they called the Cape. The meetings, of which minutes were kept, were held in an inn known as the "Isle of Man Arms," and the formal inauguration was in 1764, but the club existed at a much earlier date. Supper cost the members fourpence-halfpenny each; on June 10, 1776, it was resolved "that they shall at no time take bad halfpence from the house, and also recommend it to the house to take none from them." Two years later, however, they gave no less than a hundred guineas to the king to assist him in raising troops. The first regular "sovereign" of this distinguished order was Thomas Lancashire, a comedian to whose fame time has not been kind, for whom Fergusson wrote an epitaph thus—

" Alas ! poor Tom, how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the sexton's part.
Each merry heart must now be grieved to see
The sexton's dreary part performed on thee."

Among other members were the painters Alexander Runciman, Jacob More, and Henry Raeburn, Walter Ross, the antiquary, David Herd, the editor of Scottish songs, Gavin Wilson,

the poet shoemaker, and the notorious Deacon Brodie.*

Many other like associations the Metropolis in the eighteenth century contained; their members were as easily amused as Mr. Peter Magnus's friends: the Pious Club was kept hearty for many years wondering whether it had its name because its members went to church or because they consumed pies; the Dirty Club was exceedingly diverted to see its members arriving in linen that was not clean. Few will maintain that the world is the poorer because they are now no more.

Nearly opposite the Canongate Church is Moray House, dating originally from the early seventeenth century and extended later. With its large stair-turret, the stone balcony in front of its chief windows, its beautiful moulded plaster ceilings and the strange spires that rise from its gateposts, it forms a superb example of a great city mansion on a scale for which the topography of the capital left room for very few. It serves to-day as a Normal School for the United Free Church.

* To the diligent searching of its archives that Daniel Wilson undertook the world is indebted for information about this august association.

CHAPTER XIV

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Two hills, rising isolated with precipitous sides but fairly flat-topped, commanding wide views all round over sea and land, presented ideal sites for the early settlement of mankind. Each formed the nucleus of a great city, around each have gathered the chief literary and scientific traditions of a great nation. One is the Akropolis of Athens, the other the castle hill of Edinburgh: neither has any very particular associations with religion, yet are they both among the holiest spots of the world.

Each has seemed to men to rise above the mists of earth; an ancient oracle declared that after tribulation long the Akropolis should become an eagle in the sky, Camden strove to prove that the castle hill is the *Castrum alatum*, the winged fort, of Ptolemy. After saying that Edenborrow signifies the same as *Castrum alatum*, or the winged castle, he continues: "*Adain* in British signifying a wing, and Edenbarrow (a name composed of two British and Saxon words) means nothing more than the *winged town*."

"The Britans called it *Castle Myned Agned*,"*

* Was it a corruption of this that started the name "Castle of St. Agnes" which occasionally occurs? James Grant, in his *Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh*, for instance, mentions this form.

and the Scots *Maiden* and *Virgins Castle*, from the daughters of the Pictish kings who were kept there. This properly seems to have been the *Castrum alatum*."

At least Camden is to be thanked for a very picturesque idea. There seems little real doubt that the whole story about the maidens, whether marriageable daughters of the king, or nuns, originated from a Celtic name having been *Mai Dun*, or hill overlooking the plain. (This also seems to be the explanation of the Maiden Castle in Dorset, famous for its huge earthworks.)

Robert Chambers pointed out that while *Castrum Puellarum* was the official name of the castle town, the same place was popularly known as Edinburgh. The identity of the two has been frequently lost sight of. Edinburgh is probably an instance of a hybrid Celtic-Saxon name, of which other examples are numerous; the purely Celtic form, Dunedin, has been appropriated by a well-known New Zealand city. Whether this has anything to do with Edwin of Northumbria (who is said to have captured the place in 626, the year before his baptism) seems quite doubtful. It is certainly no modern guess; when Simeon of Durham (c. 1130) wrote the form *Edwinsburch*, he almost undoubtedly thought it was the burgh of Edwin. But whether it be the real origin of the name is quite another thing.*

The excellent John Stow, in his *Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles* (1565, an original work despite its name), tells us that as long ago as B.C. 989 Ebranke, son of Mempricius, ruler of

* John Reid, in his useful little sixpenny *Guide to Edinburgh*, says the forms *Eydden* and *Eidden* occur repeatedly long before the time of Edwin, but gives no references.

Britayne, having sent thirty daughters into Italy, there to be married to the blood of the Trojans, edified in Albanye (now called Scotland) "the Castell of Maydens, now called Edinburgh." Thus may the Scottish capital claim an antiquity higher than that of Rome!

Seriously, there can be little doubt that almost as soon as the human race had found its way to Scotland it established itself upon the castle hill. On its highest part, as earthwork was out of the question, a rampart of loose stones would be constructed; such are not unusual among rocky Scottish hills to-day. There is a good specimen above Abington, overlooking the valley of the Clyde. Dwelling in poor huts, the early inhabitants of the Maiden Fort doubtless pastured their cattle on the fertile flats around, which the Saxons later called Lodonia, or Lothian—land of marsh. In 854, according to Simeon of Durham, a church had been consecrated upon that hill, which recognized the oversight of the Bishop of Lindisfarne.*

Sundry kings kept rude state in the Maiden Castle; one of them, the usurper Grime (Buchanan says he began to rule in A.D. 996), got into serious trouble by leaving his wife there and marrying another whom he met while hunting in the wilds, and who seemed to him more fair.

A new era of culture dawned when Malcolm III, better known as Canmore, married the excellent Margaret, a granddaughter of Edmund the Ironside, who, with her mother Agatha, her sister Christina, and her brother Edgar the Ætheling, fled to Scotland from the woes brought upon their

* This early notice has usually been taken to refer to St. Giles's, but there is no good reason to believe it existed at the time, and even if it did was not in Edinburgh at all.

house by the Norman Conquest. The brief *Life of St. Margaret*, by her chaplain, Bishop Turgot of St. Andrews, is the most delightful reading of all the earlier original authorities for the history of Scotland. She introduced far more magnificence into the court than that rude crag had ever seen before: her adopted country must be put fully abreast with the highest civilization of the day. "Further, she introduced so much state into the royal palace that not only was it brightened by the many colours of the apparel worn in it, but the whole dwelling blazed with gold and silver; the vessels employed for serving the food and drink to the King and to the nobles of the realm were of gold and silver, or were, at least, gilt and plated. All this the Queen did, not because the honours of the world delighted her, but because duty compelled her to discharge what the kingly dignity required. For even as she walked in state, robed in royal splendour, she, like another Esther, in her heart trod all these trappings under foot, and bade herself remember that beneath the gems and gold lay only dust and ashes."*

Margaret had been more inclined to take the veil than marriage vows, but the world is richer to-day because she chose the higher and far more difficult part. "Yea by the appointment of God she was married to Malcolm, son of King Duncan, the most powerful king of the Scots. But although she was compelled to do as the world does, she thought it beneath her dignity to fix her affection upon the things of the world, and thus good works delighted her more than riches." Her goodness to the poor is extremely well known, her devotion to her children was of the noblest.

* Translation by William Forbes-Leith, S.J.

"She frequently called them to her, and carefully instructed them about Christ and the things of Christ, as far as their age would permit, and she admonished them to love Him always. 'O, my children,' said she, 'fear the Lord; for they who fear Him shall lack nothing, and if you love Him, He will give you, my dear ones, prosperity in this life, and everlasting happiness with all the saints.'" Margaret was a diligent student of the Scriptures, and the story of the fortunate but accidental acquisition of her Gospel Book from an obscure Suffolk library by the Bodleian in 1857 is very remarkable. She had made herself so loved that by popular acclaim she was placed among the saints, and in 1250 she was formally canonized.*

The oldest building on the castle rock is the oratory in which St. Margaret was wont to say her prayers. It is a tiny Norman chapel, the exterior a simple oblong, displaying some characteristic wide-jointed ashlar with later rubble both above and below; the latter was probably added when the rock on which the walls originally rested was cut away. Within there is a little chancel

* A beautiful picture of her relations with her husband is given in Turgot's often-quoted paragraph: "Although he could not read, he would turn over and examine books which the Queen used either for her devotion or her study; and whenever he heard her express especial liking for a particular book, he also would look at it with special interest, kissing it, and often taking it into his hands. Sometimes he sent for a worker in precious metals, whom he commanded to ornament that volume with gold and gems, and when the work was finished the King himself used to carry the book to the Queen as a loving proof of his devotion." The King had the advantage of speaking both Gaelic and English, so that his wife was frequently dependent on him as an interpreter.

arch with double shafts and zigzag mouldings; the roof is tunnel-vaulted, partly restored; the windows are the usual little Norman openings, but by far the most interesting point is that the east end, square without, is a round apse within. This extremely unusual feature is also found in two aisles of Romsey Abbey, in Hampshire, the house in which two of St. Margaret's children, Matilda and Mary, took the veil; this is a fact that seems most unlikely to be an accident. Modern doubts have been expressed as to whether the oratory is really as old as St. Margaret's time. Such scepticism hardly seems necessary: Turgot expressly mentions her oratory; she heard Mass there immediately before her death, and Fordun adds the information that she died "in castro puellarum." Such an oratory then undoubtedly existed, the architectural features exactly suit the period of St. Margaret's life, and it is not at all easy to imagine other circumstances in which a small chapel should have been built close to a church. The architect under whose care it was restored, H. J. Blanc, believes it to have been built in Margaret's lifetime.

Sir Herbert Maxwell (in his *Official Guide to Holyrood*) has pointed out that of this more ancient church we have a view in a seal appended to a notification by Abbot Alwin of Holyrood, dated 1141; it is represented as a wooden structure of massive oaken slabs, resembling the well-known example at Greensted, near Ongar, in Essex. Its site probably from the first, and certainly later, was on the north side of the palace yard. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and from a reference in the accounts in the year 1366 it was evidently rebuilt shortly before that date. Maitland says: "The

Northern Side of the said Square is formed by a very long and large antient Church; which from its spacious Dimensions, I imagine that it was not only built for the Use of the small Garrison, but for the Service of the neighbouring Inhabitants, before St. Giles's Church was erected for their Accommodation." During the eighteenth century this church, which had long been desecrated, was replaced by a block of barracks.

The castle rock is still unspoilt by the city that stands around; its sloping sides are in places wooded, particularly on the west and north; everywhere they are covered with wild-flowers or grass, unless the slope be too steep to permit of any vegetation at all. A deep moat is cut on the only side where one could be required, through the beginning of the ridge on to which the town was slowly moved. The very numerous sieges at the hand of Scot or foe that the castle has sustained are a romantic but an incidental part of its long annals; its real history is the slow and gradual moving of the life of the town from within its defences to the ridge without and then to the valleys beyond. The people built their houses where was slightly ampler space, although at least until the outer town was walled they seem to have had them sometimes within the castle defences. (There are several charters to permit them this.) The name of Edinburgh spread beyond the castle hill, then over ever widening bounds. A church arose upon the ridge, and presently Parliament found its chapter house a more delightful place to meet in than the castle hall. The King discovered at Holyrood a wider realm than the old lodgings in the castle court. So slowly the Castle

of the Virgins became what it has since remained, the citadel where soldiers are apt to wish that they too were moved to lower ground, and to think that Stevenson spoke true: "Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shift and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring." This is far more severe than most of us can admit; Edinburgh is a city of lotus-eaters compared with Montreal, but poor Stevenson could find no place suited to the residence of a white man nearer than Samoa, amid the tropical islands of the Southern Seas.

The curtain of Edinburgh Castle is entirely according to the ground, and where there is anything like a terrace it is doubled. Its direction in the main probably dates from the earliest times, but the more one has seen of other Scottish castles the less inclined one feels to put any exact date to its masonry; what little indication there is makes it seem that a good deal of repairing went on in the sixteenth century and later. The only entrance is from the top of the ridge, but there was of old a sallyport above the steep wooded slope on the west (represented by a late arch, walled up); by this all that could die of St. Margaret was borne out on its way to Dunfermline (p. 317), and close to it took place the futile conference between the Duke of Gordon and John Graham of Claverhouse in 1689.

During the war of independence the castle was captured and recaptured, destroyed and restored, and buildings gradually rose on the south side of the church. It seems clear that it was desired to keep on the highest ground, or a more convenient site might have been found farther west, where are the later barracks. In order to get space for buildings, a remarkable series of vaults was constructed against the curtain wall, on the south and east sides of what is now the court, and within the curtain enclosure on the west side. Except in a few places these vaults are above ground, and their floors are frequently the natural sloping surfaces of the rock; the space to be filled in was so deep that in one part the vaults are in two tiers. All the vaults are the round-arched tunnels so frequently seen in Scotland. Several of these on the south are remarkable for their size. They are lit in part by windows through the curtain of square-headed trefoil character, rather English in appearance; these are perhaps to be attributed to the rebuilding of the stronghold by Edward III about 1340, after it had lain for a time dismantled. The castle was recovered by the Scots by means of an ambush and knights disguised as sailors* pretending to deliver hampers and casks of wine for the garrison, but upsetting them in such a way that the gates could not be closed. By David II, when he returned from captivity, extensive rebuilding was undertaken; in particular a great keep was erected where the half-moon battery afterwards rose—by the north-east corner of the court. The

* Their tattered hats and the scene generally are graphically described by Froissart, who says the ambush was concealed in a ruined abbey.

Exchequer Rolls record the erection of kitchens and other additions in 1368 and the following years. The vaults under the site of his tower still enclose two large water-tanks and have round-headed doorways, each arch of two stones, and some of the masonry is probably his work. Part of the original curtain in this section, 8 feet thick, seems Edwardian; a shot-hole remains on what was the outer face. The wall has been traced down 33 feet, to the original level of the rock, more vaulted chambers being found.*

By James I, who spent years in England as a captive, during which he received a good education (and secured a wife, his love for whom is told in the *Kingis Quair*), was begun the erection of a palace within the castle, which was slowly continued by his successors. To this period it appears that the vaults chiefly belong, the chamfered square-headed doors of those beneath the hall being of the fifteenth century. Two of these have back-to-back fire-places with corbels supporting the lintels, and here were evidently the kitchens—not on a very royal scale compared with some of those in other Scottish castles; there is a hatch in the roof to send up the food, and the floor of one room has a drain down the centre leading to a gargoyle. Near by, recently discovered, are traces of a postern stair under the east end of the hall, and on a lower level is the so-called Argyll dungeon, cut in the rock, probably earlier.

The hall stands on the south side of the palace

* There has been recently discovered a sallyport leading northward, under the present road. This may be the one that was used in 1640 during the Covenanter siege under Leslie, when the garrison made a sortie and captured some sheep.

yard; it does not quite cover the vaults on the north. There is a narrow walk along the curtain parapet on its southern side, but further east the royal apartments (on the east side of the yard) rise straight from the curtain itself. Within it is a very fine chamber, its square double-light transomed windows with modern armorial glass being extended down along the south side to contain seats. The painted wooden roof is sixteenth-century work and all the fittings are new, the chamber having been ceiled over and then restored. The buildings on the west side of the yard are modern barracks, under which is a probably fifteenth-century vault, east and west, with stepped passages to hall and church. On the east are plain buildings, which do not touch the barrack on the site of the church, but leave a gap in the north-east corner of the court; there are two turrets, on one of which appears the date 1615, probably that of most of the work, for though Queen Mary's room is dated 1566 it does not look so old.* This chamber and the little one adjoining, in which James VI was at any rate traditionally born, enjoy a magnificent view over the city; there were once two fine large oriels, which are shown on one of Maitland's drawings, but there only remain to-day their bases, one of which is corbelled and the other rests on a large shaft.

In a chamber of this block are preserved the ancient regalia of Scotland, last used when in 1651 Charles II was crowned at Scone, having duly accepted the Covenant. Writing about them in 1779, Hugo Arnot, who almost invariably contrives

* Macgibbon and Ross conjecture with great probability that this block was rebuilt by James VI as a sort of memorial to his parents.

to have a growl, remarks: "In this quarter of the castle state-prisoners are kept, and in one apartment, called the *crown-room*, it is pretended that the regalia of Scotland are deposited. That they were lodged there with much formality, on the 26th of March, 1707, is certain. Whether they be there still, is very problematical. If they be, nothing at least can be more absurd than the way in which they have been kept." "It appears probable, that the regalia have been privately removed, by a secret order from the court." However, they were discovered exactly as they had been left in the presence of Sir Walter Scott and various officials when the chest was opened in 1817. They are now exhibited under glass, carefully guarded.

The roadway up to the palace yard passes beneath the Constable's Tower, frequently called the Argyll Tower, from the two Argylls having been confined in one of its chambers. The masonry is of the time of David II and there are two portcullis grooves; the tower is built against the rock. This building was refaced and provided with pilasters when the whole east part of the defences was reconstructed after the siege of 1573. The castle was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange on behalf of Queen Mary and attacked by the Regent Morton; immense damage was done by artillery, including the destruction of David's Tower. The repairs were undertaken by George Douglas, of Parkhead, one of Rizzio's murderers, who was Governor for his brother, the Regent. Besides considerable rebuilding of the curtain in different parts, the whole appearance of the side towards the town was altered by the erection of the huge lunette, or half-moon battery. The castle surrendered to

Cromwell in 1650, and he is credited with having ordered the destruction of the royal arms on the Constable's Tower.

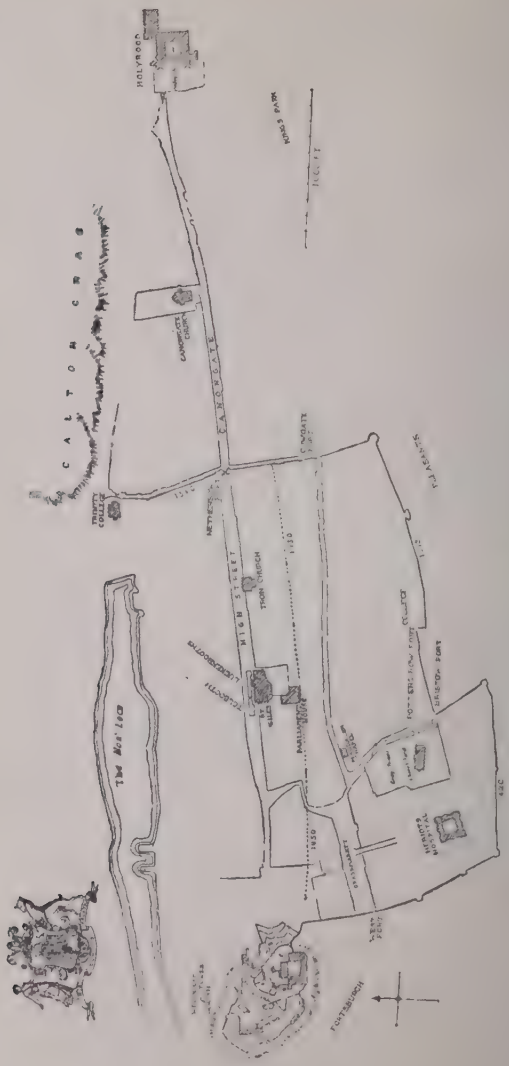
The last act in the long drama of the sieges of Edinburgh Castle was in connection with the Revolution of 1688, for the affair of 1745 can hardly be dignified with the name. During the wars French prisoners were confined there. One has scrawled something like "ebourbourg" and the date 1780 among other names on a doorway. The existing quarters of the soldiers are of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and disfigure the effect of the ancient fortress about as much as they well could do, particularly from the western side. In the actual interest of buildings several Scottish castles offer more to the student of military architecture, but in its situation, in its associations, and in general historic interest the Castle of the Virgins can hardly find a rival in the British Isles.

Its most venerable piece of ordnance is the famous Mons Meg, which is mounted near the oratory. According to what may be called the orthodox view, this was forged late in the fifteenth century at Mons, in Flanders; Daniel Wilson maintained that it was made in 1455 by the McLellans at Carlingwark, to be used against the rebellious house of Douglas at the castle of Thrieve, Galloway, but it is seriously doubted whether a local smith could have possessed the skill and appliances for so large a work. It was used in many Scottish wars and taken to England on the bootless expedition in support of Perkin Warbeck. Cromwell's list of captured guns includes "the great iron murderer Meg." After much serious service the gun felt humiliated at being used to fire a salute

for James, Duke of York, in 1682, and showed its want of sympathy by bursting. In 1758 it was sent to London among useless guns, but in 1829 it was restored to Edinburgh, mainly through the exertions of Sir Walter Scott.

NOTE TO PAGE 237.

In the case of St. Margaret's Oratory and Romsey Abbey the spaces between the interior apse and the exterior square east end seem to be filled with solid masonry. In the case of the most interesting little thirteenth-century Helgeands-kyrkan at Hanseatic Wisby on the Isle of Gothland, which has the same rare peculiarity of plan, little chambers are ingeniously squeezed into the corresponding spaces. The nave is octagonal, almost forming a tower, and two vaulted stages open to the chancel by arches, one over the other; the churches of Wisby, all but the cathedral in ruin, are remarkable for unconventional ground plans, and deserve more study than seems at present to have been devoted to them.



PLAN OF EDINBURGH
(mainly from Maitland).

CHAPTER XV

THE OLD TOWN

EUROPE has many a city with more interesting historical associations, there are places in Scotland with finer buildings both of ancient and modern date, but no town on earth so forces the memory of the romance of older times on the attention of the most careless to-day as the city which Scott affectionately called "mine own romantic town." The present writer has spoken to sailors who had walked the streets and listened to the bands of the Eternal City herself without finding in her anything more remarkable than they might have discovered in Birmingham, over whom nevertheless Edinburgh had not failed to cast its spell. Many a town reveals its history to the diligent investigation of students, but Edinburgh at any rate broadly suggests hers to him who flies by in an aeroplane. It is not often we may see world-famous crags, wild as on a Highland moor, from the plate-glass windows of shops.

How soon Edinburgh began to flow out from the castle hill, which was her original seat, it is quite impossible to say. From very early times a hamlet doubtless clustered round St. Cuthbert's Church, but it was not in a position to have any very close dealings with the town. During

the twelfth century there was a sufficiently large population outside the chief entrance to the castle to require a church, and so St. Giles's was built. The original north door of the nave, a beautiful Norman composition, triple-shafted with Ionic volutes to the caps and weird beasts round the arch, was not destroyed till about 1760. The first documentary mention of the church seems to be in the reign of Alexander II (1214-49), when its perpetual vicar, John, witnessed some deeds with Baldred, Deacon of Lothian. As to whether there was a church on the site or not before the date of the Norman doorway there is no real evidence, but the fact that it is not mentioned in the foundation charter of Holyrood Abbey, in which David grants the canons apparently all the churches in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, perhaps raises a slight assumption that there was not.* It is possibly rebutted, however, by the fact that Matilda, first wife of Henry I of England, was a daughter of St. Margaret and founded the Leper Hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London.

The existing Church of St. Giles† is a fine old cruciform building, whose architectural history is complicated by the number of times it has

* The date of this document is between 1143 and 1147, as deduced from the names of the witnesses. The church of the castle, St. Cuthbert's with its chapels of Corstorphine (p. 292) and Liberton are included in the grant, with the right of trial by battle and ordeal that belonged to the old castle church.

† St. Giles, the patron of cripples, was a Greek, who lived in France as an anchorite. He once saved a hunted hind. Nothing whatever is known as to why this seventh-century saint became the patron of Edinburgh, but plenty of churches in England bear his name.

been damaged in war, rebuilt, altered, enlarged, ill-treated by Reformers *and* restored. The pillars of the nave arcade of five bays, those that support the tower, and three of the quire arcade, all octagonal, have the water moulding round their bases, and seem early fourteenth-century work. They are all that remains visible to-day of the church which the English under the Duke of Lancaster burned when in 1385, the Scots having invaded England, they paid their return call.

As soon as the "auld enemies" were gone, the rebuilding was begun. The tower piers were evidently raised (their original caps being shaved off); both they and the other pillars were newly capped, arches were raised upon them, and the whole church was vaulted, the central parts being but a little higher than the aisles. The three west bays of the quire aisles, which are of this date, are tunnel-vaulted with diagonal and other ribs put upon them to conceal the fact as far as possible. This method is peculiarly Scottish. At the same time an outer aisle was added on the south side of the nave; it has clustered pillars and beautiful vaulting. The contract for this aisle is still extant: three masons made the agreement with the burgh in 1387; no architect was employed. The work was to be "thekyt abovyn with stane and water thycht, the buteras fynyt up als the laue of that werk askys. Alswa betwene the chapellis guteryt with hewyn stane to cast the watir owte, and to save the werc for the watir."

Only a little later are two outer chapels north of the nave—it was probably the desire to leave the old Norman porch that prevented the erection of a complete new aisle. The westmost or Albany chapel has the arms of Robert Stewart, first Duke

of Albany, and of his ally, Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas; Macgibbon and Ross suggest that it was probably built by them as an expiation for the death of Albany's nephew, David Stewart, Duke of Rothesay, of which they were almost undoubtedly guilty. In the other chapel, dedicated to St. Eloi,* which belonged to the Incorporation of the Hammermen (p. 257), was hung (according to tradition) the Banner of the Holy Ghost, better known as the *Blue Blanket*, by the craftsmen who had followed Allan the Steward to the Crusades. Unfortunately, however, this celebrated standard was only granted to the craftsmen by James III (1460-88), who also gave the "Golden Charter" to the city, in gratitude to the burghers who stormed the castle and freed him from Albany and the nobles, and for some pecuniary services they rendered him. The *Blue Blanket*, now preserved in the Trades Maiden Hospital, was the recognized rallying-point for the trades. James VI bitterly complained: "The craftsmen think we should be content with their work how bad soever it be; and if in anything they be controuled, up goes the Blue Blanket."

St. Giles's was the only parish church in mediæval Edinburgh. In Scotland it was almost invariably the case that a burgh formed a single parish (but see p. 24; St. Andrews was also an exception); in England it was, as a rule, only a very small town that formed one parish. There were, however, in addition to St. Giles's a large number of chapels.

* St. Eloi, or Eligius, was a devout goldsmith whom (c. 640) Clovis II made Bishop of Noyon. Alexander Pennycuik is the authority for the tradition about the Blue Blanket.

In 1466 the parish church was made collegiate (p. 89) by charter of James III. During the same century extensive improvements to the building were made. The quire was lengthened by a bay and a new clearstory was raised, its vaulting supported by clustered shafts rising from corbels; the marks of the older vaulting can still be seen. The new pillars are clustered and ornate; on the capital of the northern one are the arms of James II and Mary of Gueldres, his wife, of the infant James III, and the fleur-de-lis of France. On the southern pillar are the arms of William Preston of Gorton; of Nicholas Otterburn, a vicar of the church, who, in 1448, went to France to fetch the blooming bride, Mary of Gueldres; of Bishop Kennedy, a grandson of Robert III, and the castle arms of the burgh. On the southern respond, against the new east wall, are the arms of one of the Napiers of Merchiston (p. 289) who was Provost in 1457. About the same time the transepts were rather clumsily lengthened, the new arches being without any caps.

Preston had delighted his countrymen by bringing from France an exceedingly precious relic, no less a thing than an arm of the patron saint of Edinburgh, St. Giles. The placing of the three unicorns' heads, his family arms, on the pillar by the high altar seemed an insufficient recognition; so in addition a new aisle was erected in the angle between the south quire aisle and the transept. It opens by three arches with clustered pillars and is roofed with the fine lofty vault. In its angle with the transept a small chantry was built by Walter Chepman, the Scottish Caxton, who, in 1507, secured a patent to keep out of the country books printed abroad. About the end of the fifteenth

century the church had gained its most distinctive and beautiful ornament; from the corners of the low tower and from the centre of each side rise half arches to the central point, on which a turret is poised; the whole corona is adorned by pinnacles and a stair rises on one of the arches to the top.

The church thus completed is weirdly described in the delightful ballad about Flodden quoted by Daniel Wilson, which is in part—

“ When Douglas sought nigh the noon o’ night
 The altar o’ gude Sanct Giles,
 Up the haly quire, whar the glimmer and light
 O’ the Virgin’s lamp gae the darkness sight
 To fill the eerie aisles.

“ Belyve, as the boom o’ the mid-mirk hour
 Rang out wi’ clang an’ mane;
 Clang after clang frae Sanct Giles’s tower,
 Whar the fretted ribs like a boortree bower
 Mak a royal crown o’ stane . . .

“ Or the sound was tint—’fore mortal ee
 Ne’er saw sic sight, I trow,
 Shimmering wi’ light ilk canopy,
 Pillar an’ ribbed arch, an fretted key,
 Wi’ a wild unearldy low.

“ An’ Douglas was ware that the haly pile
 Wi’ a strange kent thrang was filled,—
 Yearls Angus an’ Crawford, an bauld Argyle,
 Huntly an’ Lennox, an’ Home the while,
 Wi mony ma’ noble styled.

“ An’ priests stood up in cope and stole,
 In mitre an’ abbot’s weede,
 An’ James y’wis abon the whole,
 Led up the kirk to win assoyl
 When the eldritch Mass was said.”

The overshadowing castle gradually proved insufficient as a defence to the rising burgh at its gate. It was probably during the thirteenth or fourteenth century that close to St. Giles's was erected one of those strong towers that are so common in Scotland; the building, known as the Pretorium burgi de Edinburgi, or the Tolbooth, was afterwards to become famous as the Heart of Midlothian (p. 270). This single tower was, however, but a poor defence for a growing town, and in the fifteenth century walls were resolved upon. The charter of James II authorizing this work is dated at Stirling; his wife being French, he could say what he liked about the English. "James, by the Grace of God, King of Scottis, till all and sindry our Lieges and Sudictis, to quhais knowlege yir oure Letres sall come, Greeting. Foralsmykle as we ar informit be oure well belovettis the Provost and Communitie of Edynburgh, yat yai dreid the Evil and Skeith of oure Ennemies of England; we have in Favour of yame, and for the Zele and Affectionne that we have to the Provost and Communitie of oure said Burgh; and for the Comoune Proffit grauntit to thaim, full Licence and Leiff to fosse, bulwark, wall, toure, turate and uther wais to strength oure forsaidis Burgh, in quhat Maner of wise or Degre that beis sene maste spedefull to thaim. Given under our Grete Seale, at Strivelyn, the last Day of Aprile, and of oure Regne, the Thretene Yhere, anno 1450." The only part of these defences still to be seen is the Well House Tower at the foot of the castle rock; it is a picturesque ruin close to the railway, built of rough rubble, and two little openings that look straight on to the frowning castle rock (between which and the tower there seems to have been a

narrow gateway for the church path, p. 275) have projecting courses of stone instead of arches. There was a square tower, and by it an apse which appears to have protected a spring that Holinshed calls St. Margaret's Well. The beginning of the not very massive town walls can still be seen. This first rampart merely enclosed the upper part of the ridge as far as the Netherbow Port, the



The Well House Tower.

Temple Bar of Edinburgh, which was finally destroyed in 1764. Foundations of the wall were discovered within the limits of the Parliament House in 1832 and in 1845.*

* This wall either skirted the Nor' Loch or that water served as a sufficient defence on the north. There appears to be no real evidence on this point. Wilson affirms both in

Something like a street picture of ancient Edinburgh is supplied by the following charter of James III (1477), which prescribes the appropriate places for the different markets. "Forsamekle as it is, be oure speciale Charge, statute, and ordaint be the Provost, Bailzeis, and counsale of oure Burgh of Edinburgh, for the Honoure Proffit and Honestee of oure said Burgh, and Plennesing of voide Places within the samyn, that the Markets to be holden in Tyme coming in the samyn, upon the Market Dayis, Fair Dayis, and all other Dayis needful, sall be haldin and set on this wise, as eftir folowis. That is to say, in the first plaice, the Market of Hay, Stro, Garss and Horse Mete, to be usit and haldin in the Cowgaite, fra Forster's Wynd down to Peblis Wynde; also, the Fish Market, fra the Frere Wynde to the Netherbow, on baithe the Sids of our common strete; also, the Salt-Market to be haldin in Nudreis Wynde; also, the Cramys of Chapmen to be set fra the Belhouse down to the Trone, on the North Side of oure said Strete; also, the Hatmakars and Skynnars fornent thame on the South Side of the samyn; also, the Wod and Tynber Market, fra Dalrimpill Zarde to the Gray-Frers and Westerwart; also, the Scho-Market of Cordonars, frae Forestar's Wynde End, Westwart to Dalrimpill West Zarde-Dike; also, the rede barkit Leddir with thame; also, the Nolt-Market of Carcages and Mutone, about the Trone, and sa down throuch to the Frere Wynde, also, all Partricks, Pluvars, Capones, Conyngs, Chekins, and all other wyld Foulis tame to be usit and sald about the Market Croce, and in na othir place;

different parts of the same book (*Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*). Later writers are most sensibly and diplomatically noncommittal in the matter.

also, all qwyck Bestis, Ky, Oxon, not to be brought in the Town, bot under the Wall, fer West at oure Stable; also, the Mele-Market of all Graine and Cornes, fra the Tolbuth up to Libertones Wynde; also, fra thince upwart to the Tre vess, the Market of all Cottone, Claith, quhite, gray, and all uthir Claith quhits within six Quarters, and all Lynnyng Claith to be sald thare, and in na other Place; also, all Butter, Cheise, Woll, and sicklike Gudis yat suld be weyit, to be usit at the Overbow, and a Trone set thare, and not to be opinnyt quhil the Hour of Nyne Forownoons; also, all Trone Work belonging Cutlors, Smetlys, Lorymars, Lokmakars, and all sic Werkmen, to be usit beneth the Neyrbow, before and about Sanct Mary Wynde; also, all ald Graith and Ger, to be usit and sald in the Friday Market before the Gray-Frere, like as is usit in uther Countreis.”*

The Market Cross is in a largish open space just east of St. Giles’s (now extended by the paving over of the churchyard); it is a low octagonal structure with Ionic corner shafts supporting round projections, an iron-clamped pillar rising from the centre. The present structure the city owes to W. E. Gladstone, but it follows the design and uses some of the materials of that erected in 1617 (to replace the mediæval structure), which was barbarously destroyed in 1756, on the inane plea that it was in the way of traffic. Its last words, written for it by the eccentric poet Claudero, † contain the lines:—

“As to the crime for which I die,
To my last gasp, *Not guilty, I.*”

* Maitland.

† His real name was James Wilson; there is an interesting account of him in Chambers’s *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

But to this magisterial hate
 I shall assign the pristine date.
 When the intrepid matchless Charles
 Came here with many Highland Carls,
 And o'er my top, in public sight,
 Proclaim'd aloud his Father's Right;
 From that day forth it was agreed,
 That I should as a rebel bleed."

All proclamations were read from the top of the Cross, and one of the weirdest scenes in *Marmion* represents heralds from the other world thence reading out the list of those who were to fall at Flodden—Scott in this part following Pitscottie (p. 135).

Of the different Edinburgh Companies of Crafts* perhaps the most famous was that of the Hammermen, whose union embraced a number of trades. When in 1503 the Magdalen Hospital in the Cowgate was founded by Micel Makquhen and his spouse they "mortified" five hundred marks to the work. The chapel still exists, and the small tower and spire, which appear in the upper photograph opposite p. 266,† are unchanged; windows of lancet form and cannon-shaped gargoyles. The chapel was reconstructed in the eighteenth century, but it contains the grave of the foundress and some painted glass, representing the royal arms, those of Mary of Guise, and of the founder and foundress. Round the desk on panels are the arms of the Hammermen and of their subdivi-

* That the Hatmakers made first-class hats is clear from their having assented to the regulation "that the importing of forraigne Hats shall be free to all Burgesses, whether Merchants or Tradesmen; and to sell the samen in chopes and Housses as thay think fit."

† Behind it appears the Public Library on the site of the Hope House (p. 326).

sions, the armourers, locksmiths, saddlers, &c. In another place are the arms of the Hammermen and "1624 Lord bless the hammermen, patrons of this hospital." The building is now used by the Cowgate Dispensary.

A more important religious house, situated on the other side of the ridge, was Trinity College, founded by Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II and Regent during the minority of her son, James III; she was buried in the church in 1463. Swept away to make room for the North British Railway, the church was partly re-erected behind a particularly ugly modern structure on the northern slope of the ridge. Originally it was cruciform, but the nave was never built, as was not very seldom the case in Scotland. The part re-constructed includes the three-sided apse with its lancets and the quire arcade of three bays with clustered pillars, carved caps, and superbly moulded arches. The clearstory windows resemble English Perpendicular work; the rest is of Decorated character. A vault with rather complicated ribs and bosses springs from little shafts that rest on corbels; the general effect even of the poor remnant is extremely beautiful. The college, granted to Sir Simon Preston (p. 208), was by him refounded, and there was some idea of making it the nucleus of the University. Funds for establishing a college in Edinburgh were left by Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, who died in 1558; the precincts of the collegiate church of Kirk of Field (St. Mary-in-the-Fields) had been purchased for the purpose before Darnley was murdered there in 1567. There were, however, various delays, and the charter was only granted by James VI. The old college is (partly) on the site of the Kirk

of Field, but the existing building is heavy classic work, whose foundation was not laid till 1789, and it was not completed till 1834, the original designs of Robert Adam being largely modified by W. H. Playfair. There is a single large quadrangle with a curving cloister, set back, in each corner—round arches below, Ionic columns with entablature above: over the gateway rises a dome. It is a very fine building of its kind, and would be an ornament to the classic New Town, but its style is less suited to the Old Town, though it is not without companions. The University has fine additional new buildings in different parts, but it cannot be said that the institution bulks as large in the architecture of the capital of Scotland as it does in the estimation of the learned world.

Edinburgh was almost overwhelmed with grief and anxiety as rumours of the appalling disaster of Flodden began to come in. With splendid spirit, however, the authorities issued a proclamation ordering men to “have reddye thair fensabill geir and wapponis for weir” and “wemen of gude pas to the kirk and pray,” and then, as the town itself seemed to be in danger of attack, a new wall was built to enclose for the first time the Cowgate district, which contained several religious houses and was becoming more and more occupied by dwellings. Fragments of this Flodden Wall still exist, displaying evidences of the haste with which it was constructed; it is just a rough rubble structure, furnished with battlements and a few bastions. Its efficiency as a rampart was not at once to be tested, for the English had themselves suffered more than the Scots knew. In 1560 a proper wall took the place of a stout row of houses that had previously served the same pur-

pose (it can hardly be believed very efficiently) between the Netherbow Port and the vicinity of Trinity College. In 1620 the Flodden Wall was extended to enclose the grounds of Heriot's Hospital and a little more; Edinburgh, however, was never a strong town since it ceased to be confined to the castle hill—far otherwise.

The place was unable to make any very effectual resistance when in 1544 Henry VIII of England gave orders to Hertford "to put all to fire and sword, to burn Edinburgh town, to raze and deface it when you have sacked and gotten what you can of it, as there may remain for ever perpetual memory of the vengeance of God," a command which cannot be said to reflect any credit on its author. These ruthless orders were ruthlessly obeyed, nor was the capital the only place that suffered. Whatever was burnable was burnt, but the solid stone walls of the houses were soon roofed in again. Such treatment from their old enemies was no doubt intensely annoying to the Scots; but mediæval Edinburgh was known as a somewhat wild town throughout Europe; life was probably less safe there than in any other capital, and even such barbarous ravages seem to have been taken more or less as a matter of course; perhaps it was impossible for Scottish opinion of England to sink any lower than it already was. In spite of all there are not many towns that still retain so many old houses, and this though, as Bruce J. Home has remarked, "since 1860 two-thirds of the ancient buildings in the Old Town of Edinburgh have been demolished." *

* This is of course exceedingly regrettable, but on the other side of the shield, it must be remembered that in 1861

Of old houses that are still stanch and strong, one of the most interesting stands at the point where High Street narrows in such a way that the building presents two sides to the roadway. At the corner is a queer little bearded figure in relief, pointing to the word "God" written with wonderful erudition in no less than three languages; this seems to have started the "tradition" that it was the residence of John Knox.* The original structure of stone has a singular projection in the corner, beyond the edge of which the front has been extended in timber (p. 223). The general effect of outside stair and projecting attic windows, with the irregular lines that come from several incongruous alterations, is very picturesque, and it is unlike most of the other old houses in the town. Many Edinburgh dwellings have pious mottoes, and round the lower story of this one is LVFE GOD A BVFE AL AND YI NYCHTBOVR AS YISELF. The interior is largely modernized, but there is some pilastered panelling of about the time of Knox, and the funny little added closet that is pointed out as his study has a not wholly unsuspicious date, 1561. The house is well kept up as a museum, with many prints and other objects illustrating the life of Knox, etc., by the United Free Church. The building on the left in the drawing was of old the town house of the Moubrays of Barnbogle (p. 314); a United Free church appears to the right.

dwellings of a single room constituted 34·5 per cent of the whole number, in 1911 only 6·1 per cent. There is to-day a very strong feeling against any further destruction that is not inevitable.

* It is so styled in *Pictures of Edinburgh*, 1806, by J. Stark.

In 1621 Parliament ordered that houses in the capital be covered with slates, lead, or thack stones instead of straw, deals, or boards. Compared with



John Knox's House.

places farther South there is little variety in the street architecture.

The original Tolbooth (p. 253) had become so ruinous through lapse of time and otherwise that

in 1561 an order for its demolition was issued: "The Queiny's Majestie understanding that the Tolbuith of the Burgh of Edinburgh is ruinous and abill haistielie to deokay and fall down; quhilk will be warry dampnable and skaythfull to the Pepill dwelland thairabout, and reparand towert the samen, nocht onlie in Destruction of thair Houses, bot als greit Slaughter of sundrye Personis happin and chance thairthrow without heistie Remeid be providit thairin. Thairfor hir Heines ordinis ane Masser to pass and charge the Provest, Baillies, and Counsale of the said Burgh of Edinburgh, to caus put Workmen to the taking down of the said Tolbuith, with all possible Deligence for the Causes foresaid, as thay will anser to hir Hienes thairupoun, at hir utmost charge; and so in the men tyme, that they provide a sufficient Hows and Rowmes reparit as efferis, for the Lords of the Sessioun, Justice and Sheriff ministring of Justice to the Lieges of the Realm. MARIA R." It was felt, with some reason, to be unfair on the capital that it should be required to provide buildings for the nation, but when the Lords of Session suggested the possibility of moving the Court to St. Andrews, Edinburgh built the new Tolbooth that played so large a part in later history and from which so many prisoners escaped.

Much larger buildings were soon required for the meetings of Parliament, and the beautiful hall which still exists was completed in 1639 on land which the magistrates surrendered to James VI as part atonement for the riots of 1596; originally it seems the collegiate buildings of St. Giles's were there. The building stands on so steep a slope that it is the upper part

of the structure that is entered from Parliament Square: below the hall is a fine chamber, divided down the centre by an impressive arcade of nine chamfered round arches with octagonal pillars, whose sides follow the chamfer of the arches, interrupted only by little moulded caps. It is now occupied, with other chambers, by the Advocates' Library, which was instituted in 1682, chiefly by the efforts of Sir George Mackenzie, surnamed the Bluidy. The Parliament Hall itself is lit by mongrel Perpendicular windows, the end one having modern glass representing the inauguration of the College of Justice by James V in 1532. The chief feature is the beautiful timber roof, which is nearly flat, supported by five-sided wooden arches, having four rows of pendants connected both longitudinally and transversely by arched brackets. The effect is greatly enhanced by the portraits on the walls. The hall echoes no longer with flights of oratory but with the rapid footsteps of gowned advocates waiting to appear before the red-robed judges or to be employed by members of the public eager to redress their wrongs. The courts form an extensive pile that clings to the more venerable hall and declines to harmonize with its surroundings. The photograph of St. Giles's is taken from an arch of the arcade: one of the numerous methods of bullying the poor old church has been to surround it with classic buildings which would adorn the New Town (p. 282).

It appears to have been some genuine appreciation of the administration of the Commonwealth that caused the Council of Edinburgh to propose to erect a statue to Cromwell. The course of political events was destined, however, to interfere

with this scheme, and on May 11, 1660, a message was sent to Charles II: "The Tymes have been so trying, especiallie in this Kingdom, that we trust your Majestie will not take it in ill Part, that ther could not before this Tyme any Address be sent from us." So a statue representing Charles II on horseback in the garb of an ancient Roman was erected in the Parliament Square. Like another statue of another king in another city, overseas, that was once put to a most useful purpose, it is made of lead. It was whitewashed at a much later date; one would fain believe the pleasant legend that this work of art was originally intended to represent the stern features of the Protector; but that effigy was actually begun in stone and the unfinished block was broken up for building.

A structure of the same date as the Parliament Hall and with a very similar roof* is Christ Church, in the High Street, but as the Covenanters discovered some subtle reason why it was more pious to call a church after a weighing machine than after the Saviour of the World, we must know it as the Tron Kirk. It is a strange jumble of styles: the walls are adorned by Ionic pilasters, but the round-headed windows are filled by pseudo-Gothic tracery; the curtailing of its length has made it square; the tower and spire were rebuilt after a fire in 1828.

In 1566 the old Greyfriars precincts were granted

* The church has the sides of its gables in two planes, inclined at an obtuse angle; there are brackets to form a third plane, and from each angle projects a short beam terminating in a turned boss, all these being steadied by braces. The shortening of the building and the piercing of a central lantern have been almost fatal to the effect. An interesting history of the parish has recently been written by the minister, Rev. D. Butler.

by Mary to the town as a place of burial, but if anything of the buildings remained it has long ago disappeared. A church was built there in 1614, and about a century later, its tower being blown up from a highly improper storage of powder there, another church was added in the same line to the westward. Both are plain but interesting examples of the Gothic of their periods. The new church has heavy arcades, separating centre and aisles; in the old they have been removed and a sprawling roof substituted. But the real interest of the place is in its magnificent monuments of every period since the sixteenth century and in its Covenanter associations. The carven stone and marble that is crumbling into dust under a northern sky might form the rich adornments of one of the superbest cathedrals in Christendom; but here it is all strangely thrown away, and, with some noted exceptions, such as Bluidy Mackenzie, the more gorgeous the sepulchre the more insignificant was the owner of the dust below. Very nearly the plainest of all is the famed eighteenth-century tablet, which is conspicuous in the upper photograph, that commemorates in rugged verse the honoured Covenanter dead. At the far end of the wide grounds is the walled slope where so many of them were imprisoned, and in this churchyard the most famous Covenant was signed,* partly, by no means without appropriateness, with the blood of those who put to it initial or name. The best

* This was of course the second, against Charles I and Episcopacy; the first Covenant was in opposition to Bothwell and Mary. Both were successful, at any rate in their immediate object. The third or Ulster Covenant was signed here by Irish Presbyterians of Edinburgh in 1912.



LIBRARY, MAGDALEN CHAPEL, AND COVENANTERS' MONUMENT.



GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

general description of the thoughts that these precincts evoke was written by R. L. Stevenson: "Round a great part of the circuit, houses of a low class present their backs to the churchyard. Only a few inches separate the living from the dead. Here, a window is partly blocked up by the pediment of a tomb; there, where the street falls far below the level of the graves, a chimney has been trained up the back of a monument, and a red pot looks vulgarly over from behind. A damp smell of the graveyard finds its way into houses where workmen sit at meat. Domestic life on a small scale goes forward visibly at the windows. The very solitude and stillness of the enclosure, which lies apart from the town's traffic, serves to accentuate the contrast. As you walk upon the graves, you see children scattering crumbs to feed the sparrows; you hear people singing or washing dishes, or the sound of tears and castigation; the linen on a clothes-pole flaps against funereal sculpture; or perhaps the cat slips over the lintel and descends on a memorial urn. And as there is nothing else astir, these incongruous sights and noises take hold on the attention and exaggerate the sadness of the place."

A field close to Greyfriars was chosen for the erection of Heriot's Hospital, a school for fatherless boys founded by direction of the will of the Edinburgh jeweller who followed James VI to the Southern capital, and who figures so prominently as "Jingling Geordie" in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*. He died in 1624. The building works were superintended and the statutes were drawn up (at any rate very largely) by Walter Balcanquhall, Dean of Rochester, an early graduate of Edinburgh University. Originally the constitution was very

Episcopal and the statutes begin "To the Honour of Almighty God, to the Edification of his holy Church." The old building consists of a large and very uniform square court; at each corner is a square tower rising to four stories, the rest being three; at the four corners, common to the towers and the inside quadrangle, rises an octagonal stair turret; the outer corners of the towers have little corbelled turrets. In the centre of the south side is the ornate oriel of the chapel, whose windows have six transoms and Gothic tracery; the other chapel windows are a variety of Decorated, but transomed. In the centre of the north side facing the city is a fine entrance tower, the top octagonal; in the centres of the other sides are projecting stair turrets. The quadrangle is more ornate than the exterior, and a great merit of the work is the fact that every window is surmounted by a carved pediment or scroll of different design; there is a cloister of round arches between pilasters on two sides. The chimneys are octagonal, with capitals and hollowed sides, and do much to enhance the general effect, which is extremely beautiful. There seems to be no doubt that the detailed designs were supplied by local masons who had charge of the work; if there be any truth in the tradition that Inigo Jones was the architect, it can only have been in a very general way, for the building is far too Scottish to have been designed in any detail by an Englishman. Nor does it bear any resemblance to the undoubted work of Jones. It was not finished till the very end of the century; in an incomplete state, 1650-58, it was used as a military hospital. Donaldson's Hospital in the New Town is a modern building on the same general plan, but larger.

Under date 1559 Maitland has the following account of what happened to St. Giles's: "And to render this great Church more useful than formerly Partition-walls were ordered to be erected therein, to divide the same. The several Divisions were employed for preaching, Courts of Justice, a Grammar School, Town-clerk's Office, a Prison, and a Work-house to discover the Frauds of Weavers." A few years later some ingenious person thought he had found a way of making the church more useful still, and the tower was converted into a cell, with the unfortunate result that the prisoners turned their attention to the corona, so that in 1648 it had to be "repaired, that is rebuilt." In 1633, when the bishopric of Edinburgh was founded, St. Giles's became the cathedral, and although its enjoyment of that dignity was both stormy and brief, it bears the title to this day.* Dean James Hanna was sent to Durham to get an idea of what a cathedral quire should look like, but it seems doubtful whether the partitions were ever taken down. At any rate, when he read Laud's Liturgy, printed in Edinburgh in 1637 (of which one of the few extant copies is still reverently preserved in the building), his decanal head was made the target of a stool belonging to the person who is known to history as Jenny Geddes.† The religious war in Scotland had begun.

It was in one of the divisions of St. Giles's (now superseded by the new Tolbooth Church, which

* Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary* is incorrect in calling it "Cathedrall Church" in 1598.

† Her real name is doubtful. The stool is preserved in the Historical Museum, but the identity can hardly be guaranteed.

also forms the Assembly Hall) that in 1736 the condemned smuggler Wilson contrived the escape of his companion, the virtual beginning of the events that culminated in the lynching of Captain Porteous, by which the sturdy and independent citizens of Edinburgh demonstrated their resentment at the actions of Queen Caroline's administration, and provided Scott with a plot for *The Heart of Midlothian*. In 1829 the Luckenbooths * were removed, various chapels were shaved off, and the outer walls of St. Giles's were rebuilt in imitation of a cardboard model, and instead of the quaint legacies of several centuries, nothing remained but commonplace imitation and transparent sham. However, in 1883 was completed a wonderfully successful restoration of the interior to something like its original appearance.†

The only thing that the vandals of 1829 spared on the exterior ‡ was a round-headed door, with three shafts aside and bosses in the hollow of the Perpendicular moulding. This now opens into the vestibule of the new Chapel of the Thistle,§ which forms a real ornament in the south-east corner; a turret belonging to it appears in the photograph. It is a small apsidal building in an ornate English Tudor style. The vaulting is most elaborate, crowded with ribs and carved bosses; the windows have armorial glass, or where they are blank,

* Flemish *laken*, woollen cloth.

† The statues of the western doorway show a most admirable breadth of view on the part of those who were responsible for their selection: Alexander I and III, David I, Bruce, James I and IV, Gawin Douglas, Knox, Bishop Forbes, and Alexander Hamilton.

‡ Except the tower.

§ Sir R. S. Lorimer, architect.

armorial bearings in relief. There are superb oaken stalls, whose ornately carved canopies support heraldic animals, large and most aggressive-looking creatures, painted in brilliant colours.

The following lines by John Johnston (1570?-1611) seemed to Camden worthy of quotation—

“Beneath a western hill’s delightful slope
Stand the high castle and the famous court,
’Twixt both the city rears its buildings up,
Renown’d for arms, for genius and resort.
Of Scotland head, the Kingdom’s noblest part,
Itself the Kingdom of the Scottish race,
Arts, wealth, and all the wishes of the heart
Are here, or in the Kingdom have no place.
The sober people, and the Senate grave,
The enlightened worship and the purest faith :
In the last borders of the northern world,
Such or suchlike what nation boasts it hath?
Stranger, who foreign States view’st with delight
In seeing this believ’st thou thine own sight?”

CHAPTER XVI

THE NEW TOWN

"ON the south side of Forth lyis Louthiane; callit, with that name, fra Loth, ane of the principall kingis of Pichtis. Louthiane is maist plentuous ground of Scotland. In it ar mony abbayis, castellis, and tounis; as Hadingtoun, Dunbar, North Berwik, Leith: bot Edinburgh passis thaim all, baith in polese, reparation, wisdome, and riches: and aboue it is the castell undir the same name, sum time callit The Madin Castell, and yit remanis under the same name."

Thus does Hector Boece, translated about the year 1536 by Canon John Bellenden, refer to the culture of the Metropolis, and, indeed, during the first generation or so of the existence of the New Town, Edinburgh was to pass in polish the other towns not merely of Lothian, but of the world.

A new town had been thought about as early as the time of James VII, but the citizens were strangely attached to their uncomfortably crowded quarters on the ridge, and were very slow to move. The accident to the foundations of the North Bridge, needed to establish communication over the valley of the Nor' Loch, in 1769, caused some delay, but shortly afterwards the building of the New Town seriously began. One need not be a

Jacobite to resent somewhat the completeness with which the city of the Stuarts has forgotten her ancient traditions in the naming of her new northern streets. The new town is Georgian to the very core, and has largely discarded even her Scottish saints in favour of the Patron of England. Three churches (Established, Episcopal, and United Free) bear the name of St. George; streets and squares commemorate Hanoverian kings and queens. This was by no means altogether the act of the people themselves. Robert Chambers, in his delightful *Traditions of Edinburgh*, published in 1823, tells us: "The honest citizens had originally intended to put their own local saint in the foreground; but when the plan was shown to the King for his approval, he cried, 'Hey, hey—what, what—*St. Giles Street!*—never do, never do!' And so, to escape from an unpleasant association of ideas, this street was called *Princes Street*, in honour of the King's two sons, afterwards George IV and the Duke of York." Thus, to humour the stupidest of all England's kings, the noblest thoroughfare in Europe must carry down to our remotest posterity the memory of two young sparks who might far better have been forgotten. But as Erasmus's pilgrim to Becket's shrine remarked, when he had been told about the Prior of Canterbury: "If I were given the revenues of an Abbot, I shouldn't mind though they called me a camel"; so, though one may resent the name it bears, there is no doubt that Princes Street has a charm that is not to be matched on this earth. Most assuredly it is God that has made it and not we ourselves, for there is no really fine building to enhance its general impression, though plenty that have the

opposite effect. To the north is a line of houses that are not actually commonplace in themselves, though the sprawling letters with which so many of them are disfigured might almost persuade one that they were. But to the south one looks far down into the valley, where once was the Nor' Loch, and beyond it to where beetles up the great castle crag and the ridge of the grey Old Town. An impression of spaciousness is produced that no mere height or breadth could ever convey. At intervals under the spreading trees are statues to famous Scots, and the beautiful Gothic canopy that springs over the effigy of the greatest of them all appropriately rises high over everything else that is near it. The mural crown of St. Giles's peeps over the roofs of the elder town, and its Gothic effect is enhanced by the graceful spire of the Established Assembly Hall rising behind the towers of the building that serves the same purpose to the United Frees. The combination of wild Highland crags and the monuments to the great men of a nation in its capital is impressive beyond compare.

Some of her own sons have dared to call Edinburgh provincial,* but this street at any rate is part of a noble metropolis compared with which the most monumental part of London is but a section of a great commercial town. Even the crushing railway hotels that rise at either end and import a little of the atmosphere of New York do the street little real harm. It is one of

* Its monuments and museums, its publishing houses and its newspapers, its Register House, and its whole atmosphere prevent one from regarding present-day Edinburgh as provincial in the very least. The city seems to have had far more of that character about a century ago.

the few things that impress one in later years even more than it did as a child.

At the west end of Princes Street Gardens stand a couple of churches, the old West Kirk and St. John's. The former was known as St. Cuthbert's of old, the mother parish church of the whole district (p. 248); the Presbyterians, however, objected to churches being named after saints, a matter that Maitland discusses at length and concludes, "Without the Breach of Charity, I think it may be truly said, they are irreconcilable Enemies to Sainthood." The original building seems to have been of an unusual ground plan, with several aisles and a thin central tower; a road that is mentioned in the foundation charter of Holyrood wound up from it by the north side of the castle crag to the Old Town. The church that replaced it in 1775 pleased Arnot in its architecture so little that he rather petulantly observed: "Although we are not to expect that the phlegmatick devotion of a modern Protestant should consecrate structures to the Deity, equal in magnificence to a Grecian Temple or a popish cathedral, yet it is to be wished that gentlemen who profess religious principles, and who would be thought lovers of the fine arts, would, consistently with those professions, make some distinction between a church and a barn." The building was certainly not very beautiful, but its tower, which still exists and bears the date 1789, is a fair classic steeple. The body of the church was rebuilt a few years ago with two large turrets at the east end; it cannot be called a striking success from the æsthetic point of view, but it contains a beautiful memorial font, in the centre of whose bowl stands the Virgin holding her Child. The old

building suffered much in the great civil war, and in 1651 "was spoyled and ruinous, that nayther preaching nor sessions could be holden thaire."

The most famous of its ministers was Neil McVicar, a sturdy member of the Church Militant, who is said once to have met a person who, disapproving of something he had done, informed him that nothing but respect for the cloth prevented his giving him a sound thrashing. The minister's coat flew off and his fists were doubled up. "There," he said, pointing to the garment on the ground, "lies the minister of the West Kirk. Here is merely Neil McVicar. Come on." But the objector went off instead. In 1745 the Presbyterian clergy of Edinburgh as a body did not stand to their guns very well, but, as Maitland says, "In this great Exigence of spiritual Assistance, the truly pious, loyal, and worthy *Neil Macvicar*, Minister of *St. Cuthbert's*, or the West Church, with his Colleague, John Pitcairn, with a noble and laudable zeal, bravely stood in the Gap, to stem the Torrent of Popery and arbitrary Power flowing in upon us. And to keep the People in their Duty to God and their Prince, continued to pray for the King by Name, without the least Molestation from, or Fear of disobliging the Rebels, though some of them frequently repaired to hear them." McVicar is related to have prayed for the ousted dynasty as well: "As for this young man who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, we beseech thee that he may obtain what is far better, a heavenly one." The Stuarts, whatever their faults, were not as a rule lacking in chivalry, and when this was reported to Prince Charlie he expressed himself highly delighted.

So capricious a thing is fame that the bold

McVicar has no place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though this honour has been attained by the burglar-deacon Brodie, who must surely have suggested Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The *History of the Church and Parish of St. Cuthbert, or West Kirk of Edinburgh* (1829), which has disappointingly little about McVicar, relates how in 1742 certain "resurrection" men were giving great annoyance, and, what was worse, one of the beadles was suspected of assisting their nefarious proceedings. The people, however, were stirred to action, and to demonstrate their abhorrence of such lawless acts they went in a body to the beadle's house and promptly burned it to the ground. In 1764 there was a stir "concerning which" (again to quote the *History*) "Arnot gives the following account, which, while it displays on the one hand his ignorance of the affair, manifests on the other his bitter and uncalled-for hostility to Presbyterianism and the ministers of the Church of Scotland: 'The neighbourhood of this Chapel (of ease),' says that writer, 'has, since its erection, been used as a cemetery. But so strong is the prejudice in favour of holy ground, that previous to its being used as a place of interment, a bishop of the Scottish episcopal communion was prevailed upon, with all due solemnity, to consecrate the ground.'" It would not be very easy to acquit Arnot of a certain fondness for sneering at Presbyterianism, or, come to that, Christianity in general—but he lived in the age of Voltaire; the *History*, however, scarcely justifies its accusation of ignorance. It merely tells us that the bishop acted "at the request of an individual not belonging to the session," but whose application to the bishop was at least connived at by five elders

and one deacon, who witnessed the ceremony performed"; likewise pointing out that the consecration took place a year after the opening. The presbytery repudiated the affair, but went "no farther in censure than to express their dissatisfaction at their behaviour, and admonish them to be more circumspect in their conduct for the future."

Practically sharing the same churchyard, but on a much higher level, is the Episcopal Church of St. John, built in 1817 from an early design of William Burn. Though far indeed from being worthy of so superb a site, this building is wonderfully good Gothic for the period, especially the plaster vault, with large pendants, copied from St. George's, Windsor. The tower had originally a mural crown, which must have been a great improvement to the effect, but it was almost immediately destroyed by a storm, to which Scott referred in a letter: "The devil never so well deserved the title of Prince of Power of the Air since he has blown down this handsome church, and left the ugly mass of new buildings standing on the North Bridge." A Celtic cross close by commemorates a former incumbent, Dean Ramsay, the genial author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, a book about Scots by a Scot, that in itself goes far to refute Southern remarks about the sense of humour of the North. No justice whatever can be done to the work by making extracts, the impression of the whole is so very much more refreshing than that of any part, but perhaps a couple of stories may be quoted. A gentleman who suffered from the common British failing of being a little short in temper (it is one of the chief reasons why we

are so little loved abroad, though we have not as yet found it out), was given notice by a servant whom he was most unwilling to lose. He tried to induce him to stay, and urged that if he did have a little temper at times, it was off almost at once. "Aye," said the servant, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again." A little girl was taken to a Presbyterian service and found the sermon very dull, but it came to an end at last. Her satisfaction at this relief was, however, shortlived, for another discourse began, and seemed likely to go on as long as the first. Her patience gave out, and she whispered, "Come awa', Granny, and gang hame; this is a lang grace and nae meat."

Among a number of distinguished men who rest in the vaults of this church, which has a regular Scots burial enclosure at the east end, is the great painter, Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823), many of whose portraits are in the National Gallery hard by.

Much has been written to the effect that the New Town might have been better designed, but it might also have been very much worse. Its broad streets and squares, regular and straight, well harmonize with the classic lines of the buildings, and give the impression of dignified stateliness that to the taste of the eighteenth century seemed so preferable to the straggling lines and winding ways that the Gothic style requires. Few cities have anything more striking than the broad and straight George Street, with a large and dignified Square (Charlotte and St. Andrew's) at either end. Over St. Petersburg, the capital that it seems on the whole to resemble most, the New Town has the great advantage of displaying walls of solid stone and not merely peeling stucco.

It cannot with honesty be claimed that this city contains any classic building that is really first-class, but nevertheless the general effect of the staid pilastered blocks of houses, enhanced by so many pleasing structures in the style of Greece and Rome, more or less adapted to modern use, is very noble. The colonnades of the National Gallery and the Royal Institution, which stand on a mound over the valley, formed of earth dug from the foundations of the New Town, are delightfully set off by the trees of the Gardens; the monuments on the Calton Crag look down from a site that is not unlike the scenes that originally inspired their forms, and in the streets themselves stand such structures as the Adams-designed Register House with its turret towers and St. George's Parish Church with its conspicuous dome, forming the chief ornament of Charlotte Square. It is a pity that what is perhaps on the whole the most satisfactory of the classic buildings, the Doric-columned High School, should be so placed, round the corner of the Calton Crag, that it can contribute nothing to the general classic effect of the New Town, while at least two opportunities of erecting the architectural centre that St. Isaac's forms at St. Petersburg have been lost.

(The New Town of Edinburgh is one of the extremely few instances in which the British have consented to lay out a new city on any definite plan, instead of reflecting in the crude irregularity of uninteresting streets something of the policy of drift that so possesses the national mind. At Washington we may get some idea of what London might have been had Wren's plan for

rebuilding after the Great Fire got any further than paper.)

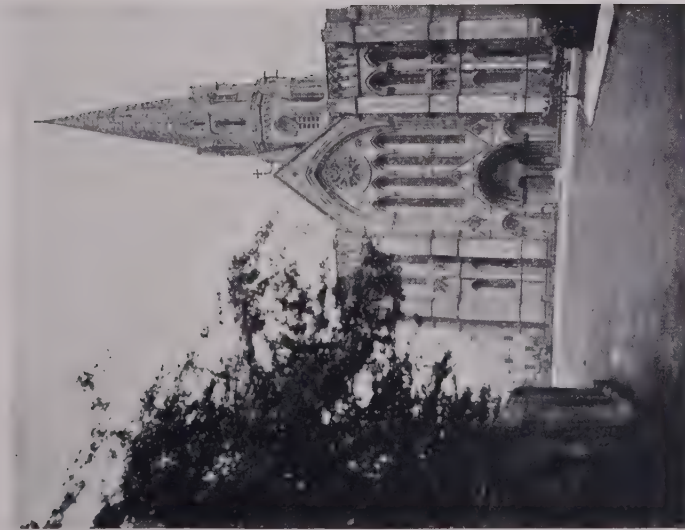
The National Historical Museum and the Episcopal Cathedral are Gothic, but though good in themselves, both are out of harmony with their surroundings. The former has striking evidence of the value that Imperial Rome set upon the soil of Scotland, and a delightful procession of the characters in the history of the realm, beginning with Stone Age man and ending with Thomas Carlyle. The Cathedral of St. Mary (would that we might be allowed to call it by Margaret's name!) is a beautiful early pointed cruciform structure, that is on the whole the best work that Sir Gilbert Scott has left. The central spire was not carried up to the height originally planned, which is rather an improvement to the effect, considering the building's length (nave, seven bays; quire, four); the western towers are unfinished, but it is now (1912) planned to complete them and to add tall spires: low pyramid roofs, not both alike, in the manner common in France, would undoubtedly produce a more pleasing effect and give an architectural suggestion that Scotland has in some measure renewed her ancient close relations with France. It is unfortunate that in its design the cathedral has nothing Scottish, though in its carved detail it has much: it is in fact the sort of building that the Anglican Church might have erected in any city of the world, and it is only partly vaulted. The transepts are aisled, as well as the nave and quire.*

* It is remarkable how much better the parish church of St. George, which is architecturally deplorable (even its dome is not seen within), seems to harmonize with the spirit of the New Town than this noble but somewhat alien Gothic pile.

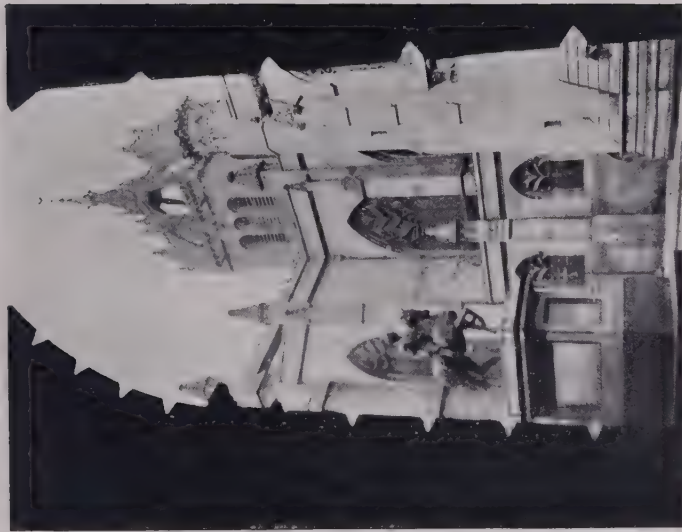
Beside the church on the north is the old Coates House, round-turreted and crow-stepped, bearing several dates, 1600 to 1615. It is an excellent specimen of a small mansion of the period; there was never a barony of Coates, though an adjoining street is called Manor Place. The house has an inscription over one of the doors: "I PRAYS YE LORD FOR AL HIS BENEFETIS 1601," which is very appropriate now that it has become the Quire School. It appears in the photograph to the left of the cathedral.

After o'erleaping the vale of the Nor' Loch it was a small thing for the city to cross the Water of Leith. The tall viaduct over the gorge, called the Dean Bridge, was built in 1832, and new terraces have risen on the other side. From the parapet of the bridge one looks down into a thickly wooded glen that might be many miles from a town. Difference in level has enabled the city to surround the river hamlets without altogether absorbing them.

In Princes Street Gardens, opposite the house which he built on the edge of the ridge, and which was called by his friends, from its shape, "The Goose-pie," is a striking statue to Allan Ramsay, the Edinburgh wig-maker (1686-1758), whose pastoral poem, *The Gentle Shepherd*, has given him a high place in English literature. The plot is negligible, there is no very striking character, there is no humour and no epigram, anything like a dramatic situation is carefully avoided, but the play is strong where most plays are extremely weak: it really does, in a wonderful way, convey a definite atmosphere. The scene is laid at New Hall House, by the North Esk, at the foot of the Pentlands, and the character of that part of



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL : WEST FRONT.



ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL AND STATUE OF CHARLES II
FROM ARCH OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE (SOUTH SIDE).

the country is conveyed with most wonderful exactness. It would be hard in anything like the same space better to describe a Lowland cottage than in the opening lines of one of the scenes—

“ A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre ;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.”

Patie is deeply in love with Peggy, and the feeling is fully returned. Peggy has a friend named Jenny, who is not at all so inclined to look on the bright side of marriage, but allows herself without much difficulty to be convinced when Peggy paints a mother's joys—

“ Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish—
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?”

Sir William Worthy, who is adored by his tenants, has been driven from his home by

“ Lending generous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail,”

during the Commonwealth, On his return it comes out that Patie is his son and heir; his mar-

riage with Peggy is therefore out of the question, but so is his giving her up—

“ I’d hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae the delightful maid ;
For thee I’d soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.”

However, it rapidly comes out that Peggy is not only of gentle birth but entitled to an estate of her own, and, in fact, Sir William’s niece ; thus all the difficulties to the wedding collapse and everything is well. The pleasant relations that exist between the laird and his tenants is one of the most charming features of the whole. Two old shepherds when alone unite in singing his praises—

“ *Glaud.* For never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent ;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shored to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday’s claiiths.
Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart-noddles to be bare.
‘ Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a seat.—
How’s all at hame ?—How’s Elspa ?—How does Kate ?
How sells black cattle ?—What gies woo this year ?’
And sic-lik kindly questions wad he speer.
Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.”

Sir William evidently knew his tenants from having lived all his life among them ; he would never have given the impression of meanness that was conveyed by the new laird, who was only

trying to be agreeable but somehow didn't quite know how.

"Eh, Sandy, I'm afeared the new laird is a verra mean mon."

"An' hoo d'ye ken that?"

"I gaed to see him the ither day about the rent. An' when we were dune wi' the business he askit me wad I hae summat to drink. An' I said, 'Thank ye, Laird, thank ye. I'll tak juist a drap.' An' when he began tae pour it oot, I said, 'Oh, stop, stop, Laird!'—an he stoppit."

Edinburgh has long been famous for her splendid advantages in the matter of education. Among her secondary schools none are more noted than Fettes College and the Academy. The former was founded by a merchant of the same name, and it is housed in a striking Gothic pile that was the chief work of the Edinburgh architect, David Bryce (1803-76); the educational scheme is largely modelled on the great English Public Schools. The Academy has a building among trees in the classic style that harmonizes well with its name. Though a most characteristic and native institution of the city, its masters have always, to a considerable extent, been English, a compensation perhaps for the extent to which the Southern Kingdom is governed by Scots.*

* My grandfather, John Hannah, was Rector of the Edinburgh Academy from 1847 till 1854, when he became the second Warden of Glenalmond.

CHAPTER XVII

SOUTHERN EDINBURGH

THE ancient castle town and the Old Town and the New Town have real characters, each her own. Not one of them is very like anything to be seen elsewhere; but this fourth town is very common-place—it has no real right to exist. The old Edinburgh spirit seems hardly to pervade it at all, so far as outward appearance goes.*

The likening of Edinburgh to Athens is both obvious and old; the points of similarity are not few. We all love Edinburgh best, but Athens has great advantage in the higher age and interest of her buildings, and also in being small: the rocky hills with their delightful wild-flowers that surround her are always close at hand. Edinburgh has unfortunately grown into a vast modern city, though on a site pre-eminently suitable for a small one. Many old towns, such as London or Leicester, are not particularly damaged by indefinite expansion, as they owe little of their interest to situation, and there is nothing very special to spoil; although green

* It is entirely otherwise the moment one is inside the houses.

fields are invariably more interesting than modern streets.

But Edinburgh has suffered terribly from the filling of her surrounding valleys with unbeautiful buildings, which also surge over the rolling hills, though they fortunately have to spare the crags. Having burst the old bounds, one by one, the city has flooded the whole neighbourhood with featureless stone and slate—a great disfigurement to the landscape even to those whose memories of the place go back for only about a quarter of a century. What the old burghers of past generations who loved the country around their town would think if they returned, we need not stop to inquire. But it is only æsthetically that we mourn; mind is higher than matter, and the overcrowding of men is an evil far worse than the mere destruction of fields. Even as things are, Edinburgh does not cover ground enough for a city of her size.

The only thing that seems particularly distinctive of the residential district of Southern Edinburgh—and even it is by no means unknown in other parts of Scotland—is the way in which the garden gates are all unfastened by pulling wires from the houses. This necessitates the bell-handles being right on the streets, which is an immense convenience to small boys, who delight to ring and run away, watching the result from far.

The old Burgh Muir, on which armies so often gathered—the *Campus Martius*, as Grant calls it—extended from the waters of the South Loch, where now are the Meadows, to the foot of the Braid Hills. By far the greater part of it is built over to-day. In connexion with the Bruntsfield

Links, Grant quotes the following verses from a golfing song in the *Mistura Curiosa*—

“ I love the game of golf, my boys, though there are folks
in town
Who, when upon the links they walk, delight to run it
down ;
But then those folks who don't love golf, of course can't
comprehend
The fond love that exists between the golfer and his
friend.
For on the green the new command, that ye love one
another,
Is, as a rule, kept better by a golfer than a brother ;
For if he's struck, a brother's rage is not so soon
appeased,
But the harder that *I hit* my friend, the better he is
pleased.”

The goodwill and fellow-feeling of golfers was illustrated in 1887, when the Edinburgh Municipality sought Parliamentary powers to prevent the playing of the game on Bruntsfield Links and the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews voted £100 to help to oppose the Bill.

On high ground above, surrounded by pleasant but uninteresting-looking villas, there still stands Merchiston Castle, the old seat of the Napiers, which they acquired in the fifteenth century in lieu of the repayment of a debt that was owing to them from the King. It is still their property, though this has not been continuously the case. It consists simply of an L-shaped tower, which was probably erected either a short time before or a short time after the year 1500. The most unusual feature about it is that no part is vaulted, except a cellar outside the limits of its walls. It is (as is altogether proper) built upon the rock ; the main

part has three stories, but the internal arrangements are entirely changed, and later buildings surround it on nearly every side. The parapet projects on simply moulded corbels which are all of different thicknesses; there is a walk round, and on the inner edges of the heavy walls is placed a much slighter upper stage, roofed with Scottish oak, put together with pegs; the timber work is stout enough for any possible emergency, but still less massive than is usually the case in France or England. The parapet walk is paved with overlapping flags, and each lower one has its own gargoyle; as there are no gargoyles for a space in the angle it may be assumed that the original entrance was there.

There is duly pointed out the room in which Queen Mary slept, and there appears to be no evidence whatever that she did not occupy it! In the war between her adherents and the Regent Morton the castle played a part, and on one occasion suffered severely from fire on account of its wooden floors. Its position on high ground so near Edinburgh and more or less commanding the roads from the South gave it considerable strategic importance. The Napiers, who traditionally got their name from one of their ancestors having na-peer on a field of battle long ago, were a race of fighters, and three of them met death at Sauchie, Flodden, and Pinkie respectively; the most famous of their number, who lived from 1550 till 1617, was the inventor of logarithms, which have so enormously facilitated navigation and astronomy. There are many interesting stories about this renowned John Napier, and an ancient Oriental tale is fathered on to him. Perhaps he had heard the anecdote and found it useful when

something had been stolen by one of his servants. They were all sent into a dark room and bidden to stroke a rooster, who would crow when touched by the culprit. They all came out: the cock had not crowed, but all except one of the servants had hands soiled by the soot on his back! The doves that form so picturesque a feature of many Scottish landscapes did not look nearly so attractive to feudal retainers in days of old as they do to us to-day. The doves reached the laird's larder, but fed on his tenants' crops. John Napier's cereals were eaten by a neighbour's doves and remonstrance was of no avail. So he threatened he would 'poind' the birds, and the offending owner, not suspecting the resources of science, only jeered—till his doves were all arrested in a state of intoxication, having fed on wine-soaked corn.

After the Restoration Merchiston Castle was refitted and several of the rooms were panelled in deal. One has a fine plaster ceiling with little pendants—lions, grapes, rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis and so on—with large medallions showing David the Psalmist and Alexander the Great.

Boys are inspired to-day by sleeping in the room where logarithms first saw light. Since 1833 the castle has been used for a school that was a pioneer of boarding in Scotland; the institution has always been noted for progressive ideas, and long before it was the custom sought to prepare its students for life in modern Britain instead of in ancient Greece.*

On the southern outskirts of the town rises

* Help from the MS. of a lecture on the history of the castle and school by the present headmaster, George Smith, is gratefully acknowledged.

Blackford Hill, the most northern portion of the series of volcanic rocks of Lower Old Red Sandstone age that form the beautiful Pentlands, whose rounded outlines are supposed to have reminded Humboldt of the Andes. The hill is crowned by the Observatory, and there is a wide view over the whole city, Forth, and many hills, both near and in the distant Highlands. Over a deep glen where ice-scratches are exposed by the Braid Burn, which flows to the north-west between Duddingston and Craigmillar, rise the Braid Hills, consisting largely of felsitic tuffs filling up what seems to have been a volcanic vent. Their earth is of a reddish hue, with steep grassy slopes and whin bushes here and there. The glen is a wild spot to be so near the town, and thickly wooded, very largely with beech. As might be expected, the Braid Hills form admirable golf links; there are two courses. The Braids, or long, course has eighteen holes; the Prince's, or short, course only nine. From no other links may such magnificent views be obtained. Clumps of whin form admirable bunkers, and they bear such names as Himalayas or Rockies; a deep gully is known as the Graves. The hazards altogether are much greater than on most of the courses by the shore.

Westward rise the Easter and Wester Hills of Craiglockhart, on the latter of which, upon boulder clay, is built the Edinburgh Hydropathic. Among trees by farm mains is a picturesque, neglected mediæval refuge tower in ruin. Craig House was for a time the residence of John Hill Burton (1809–81), an Edinburgh advocate, who made a considerable reputation by his writing, marked by great industry and research, but little brilliance

or charm of style. He first attracted attention by his *Life of David Hume*, but his best-known work is the *History of Scotland*, which after its painstaking conscientiousness is chiefly remarkable for lack of colour. The absence of bias (unless perhaps a slight one against Presbyterianism, of which he was a buttress rather than a pillar) is altogether to be praised, but there is in addition a strange want of the least spirit of enthusiasm. The world would be much poorer had the book never seen the light, but its perusal needs to be stimulated by a very real interest in the subject, though there is a distinct improvement when the reign of Queen Mary is reached.

On the Water of Leith, flowing in a deep wooded glen, is the old village of Colinton, formerly known as Hailes. By a series of by-ways, crossing the Union Canal, may be reached Corstorphine, on the main Edinburgh and Glasgow road. The name appears as Crostorfyn in the foundation charter of Holyrood, and it seems to be the cross of Torfyn. In 1376 the place was sold by Gilchrist More to Adam Forrester, a burghess of Edinburgh, and in his family it remained for several centuries.* At the present time nothing remains of the castle except the large round dovecot, whose walls batter rapidly and are surrounded by three strings.

In 1429 Sir John Forrester founded a college, whose church was in the same yard as the older

* An excellent history of the parish by Thomas Thomson was published in the second (1845) *Statistical Account*. It was fortunate that so painstaking an antiquary did the work for this parish instead of the minister, as was usual; the way in which the information was collected as a rule reflected great credit on the clergy, but of course many of them were not particularly interested in such subjects.



CORSTORPHINE CHURCH : WEST FRONT.



UNION CANAL CROSSING GOGAR BURN.

one, for the taking down of which an order of the Kirk Session is entered on the register May 3, 1646. The existing structure, which became the parish church in 1593, is of unusual ground plan, having possessed west porch, tower, nave with western transepts, and at the east end a chancel (with north chapel) both higher and wider than the nave. When the old parish church was taken down an aisle was added, partly on its site, north of the nave; this was removed about 1800, when a hideous kirk with a plaster ceiling replaced the nave. Quite recently a new nave with north aisle and north transept, all stone vaulted, have been erected in a very different style. The parts of the building that have survived all this are rather unlike ordinary Scottish work of the fifteenth century, being very much more influenced, especially as to windows, by English Perpendicular forms. There is an epitaph to the first provost of the college, Nicholay Banachtyne, who died in 147— (last figure broken). The original parts—porch, tower, south transept, chancel and chapel—are all barrel vaulted, but that of the transept has had intersecting ribs; the walls of the chancel bend in to form a pointed vault in a way very usual in Scotland. It seems probable that this is the oldest part, having been a separate chapel before the rest was built. There are triple sedilia and piscina with an unusual round hood; the chapel and transept also have piscinas. In the chancel are fine tombs under recesses, shields with arms on the fronts of the altars, and recumbent effigies of armed knight and lady, feet on animals; they probably commemorate Sir John Forrester, the founder, and his son, bearing the same name. In the transept is another effigy

which, Thomas Thomson concludes, is probably for Sir Alexander Forrester, who led a pilgrimage to the shrine of Becket at Canterbury in 1464. The tower is surmounted by a squat broach spire with corner pinnacles and two embattled strings. The church is beautifully kept and its beadle wears a scarlet gown.

Corstorphine Hill forms a wooded ridge, interesting geologically as one of the places where Sir James Hall, an intimate friend of Hutton and Playfair (p. 74), first noticed ice-scratches, which he attributed to diluvial currents. From the top, by a tower erected at the time of the Scott Centenary and locally voted a "folly," there is a splendid view of Edinburgh, St. Mary's Cathedral rising over the houses, surmounted by the castle rock, and that again by Arthur's Seat. All is framed by trees—Scots fir, rowan, ash, plane, larch, beech, copper-beech, and elder—bracken and foxglove forming the undergrowth. From a lower part, rather strangely known as "Rest and be thankful," there is much the same prospect unencumbered by trees.

The Union Canal, constructed 1818–22, connects Edinburgh with Forth and Clyde Canal, which was begun in 1768 and has its eastern terminus at Grangemouth, in Stirlingshire.* It uses the tall viaduct over the valley of the Avon Water, which was originally built to make a connexion with Bo'ness (p. 354), and crossing undulating country, is in places in deep wooded gorges and in others

* It nearly became the cradle of steam navigation. In 1802 William Symington built the stern-wheel steam-boat, the *Charlotte Dundas*, for Lord Dundas of Kerse, but the canal authorities, fearing for their banks, would not allow it to start.

carried along on great earthen aqueducts; the lower photograph opposite p. 292 shows the canal crossing the Gogar Burn,* with the outline of the Pentlands on the right. The canal is still kept up, and its basin in Edinburgh is on the hill-side above the Caledonian Station. One of the villages on the waterway is Ratho, whose one long street of low rubble-stone cottages is separated by the



Ratho Church.

earthen aqueduct of the canal from the old Norman church among its trees. It was dedicated

* Gogar is a little village between Corstorphine and Ratho, whose high churchyard rests on retaining walls in the middle of a field. The walls of a small building with crow-stepped gables rest on foundations of large rounded boulders, and after long lying in ruin it has been incorporated in a new church. It does not seem older than the sixteenth century.

to St. Mary, and there was a Ladywell close by. Half a Norman door remains, with saw-tooth outer moulding and shaft with scallop-cushion cap. The west front is buttressed heavily both in the centre and at the sides* ; over it rises a later square turret with a bell, whose chain has gradually worn a surprisingly deep groove in the masonry of the buttress, and a little elm is growing in it, iron rollers diverting the chain. A small and very thick mediæval coffin slab has a battle-axe, cross, and a sword incised. Much of the walls is ancient and a transept is dated 1683.

In the next year was born the dramatist, Joseph Mitchell, who wrote about the village—

“Of ancient Ratho, reared with cost and pain,
How few and wretched monuments remain!
Sometimes the plough from fields adjacent tears
The limbs of men, and armour, broke with years;
Sometimes a medal, all effaced, is found,
And mouldering urns are gathered from the ground.
But who, ah! who can decent honours pay,
Or separate vulgar from imperial clay?
Destroying time and the devouring grave,
Alike confound the coward and the brave!
Distinction's lost! no marks of state adorn!
And Ratho looks like Troy a field of corn.”

* This part seems to date from the fifteenth century.

CHAPTER XVIII

LEITH

CLOSE to Arthur's Seat and now rapidly becoming submerged by the advancing flood of buildings is the once lonely village of Lestalrig, whose initial letter is now written as 'R.' It is the mother parish of Inverleith, of which this hustling age can find time to pronounce only the final syllable. Restalrig (for with a protest we must conform to an incorrect orthography or not be understood) has been holy ground for more than fourteen hundred years, for here lived, and died in 510 A.D., the blessed virgin St. Triduana. Born in Achaia, where her father was a noble, she came to Scotland as a missionary after the Roman legions had been withdrawn. A Pictish chief became enamoured of the sparkling eyes of the lovely Greek and wished to make her his wife. Her "No, thank you" he refused to consider final, and eventually, to avoid the possibility of further misunderstanding, she sent him her eyes on a thorny stick. The story is interesting as adding at least a traditional link to the chain that binds the ancient British Church with Eastern Christendom. Her tomb became a shrine that was specially resorted to

by those who suffered from anything affecting their eyes.*

The church was rebuilt and a college founded in the late fifteenth century by James III. The only existing remains, the quire walls, are probably of this date. There are four bays without aisles; parts of the two-light windows and the buttresses are old, but have lost all their original character; on the south-east buttress is an obliterated shield surmounted by a crown. South of the church, buttresses touching, is a massive hexagonal building of the fifteenth century. Its thick walls are pierced by flat arched windows, and it is vaulted with a central pillar.† It was always supposed to have been the chapter-house, but during the restoration a few months ago strenuous efforts to exclude the water by means of thick concrete and cement completely failed and the pressure was discovered to be enormous. There can be no doubt that this was St. Triduana's Well; over it was another chamber vaulted, without a pillar; fragments of the ribs still exist.

* The original authority for Triduana is the *Aberdeen Breviary*, which credits her with coming from Constantinople, bearing to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew, a service generally ascribed to St. Regulus or St. Rule, a monk of Patræ, in Achaia. She is also mentioned in the *Orkneyinga Saga*.

† The general effect of the building resembles English Perpendicular work, but the details are quite different. The central light of each window is cinquefoiled, the two others trefoiled. The central pillar stands on a very large base and consists of six shafts with fillets; a vaulting rib extends from each to the centre of each side; there is a ridge-rib all round and each of its six sections is produced in both directions to the corners, where are clustered shafts; the bosses and caps have stiff foliage. It resembles St. Margaret's Well, but is much larger.

As early as 1560 this hallowed spot drew down the wrath of reformers and the Assembly resolved "that the Kirk of Restalrig, as a monument of Idolatrie be raysit and utterlie caste downe and destroyed." So the place long remained in ruin and venerable yews had taken root in the soil that had accumulated over the roof of the well. It was used as a burial-place, chiefly by Episcopalian, and several bishops rest there.* In 1837, however, the quire was re-roofed, and in 1911 a tall covering was placed over the well, surmounted by a figure of the patron saint. The churchyard is much less attractive than might have been hoped, from a tendency to settlements that has dislocated some of the burial enclosures, from the polluting of the water, and from the un-beautiful things that are spreading round.

The old castle of Restalrig is masked by a modern house; from a low rocky ridge it overlooks Lochend Loch, west of the church. During the fourteenth century the barony passed by marriage from the Leiths into the hands of the Logan family, the best known of whom was Sir Robert, who died in 1606. He was buried in St. Mary's, Leith; in 1609 his body was brought into court, and he was sentenced to forfeiture for high treason; then his mortal remains were taken back to their tomb. The reason for this impressive and decorous proceeding, so calculated to enhance respect for the solemnity of British law, was that one George Sprott, who was himself executed for treason, had forged or discovered letters from Logan to John Ruthven, third Earl of Gowrie, on the subject of the celebrated conspiracy to make away with James VI. The whole account of the plot rests on the statement

* The church however is of course Presbyterian.

of the King himself, and, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* tersely puts it, there are several theories as to its truth.

The town of Leith, like many other Scottish seaports, is built on the terrace of a raised beach; the little harbour at the mouth of the stream, that gave the port of Edinburgh its position and its name, has been expanded into a series of six docks, whence a large trade is maintained with all parts of Northern Europe as far as Iceland and Russia.

Land and fishing rights at Leith are granted to the canons of Holyrood by David's foundation charter, but the barony belonged to the lords of Restalrig, and in 1415 one of the Logans granted to Edinburgh such extravagant privileges that the unfortunate dwellers in the port were restrained even from carrying on trade and keeping inns. No one can accuse the Scots, as a whole, of any want of a sense of justice or of tact: it was a Scot who defined the latter quality by saying, "Well, if ye were talkin' wi' St. Peter it wadna juist be tactfu' tae mention cocks." But in dealing with Leith, the Edinburghers behaved in a way that defies any kind of explanation: the port was kept in a state of complete dependence, with the inevitable result of fostering more than the usual jealousy of neighbouring towns, and at last, in 1833, Leith very gladly became an altogether separate burgh. In 1485 the Edinburgh council ordered that "no merchant of Edinburgh presume to take into partnership any indweller of the town of Leith under pain of forty pounds to the Kirk wark, and to be deprived of the freedom for ane zeare." And, as Maitland adds, "to render the unhappy *Leithers*

still more miserable, it was by the said Council enacted, that none of the Town's Revenues be let to an Inhabitant of *Leith*; nor any of the Farmers of the said Revenues take a *Leither* as a Partner in any Contract relating to the same." On another occasion the Edinburghers boiled over with wrath and fury simply because the Leith trades presumed to elect deans, a right which was held to belong only to the incorporations of independent burghs.

The parish church was formerly a chapel of Restalrig, dedicated to St. Mary. Originally it appears to have been a fine cruciform structure, but only the nave of five bays at present remains, and it is so entirely refaced without and plastered up within as to be of little interest. The octagonal pillars and moulded arches suggest that there might be fourteenth-century work under the thick strata of paint, but in a charter of 1490 the building is referred to as "*nova ecclesia*." Even the picturesque Dutch-looking late seventeenth-century steeple shown in H. S. Storer's view was replaced in 1848 by a corner tower, when the church was virtually rebuilt in what James Grant calls "somewhat doubtful taste"; it was indeed charitable of him to suggest the doubt! This church belonged to the trade incorporations to such an extent that a claim was once advanced by the heritors* that the usual obligations about repairs do not apply. This was, however, defeated. Several of the trades have in recent times erected brasses giving their dates of incorporation or

* Parish churches in Scotland, since the Reformation, must be kept in repair by the heritors, usually the chief landowners; in England the old feudal customs in the matter are unchanged.

other particulars. Among those who rest in the churchyard, which contains a number of vaults that are far more ornate than beautiful, are Robert Gelfillan (1798-1850), the poet, and John Home (p. 144). The old jougs of South Leith are preserved in the church.

The bridge over the river was first erected by Abbot Ballantyne of Holyrood, in the late fifteenth century. At its northern end he built a chapel dedicated to St. Ninian, which was partly supported by the tolls of the bridge. The building became a parish church in 1609. One of its ministers was George Wishart (1599-1671), the faithful chaplain to Montrose, whose Latin memoirs he wrote, whose wanderings on the Continent he shared. He became Bishop of Edinburgh in 1662. St. Ninian was a Briton who made a pilgrimage to Rome just at the time when the tottering Empire was withdrawing its legions from his home. He became the pioneer of Christianity in Galloway, where he established his bishopric at Whithorn, called *Candida Casa* from the stone church which he built and dedicated to St. Martin. A number of churches in Scotland are called by his name, including the (modern) cathedral at Perth. There was once a chapel in his honour close to the site of the Register House at Edinburgh. The church in North Leith was long used to store corn and has now disappeared. Its successor has an Ionic portico.

Leith was not (at any rate seriously) fortified till 1548,* when the French troops sent to support

* Macgibbon and Ross mention a castle at Leith, of which one Robert Gray was "master of the works" in 1433-5; he held the same post at Edinburgh Castle.

Mary of Guise, or of Lorraine (the wife of James V and mother of Mary Queen of Scots), surrounded the port with well designed ramparts. Slight earthwork remains still exist on the open space called Leith Links, where is an ancient golf course on which Charles I used to play—perhaps his pleasantest association with Scotland. The English had gained the victory of Pinkie the year before; the young Scottish Queen had been sent to France and was to marry the Dauphin; the permanent union of France and Scotland, ancient allies, seemed to be in sight; it was extremely desirable to make sure of the sea communications between Edinburgh and France. The excellence of the French defences was proved by the failure of the Scots' army under the Lords of the Congregation in 1560 to make any impression on them. The civil war being ended by the Treaty of Leith in the same year, brought about by Elizabeth's intervention, the Edinburgh Council determined to destroy the landward defences of Leith, still leaving their port defended against an enemy approaching by sea. It seems unlikely that this strange proceeding was recommended by any competent military authority. The Council gave the following order: "For-sameikle as it is noturlie knawyn how hurtful the fortifications of Leith hes bene to this haille realme, and in speciale to the townes next adjacent thairunto, and how prejudiciall the samen sall be to the libertie of this haille countrie in caiss straingears sall at any tyme hereafter intruse thameselfs thairin: For thir and siclyke considerations the counsall has thocht expedient, and chargis the provest, baillies, and counsall of Edinburgh, to tak order with the

town and commentie of the samen, and causs and compell thame to appoint ane sufficient nomar to cast down and demolish the south pairt of the said town, begynand at Sanct Anthones Port, and passing westward to the Water of Leith, making the blockhous and courteine equal with the ground."

Stephen, in his history of Leith, says that practically all its old houses were fabled to have been built and occupied by Mary of Guise or Oliver Cromwell, except one which they appeared to have shared! There seems, however, to be no doubt that when Mary as Regent settled at Leith for strategic reasons, she did erect a house in the thoroughfare now known as Water Lane. Its date-stone with coat of arms is now preserved in St. Mary's Church. It is inscribed: "MARIA DE LORRAINE REGINA SCOTIE 1560." The date is that of her death.*

The Trinity House dates originally from the regency of Mary of Guise, and its tablet is preserved in the present building, which is an indifferent classic structure, dated 1816. It is inscribed: "IN THE NAME OF THE LORD VE MASTERIS AND MARENELES BYLIS THIS HOVS TO YE POVR, ANNO DOMINI 1555." In 1566 Mary granted certain dues on shipping, called "prime gilt," to the shipmasters and mariners of Leith to found a hospital. In 1797 a royal charter was granted creating the Trinity House a body corporate and authorizing it to examine and license pilots. A confirming statute was secured in 1820.

The old Tolbooth of Leith was a very picturesque

* Maitland mentions this stone as built into the wall of another house; Wilson says it will be looked for in vain.

structure with outside stone stair and oriel window closely barred. A drawing by Storer is fortunately preserved. Its building was strenuously opposed by Edinburgh, but Queen Mary issued a positive order to the Provost and magistrates as follows: "We charge zow that ze permitoure Inhabitants of oure said toun of Leith, to big and edifie oure said Hous of Justice, within oure said toun of Leith, and mak na stop nor impediment to thame to do the samyn, for it is oure will that the samyn be biggit, and that ze disist fra further molesting of them in tyme cuming as ze will anser to us thairupon." The royal arms, inscribed "M R IN DEFENS 1565," that Storer's view shows on the front of the Tolbooth, are now in the church, the Tolbooth having been most unfortunately destroyed early in the nineteenth century by the Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh.* In the Tolbooth Wynd, close by the site of an old signal tower that Wilson illustrates, is a very interesting, rather Dutch-looking bas-relief, dated 1678. A vessel, with a dragon on a shield by her side and sails full of wind, has just come to port. Behind her two men are carrying a cask by means of a pole. On the right is a warehouse, and above it a crane with an extremely substantial treadmill high in air overhead, by means of which another cask is being lifted ashore. Little seems to be known about it. Grant quotes a local writer in 1865, whom he does not name, as suggesting that it was erected by the Association

* When Walter Scott and others tried to get the front at any rate preserved, they were simply told the cost of the design of the new structure had already been incurred. Had the design in question been put on the back of a fire the world would have been no poorer.

of Porters.* Among other old houses which the reforming energy and the greed of mankind has allowed to survive are a picturesque row in Paunch Market, which lovers of the commonplace have new-named Queen Street. They are dated 1615, and have two stories and an attic, whose gables are surmounted by the thistle, fleur-de-lis, crescent, etc.

Under Cromwell's direction General Monk built a very strong pentagonal citadel in Leith. Nothing but the gateway now remains. This has a plainly moulded round arch and over it is a two-story cottage, reached by an outside stone stair on one side. The structure when complete is thus described by the well-known naturalist, John Ray (1627-1705): "At Leith we saw one of those citadels, built by the Protector, one of the best fortifications that ever we beheld, passing fair and sumptuous. There are three forts advanced above the rest, and two platforms; the works round about are faced with freestone towards the ditch, and are almost as high as the highest buildings within, and withal thick and substantial. Below are very pleasant, convenient, and well-built houses, for the governor, officers, and soldiers, and for magazines and stores. There is also a good capacious chapel, the piazza, or void space within, as large as Trinity College great court." Edinburgh contributed £5,000 to the cost on condition that her rights over Leith should not be interfered with.

Under the Commonwealth some English merchants settled in Leith and did much to foster the trade of the port. The Cromwellian

* They do not seem to be mentioned much in any other connexion.



GRANTON HOUSE (CASTLE).



CITADEL GATEWAY, LEITH.

administration in Scotland was foreign, and therefore not popular at first, but its comparative impartiality was genuinely appreciated. Arnot says: "Though the government was founded in manifest usurpation, peace and order were maintained, and justice administered with a more steady and impartial hand than when Scotland was under the government of her native monarchs, or, indeed, to speak more properly, under the influence of her tyrannical nobles." After the Restoration it became fashionable to refer to the impartial Commonwealth judges as kinless loons! During the reign of Charles II the citadel was demolished; it would not be easy to argue that the conversion of Leith into an open town during that stormy time was for the public good, but it put money into the hands of the King. The structure at present termed the Fort at Leith is merely a barrack.

There is no break whatever in houses between Edinburgh and Leith: a broad street called Leith Walk* connects the two places, but there is a certain difference in character, not easy to describe; the most obvious point is that Leith has electric trolley cars and Edinburgh, on account of its hills, cable trams.

There are the most kaleidoscopic changes in the aspect of the five miles of shore that separate Leith from the Midlothian border on the west. Newhaven, or, as it used to be known, Our Lady's Port of Grace, sprang into existence during the prosperous reign of James IV, from whose son Edinburgh purchased the superiority. It is now

* This originated from a bank and ditch fortification thrown up by Leslie, which the citizens found a convenient route for pedestrians in less warlike times.

famed for its fish dinners; fishing boats crowd its little artificial harbour and fishermen occupy its mildly picturesque old houses with their outside stone stairs. The people, descendants of a Scandinavian colony, still keep much to themselves, and their women wear a quite distinctive dress; Newhaven fishwives are a familiar sight in Edinburgh. These people are said not very frequently to marry outside their own community. All this would be natural enough if Newhaven stood in some lonely creek by itself, but it is jostled on one side by Leith and on the other by Trinity. This last lost its chain pier in 1898, but its prim little houses still remind one of the early part of the nineteenth century, when the pier was erected. There is the marine "early Victorian" atmosphere that one associates with places like Brighton and Bognor, surroundings in which the more refined of Dickens's characters would find themselves quite at home; the small houses should have little front gardens in which nothing but common marigolds will grow! At Granton is a harbour, formed by two breakwaters, with a pier running out into it, beside which a number of small steamers are usually to be seen. The works were begun in 1835 at the expense of the Duke of Buccleuch and finished after a few years. Grant, writing in 1883, calls it "decidedly the noblest harbour in the Firth of Forth."

About this point the coast again becomes rocky, and Charles Darwin found it a convenient spot for the study of seaweed and shells. Houses and tram lines, practically continuous from Port Seton, now give place to the wooded grounds of country houses sloping to the shore.

On a rocky site, commanding a wide view over

coal trucks and the waters of the Forth to the coast of the kingdom of Fife and some of the Perthshire hills, is the site of Granton Castle, which Hertford destroyed in 1544. A few fragments of the present buildings, including a lancet window, may belong to the earlier works, but in the main what exists is a fortified house that must have been built soon after the English had left. A largish area is surrounded by a battlemented wall so arranged that the entrance gate could be commanded by enfilade fire. The house is on the common L-shaped plan, two stories and an attic with little turrets and step-battlements, or crow-steps. In the angle is a large turret that originally contained a turnpike stair, but this was altered in the seventeenth century, when a stairway with landings surrounding a short wall instead of a newel was substituted, and the whole house remodelled, large new windows being opened and a dark vaulted kitchen in a new wing substituted for the old basement arrangements. Its large chimney appears on the left of the photograph, opposite p. 306. There can be little doubt that it was Sir Thomas Hope (p. 326) by whom these alterations were made; he acquired the property in 1619, and may well have thought the old arrangements hardly up to the requirements of a Nova Scotia baronet. The house is now a roofless ruin. The estate having been purchased about 1740 by the Duke of Argyll, it was thrown into his adjacent place, Royston or Caroline Park, whose quadrangular house was built in 1685 by George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat, chief Minister of the King in Scotland. The whole estate passed to the Buccleuchs in 1793.

At Muirhouse a fine avenue leads to the ruins of

the old mansion, which consist chiefly of two round stair-turrets, very thin and poor work of the late seventeenth century. A new house stands nearer the Forth. The thickly wooded country, sloping down to the water and largely occupied by parks, is extremely beautiful, and in places it is difficult to realize the city is so near. Whether on to rocky hill or into dark forest one may still get beyond the influence of Edinburgh in fewer miles than is at all usual in the neighbourhood of a city so large. The Almond Water, which forms the boundary between Midlothian and Linlithgowshire in the lower part of its course, has cut a beautiful, but not very deep gorge in the Carboniferous rocks. It is crossed by the famous Cramond bridge, one of whose arches is mediæval and rests on the usual bevelled ribs; the other two belong to the seventeenth century, when the structure was more than once repaired. About 1530 James V was visiting a young lady friend at Cramond on one of his excursions in disguise, and on the narrow bridge he was attacked by four or five men, against whom he made the best defence he could, but was naturally getting the worst of it when he found himself unexpectedly succoured by a peasant armed with a flail, one John Howison by name. The peasant bathed the wounded King without the least suspicion as to who he was, and was invited to go to Holyrood and there inquire for the gudeman of Ballengeich. When he arrived the King still maintained the disguise while showing his friend all round. At last he made himself known and granted to Howison the farm on which he worked, Braehead, which stands on a height among trees immediately above the old bridge. There are slight ruins of ancient buildings

buried in ivy. The land was granted on the tenure of holding a basin of water for the King to wash his hands at Holyrood or Cramond Bridge. One of Howison's descendants performed this service for George IV in 1822.

The village of Cramond is at the mouth of the stream and on the site of a considerable Roman town. William F. Skene (*Celtic Scotland*, 1886) thinks it is the place to which Spartian refers in the passage: Severus "post murum aut vallum missum in Britannia, cum ad *proximam mansionem* rediret, non solum victor, sed etiam in æternum pace fundata." He also refers to a medal of the same Emperor discovered at Cramond bearing the legend "fundator pacis," and thinks that the wall which Severus built was on the site of the Scottish, and not, as Bede asserts and as is now generally accepted, of the Northumbrian line of defence. Bede says it was a rampart, not a wall.*

Three roads at any rate seem to have met at Roman Cramond; one from the vallum of Antoninus Pius (p. 351), one from the south, skirting the foot of the Pentlands and the third from Inveresk (p. 179), passing between the Maiden Castle and the Forth. The first object of the Romans was to keep open their roads; it was no doubt desirable that in a half pacified country stations should be on high ground both for defence and observation, but it was *not* as a rule desirable to occupy a station like Edinburgh castle rock, through which it was impracticable to take the road. The name Cramond seems to be Celtic—Caer Almond, the fort on the river. Many Roman remains, including masonry, have been found. Just over the river, in Dalmeny Park, on the

* *Hist. Eccles.*, Bk. I, ch. v.

sandy shore, is the Eagle Rock, or Hunter's Craig, on which is sculptured what is probably a Roman eagle in high relief,* carved by the soldiers either for some official purpose or to help relieve the tedium of a station that must have seemed one of the most remote in the Empire. The rock is smoothed away all round to get a good surface, but there is no protection above. The tiny estuary formed a harbour only for very small boats, and the Roman importance of the place must have been chiefly owing to its position near the end of the wall. Almost connected with the mainland at low tide is the small Cramond Island, which just possibly was the site of Bede's city of Giudi, situated in the middle of the eastern firth.†

During the Middle Ages Cramond was the property of the Bishops of Dunkeld, and it formed an island parish of their diocese. Cramond House, which is delightfully situated looking over the Forth from a thick mantle of trees, incorporates a tower that was probably part of the residence of the bishops. Close by is the church, which is an uninteresting structure of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a few older monuments. Where the chancel should be is an ashlar vault with modern tablets to the Halkett family, over whose stone roof is a luxuriant growth of ivy, sycamore, elm, ash, fern, dandelion, and other plants.

An interesting epitaph commemorates Sir James Hope, of Hopetoun (p. 327), who died in 1661 during a visit to his brother at Granton House, on his

* Though it must be confessed it might be almost anything else !

† *Hist. Eccles.*, I, ch. xii.



THE EAGLE ROCK, DALMENY PARK.



MOUTH OF THE ALMOND.

way back from a business journey to Holland about certain dealings in lead:—

“Reader who viwest this marble and woldst know,
Whose ashes heere interd doth lie below :
Hope wes his name, and by trve hope inspird,
He livd a patern—much to be admird—
Of vertve, patience, grace, humilitie,
Learning and prvdence, temperance, charittie.
A grave wise iudge, in whose discerning care
Nothing bvt candide iustice sway did beare
He wes, and by ingeniovs art covld pry, e,
In natvres deepest secrets and discrye
Where earth the massie treasures hath conceald,
Which in her frozen entrals are congeald.
Great mineral works he alwayes did maintaine,
Which wes his covntries honovr and its gaine :
And all the rich endewments of his mind,
Were still for publicke peace and wealth comiind.
Thus wes he blist from heaven, belovd of men,
And as he livd he dyd a saint: so then
Whilst now his sovl enjoys his hopes blis taime,
His vertve shal be eternised by fame.”

From the ferry at the mouth of the river one looks southward up the narrow wooded valley, beautiful, though spoilt a little by the dirtiness of the water; northward over the broad estuary to the misty hills of Fife beyond the furthest frontiers of Rome. To this quiet spot to-day many an exiled Scot looks longingly from every quarter of the globe, but to many a Southern European in Imperial days it must have seemed the dreariest place of exile, on the border of the furthest gateway of the world.

CHAPTER XIX

QUEENSFERRY

THE Admiral of the Spanish Armada is said to have desired the lovely estate of Mount Edgcumbe, just over the Sound from Plymouth, as his share of the spoils of Elizabeth's kingdom. Since his time a place that in some ways closely resembles it has been formed on the shores of the Forth by the well known and respected family that got its name from the small place called Primrose, near Inverkeithing, and first obtained the Rosebery title in the year 1700.

The vast policies of Dalmeny extend all the way along the shore from Cramond (p. 311) to Queensferry, comprising the last five miles or so of the West Lothian coast. Not far from the house, which is indifferent Gothic work of the early revival, stands the more ancient mansion known as Barnbogle Castle (p. 261), now on the very edge of the water, but formerly separated from the Forth by a wide lawn. The castle dates from the seventeenth century and had long lain in ruin when it was rebuilt by the present Earl of Rosebery; the most interesting feature is the low balustrading which surrounds it, instead of the solid wall that was so much more common at the time it was built. The vast extent of the

grounds, the thick woods, with undergrowth of abundant fern and rhododendron here and there, varied by wide stretches of sheep-cropped turf, extending to the very water's edge, do much to recall Mount Edgcumbe, although the vegetation is naturally rather more luxuriant on the Cornish soil. In both cases the charm is slightly spoilt by the fact that a great town is close by and refuses to keep altogether out of sight.

The village of Dalmeny has a wide stretch of grass to separate the houses on either side of its street. The prospect is rather marred by a huge pile of refuse that it is to be hoped will one day be wooded, but the most perfect little Norman church in Scotland more than makes up for everything else. Unless it be on an impressive scale that compels admiration from all, Norman work does not appeal to the untrained at the present time, and an old inhabitant who showed the church to the present writer was probably expressing the general opinion of those who worship there to-day in the remark, "We can't call it pretty, but it's interesting and old." The high altar of the little sanctuary was dedicated to St. Cuthbert, the well-known Bishop of Lindisfarne; the two others seem to have borne the names of Abbot Adamnan of Iona, to whom the biography of St. Columba is generally ascribed, and of St. Brigit (or Bride), in whose honour is a church in Fleet Street, London, and another at Douglas, in Lanarkshire. She was of royal Irish birth, and lived from 453 till 523. At Kildare she founded a church, and her influence was so wide that in the Island of the Saints she was known as the Fiery Dart. Her symbol was a flame, and her sacred fire was long maintained at Kildare, in a shrine that

might never be entered by males; the worship evidently started from that of some pagan goddess.

Dalmeny Church belonged to the Abbey of Jedburgh; it is of the ordinary Norman character, nave, chancel, and apse, built of wide-jointed ashlar. The shafted and zigzagged windows rest on a string which is lower in chancel than nave and lower again in the apse; the chancel and apse have grotesque heads to support the eaves. Over the south door is an intersecting arcade with double shafts; the carving round the arch below (of which the lower photograph opposite this page gives some idea) is difficult to make out. The *Agnus Dei* certainly appears, but some of the reliefs seem to be signs of the zodiac. The caps of the shafts have a sort of honeycomb moulding that was probably brought to Europe by Crusaders. Both chancel and apse open by ornate arches, triple shafted, with mouldings, including one that may have been the prototype of the later dog-tooth, its ornament incised instead of raised. Both chancel and apse are vaulted as squares, with corbels to support the ribs which intersect. A mediæval coffin-slab, which appears in the photograph, is unusual as having a lid to fit the actual cavity instead of covering the whole. On the north is added a galleried transept of the ordinary Presbyterian character, and the west gable bears the date 1766.

The country is thickly covered with the boulder clay that forms the gently sloping outlines of the district; down by the water the rocks of the Lower Carboniferous series are exposed. Where intrusive masses of diabase have reduced the width of the great estuary to about a mile, by forming a



DALMENY CHURCH : SOUTH-WEST.



DETAILS OF DOORWAY AND WINDOWS.

long promontory stretching from the northern shore, and have also placed the island of Inch Garvie in the channel, has from very early times been the ordinary place to cross from Lothian into Fife. Queen Margaret often passed that way between her homes at Edinburgh and Dunfermline, and it seems that it was thus the twin towns of Queensferry got their names. Here on its last journey was the body of that noble woman brought to its resting-place in the abbey, where for centuries it remained enshrined, when its loving bearers were preserved from Donald Bane and the wild rebel tribes of Argyll, who were besieging Edinburgh, by what Fordun calls a miraculous mist. The mist was certainly fortunate, but surely far too much in the course of Scottish nature to be deemed any more! There are many of the Church's saints, like the virgin Triduana, that we may fervently admire—well they served both God and man in the day and generation when they lived, poorer without them the world had doubtless been—but this devoted wife, this affectionate mother, this bearer of the best culture that she knew to a people who at that time were on a border of the world,* this is a saint very near us, this is a woman that we may love.

One of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering now spans the Forth at this point; its

* In the eleventh century it seemed that Scotland was far from Italy and had less of culture than the lands that were the more direct heirs of Rome; the earlier fires of Celtic thought that had radiated from the convents of Ireland were burning much less brightly than of old. The days were yet to come when men should say that Italy is far from Scotland.

vast size and its beautiful lines place it among the most impressive of all the works of man; towering over the lower hills, it can be seen as far off as the Bass Rock, and it seems to have become part of the landscape itself. Some deem it ugly, and would like to see its plainness cured by other colouring than it has. Stewart Dick, in his delightfully illustrated book, *The Pageant of the Forth*, pleads that "judicious painting even would have rendered the result less bald, the use of gilt here and there might have made it glorious; but no, a coat of red lead suffices to preserve the steel plates from rust: it is the cheapest possible, so a staff of workmen year in and year out renew the coat of red lead." But somehow that utilitarian shade of dull red seems to suit the lines of the Forth Bridge better than almost any other that could be found. Of purely useful railway works we can hardly demand any more than appropriateness of parts; Scotland has many a spot in which the works of man look puny enough beside the work of Nature, and it is well just now and then to see something on the other side.

South Queensferry is a very compact little town; as is nearly always the case in the smallest as well as in the largest Scottish settlement, the houses are crowded together, when land for wider spacing would not appear ever to have been scarce. The most interesting as well as the most crowded building is the Church of the Carmelite Friary, that was founded about 1330 by a member of the family of Dundas of Dundas, a barony near by that they held from the early part of the twelfth century till late in the nineteenth, and their L-shaped castle still exists. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, consisted of very short nave, low cen-

tral tower, south transept and quire; the nave was destroyed about forty years ago. The masonry is rather wide-jointed ashlar; the walls of the quire gradually meet to form a pointed vault covered with stone slabs outside; the tower rests on low semicircular arches and has a barrel vault north and south. Above are two chambers (reached by a turnpike stair in the north-west corner), protected by another vault and divided by a wooden floor; the



St. Mary's Church, South Queensferry.

lower has a window looking into the quire, and both have fire-places in the south wall, whose chimney is seen in the drawing. The windows are lancets in different forms and square-headed Perpendicular; there are late-looking sedilia and piscina, but the whole seems fifteenth-century work, the quire, perhaps, built a little earlier than the rest. There was never a north transept; along that side was the cloister, whose string-course and corbels remain. In 1585 James VI granted to Sir

Walter Dundas the revenues "together with the kirk of the said place, and whole bounds, with the steeple and houses above the same." There is a monument dated 1673, but that may have been erected while the church was disused; in 1889 the building was restored for service by the Dean and Chapter of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh.*

The present parish church is a small oblong building with rather mongrel Decorated windows; it is dated 1633, and looks as if intended for Episcopal services. The following extract from the Session Records of Queensferry, kept by the schoolmaster, Elias Johnston, gives an interesting account of the consecration: "At Queinsferrie, August 13, 1635.—The qlk day Mr. David Lindsay, seconnd bischope of Edinburt, came yairfra to the above namit toun of Queinsferrie, for the consecration of yr new erectit church yr, and for admitting of Mr. Robert Gibbison, minister yrto, being the first man yt was presentit to yt place. And after the said Mr. David his entrie in the toun, he went by the (sleip) way towardis the doore of the kirk, qlk was then lockit, qre mett him, Rot Dauling and Rot Hill than present baillies, accompaniet wt the haill honnest men of the toun. The said Mr. David demanding the baillies and the rest of the companie yair, to what end they had build that hous, wha replyit onlie to the glorie of God,

* In Scotland there are several Friary churches still in use; in Wales the quire of the Blackfriars' church is the Chapel of Christ College, Brecon; but in England the Austin Friars' church in London, used by Dutch Protestants, seems to be the only one not secularized or destroyed. Some of the English Friaries were granted to the towns, as in Norwich. Christ Church, Coventry, incorporates the old Greyfriars spire.

and for his worshipec, and in tockin yrof they did render him. This dune, the doore maid oppine, the said bischope did ascend the pulpit, and yair-after prayer conceivit and salme sung, he maid chois of his text. . . ." Lindsay was the same bishop who crowned Charles at Holyrood, and in 1637 got a much less friendly reception in his cathedral than he had received at Queensferry, on the occasion of Jenny Geddes throwing a stool at the dean (p. 269). In 1845 the minister of South Queensferry (T. Dimma) reported: "The seats, with the exception of three free seats, are annually let by public roup, under the authority and at the sight of the magistrates."

The Tolbooth has a large square tower with picturesque octagonal upper story and spire, also an outside stair to the miniature court-room with its screen. Of fairly numerous old houses the most interesting is an L-shaped building with semi-octagonal stair-turret, and over the nail-studded door with its iron knocker the quaintly suggestive inscription: "SPES . MEA . CHRISTVS (figure of anchor) S.W.A.P. 1641"; it is called Ploughlands House. From South Queensferry is a glorious view to the north; between low hills appear the abbey towers and the factory chimneys of Dunfermline; the works of the Rosyth Naval Yard make an imposing show along the shore to the left, the Forth Bridge dominates everything, and away in the distance rise the Saline Hills of Fife, the Ochils, and the famous Trossach range.

A short way inland, well placed above the Almond Water and on the Edinburgh and Glasgow highroad, stands the large village of Kirkliston, in whose vicinity a number of Roman

remains have been discovered. The place was formerly known as Temple Liston, because the church belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and they were extremely often confused with the Knights Templars, whose property was in most cases handed over to them when the Knights of the Temple were suppressed in 1312. The church is hopelessly spoiled and forced into the fashionable T-shaped plan, but it retains some very interesting features. The south door is a magnificent specimen, with no less than seven separate shafts each side, besides an inner one that is a mere roll-bead; the caps are carved and the arch has a kind of zigzag and early pointed mouldings; another door has three shafts (the inner a mere bead) aside with early-looking stiff foliage caps. The tower has pilasters and lancets, stair south-east—the present saddle roof is seventeenth-century work; and there is a picturesque little open square belfry on the eastern gable. In one of the vaults are buried some of the Dalrymples of Stair, including Sir James, first Viscount Stair, who sympathized with the Covenanters and, driven out of England by the hostility of the Duke of York and Claverhouse, came back in 1688 with the Prince of Orange; also the second Earl of Stair (d. 1747), who was aide-de-camp to Marlborough, and subsequently as ambassador in Paris secured the expulsion thence of the Old Pretender. South-east of the church is a picturesque house on whose stair turret is “16 I F I D 82.”

Edward I was in camp at Kirkliston and awaiting supplies to arrive by sea at Abercorn when he sent Bishop Bek to besiege Dirleton Castle in 1297 (p. 138).

CHAPTER XX

ABERCORN

THIS delightful retreat, entirely off the beaten track, one of the most lovely little villages of Scotland, lies hidden among its trees close to the Firth of Forth, but fairly high above the sea. It is shut out from the world by the beautiful woods and park of Hopetoun. It would be no very serious exaggeration to claim for its church and yard an interest exceeding that of any other in the land, for there is not a period in the troubled Church history of Scotland that has not left its mark.

The name is derived from the insignificant Cornie burn, which rises in the deerpark, but a mile away; Bede calls the place Abercurnig (p. 351)—a Culdee monastery was there.* By St. Wilfrid's care, about 681, Trumuin was sent to establish there a bishopric among the Picts. This did not last for long; the Northumbrian defeat at Dunnichen in 685 sent the Bishop and his monks in flight to Whitby, or rather Streonshalh, the Lighthouse Bay. It seems certain that on the departure of the Northumbrian

* Help from papers on the history of Abercorn by the late minister, Rev. J. H. Crawford, and on the monuments by Alan Reid, F.S.A. Scot., is most gratefully acknowledged.

missionaries the Culdees came back; Abercorn throughout the Middle Ages belonged to the see of Dunkeld, whose church was founded by Kenneth III in the tenth century to enshrine the relics of St. Columba, which were in danger from the Danes. To a large extent it superseded Iona as the headquarters of Celtic Christianity in Scotland. The chancel walls, with an early-looking window under a round but depressed arch (partly covered by an addition), and a rude head supporting the east gable on the north, have been claimed as pre-Norman work, but it seems very doubtful if this can be sustained. There exists, however (now in the Hopetoun Rooms), an extremely beautiful shaft of a Celtic cross with interlacing work, chiefly remarkable for the flowing and natural character of its tendrils with their terminal leaves and flowers. Another stone has Celtic interlacing work, and clearly later, but still early work, is a coffin-slab with ornately foliated cross and, pendant from a leaf, a pair of tonsorial scissors. But perhaps the most interesting of the early sepulchral remains are the so-called hog-back tombs, shaped like steep little roofs and covered with scale-like tiles, each sculptured in one piece.*

The south door of the nave is Norman; its shafts support a zigzagged arch of quite a normal type, but the tympanum with its hatching in a rough diamond pattern is an unusual

* The date of these strange memorials, of which there are three, one a mere fragment and another broken, is very doubtful. From their obvious resemblance to the lids of certain Roman sarcophagi—for instance, one now in the FitzWilliam Museum at Cambridge—I am inclined to place it early.

feature in Scotland. The rest of the church is chiefly post-Reformation, except that over the chancel arch, replaced stone by stone when the latter was rebuilt, still stands the cot, a little pointed arch with gable over, in which once hung the *saunce* bell to tell those in the fields that the consecration prayer at the Communion Service was being said, and bidding them join in adoration with those within the church. Such a feature is common in England, especially in the fifteenth-century churches of East Anglia, but in Scotland it is very rare.*

In the days when St. Margaret lived, the barony of Abercorn belonged to the family of Avenel; one of them in 1176 tried to oust the Bishop of Dunkeld from the patronage of the church, but failed. By marriage the Graemes came in, and one of them, the brave Sir John, saved the patriot Wallace at Queensferry, and died in the hour of Scotland's defeat at Falkirk in 1298. That weary war of independence was by no means fought in vain. It was far better for the English-speaking world and for England herself that Scotland should have worked out her own nationality in her own way than that she should have become a mere dependency of her Southern neighbour. Had Edward I succeeded, Scotland might have become a second Ireland, or at best a second Wales, national institutions supplanted by English conceptions and native customs by English laws. But from her Flemish trade, and still more from her long

* The date of this example is doubtful; perhaps the fifteenth century is most probable. Above the plaster ceiling of the chancel is the old wooden roof, and the fraying of the rope is visible on the westmost beam.

alliance with France, Scotland built up a nationality of her own, which had and which has in it elements far better than any the Plantagenets could have planted. It is no mere accident that the Scots have taken a part in our expansion altogether beyond their numerical strength, and their far more cordial and sympathetic manner to outsiders is a most valuable corrective to the distant politeness of John Bull.

The Muirs and the descendants of Black Douglas succeeded in turn to the barony, but by the turbulence of the latter the estate was forfeited in 1455, and the ancient castle, which stood on a hill not far from the church, was razed to the ground. The surviving ruins seemed unsightly to the classic taste of the eighteenth century, and in laying out the Hopetoun grounds they were cleared away.

A Hamilton gravestone in the church has fifteenth-century lettering. To one of that family the place was granted by James VI; his descendants are now Dukes of Abercorn (p. 203). To the Hamiltons succeeded the Setons (p. 166), and in 1678 they sold Abercorn to the Hopes, who in the next generation became Earls of Hopetoun; they own the place to-day. This famous family was founded when in 1537 one John de Hope came to Scotland from France a servitor in the train of Magdalen, the bride of James V. His great-grandson, Sir Thomas Hope, made his fortune at the Bar by defending the Moderator and five other ministers at Linlithgow (1606) when they were tried for treason because they refused obedience to the orders of Charles I. In 1616 he erected the famous Hope House, with various devout

motatoes, which was taken down to build the Edinburgh Public Library (p. 257). His diary is still extant; his son, from whom the Earls of Hopetoun are descended, is buried at Cramond (p. 312).

The period when the Stuarts were seeking to impose Episcopacy on the reluctant Scots is represented at Abercorn by a pulpit with Corinthian pilasters and round arches; it is dated "M A Z 1637."* Had their object been merely to urge their people to reform abuses indeed, but not to haul up the cables that bound them to the past—to wash but not to destroy the ancient Church—all had been very well; the benefit to the English-speaking world perhaps extremely great. But it was rather done because both Charles I and James I were firmly convinced that if there were no bishop there would soon be no king.† Their methods were tactless and very rough. Presbyterianism had a right to triumph, and triumph it did. The south transept of the church, which clearly stands partly on mediæval foundations, is dated 1618, and its sundial is initialled "T D." It contains monuments to members of the family of Dalyell, of Binns, an estate in the parish, whose house was built in 1623. There probably rests, but in a grave unmarked, the famous or notorious Thomas Dalyell, who, after taking part in the expedition to Rochelle, being captured by the victors at Worcester, escaping to the Continent, and fighting for the Russians against the Poles

* Now turned into a reading-desk, having been spoilt in the early nineteenth century.

† James VI is alleged to have remarked: "Monarchy and presbytery agree as well as God and the Devil" (Arnot).

and Turks, found himself back in Scotland to scourge the Covenanters. These enthusiasts, who were so little loved even by the English Puritans that certain creatures not admitted into, or even mentioned by, polite society were by Cromwell's troops called *covenanters*, nevertheless, in all human probability, saved Scotland to Presbyterianism. Fanatics no doubt they were, but they lived in an age which (like our own) paid little attention to reformers that did not interfere with anyone's peace of mind. If they did not get all they wanted (and after all, who does that?) they overthrew the black prelacy to which they professed so particular an abhorrence and discomfited their deadliest foes. In Scotland by some miracle they allowed themselves to be reabsorbed into the religion of the majority, but in many Scottish communities overseas they yet form a distinct religious body, repudiating other Presbyterians, and they are numerous among the mountains of that most extraordinary museum of religions, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

South of the chancel is a vault (date 1612), covered with stone slabs for the burial of the Hamilton Dundas family of Duddingston; they once had a family pew on the site of the north transept, but it was removed to build a new aisle. South of the nave is a walled burial-place built in 1727 by John Dundas, advocate, of Philpstoun.*

* The seat of this family, Philpstoun House, a pleasant white step-battlemented building, dated 1676, with several sundials, possesses that distinctively Scottish atmosphere that Hopetoun rather lacks. It is fairly secluded in its park, but there are oil-shale works at the station (Philpstoun), with enormous piles of refuse that do something to spoil the charm of the lovely district; much less, however, than might have been expected.

But by far the most interesting structure of this kind in the church is the magnificent Hopetoun pew that occupies all the east end of the chancel. The panelling has fruit and flowers in high relief; the ceiling is crossed by a fretwork beam and has emblazoned arms, with the motto "At spes infracta." To the north is added a two-story building containing a waiting-room panelled in fir with Ionic pilasters, and provided with an ornate fire-place. The date of the work is about 1700. Formerly it was richly furnished, and in the sitting-room, while common folk were "haein' a crack" in the cold kirkyard, between the services of the morning and the afternoon, the Earl was sitting by his fire and consuming his lunch in comfort almost equal to that of Hopetoun House. An adjoining apartment has a sort of "squint," commanding a prospect of the pulpit, that his lordship might see when the minister returned and it was time for him to slip back into his pew. Truly this was churchgoing made easy!

If the Hopes, however, knew how to be comfortable when circumstances allowed, they knew how to do other things as well. Several of them achieved distinction; one (John, afterwards fourth Earl, 1765-1823) was the brave soldier who succeeded to Sir John Moore's command at Corunna and directed the embarkation of the troops.

The magnificent estate spreads far along the shores of the Firth of Forth, and is just sufficiently hilly for the park to be ideal. On high ground, commanding a fine view of the urns on the house below rising above the trees and of the waters of the estuary beyond, stands Hopetoun Tower, a ruined house which seems to date from about the period when the property passed to the Hopes.

Two vaulted chambers form an L; grass and elder grow over their roofs; in the angle rises a tower, containing a stair, square, with three corners bevelled off. It has chimneys for the ruined rooms, and gargoyles of cannon shape. Some of the windows are ovoid, but mostly they are square-headed.

This building, being far too unambitious to suit the aspiring Hopes, seems to have been made a picturesque ruin when, in 1696, the present great house was begun. It was designed by Sir William Bruce, of Kinross, but Adam, who completed it, modified the plans. The pilastered front, rising three stories above the basement, is joined by colonnades to the wings (one the stable), over which rise octagonal cupolas. This striking façade looks eastward down a wide grass glade, bordered by thick trees, along whose centre runs the King's highway. The famous arboretum is very rich in well-grown evergreens. The more ordinary trees, such as oaks, elms, huge planes, horse-chestnuts and sweet, limes, and many kinds of fir, are pleasantly varied by a tulip-tree, some cedars, and other less usual kinds. Avenues, mostly of beech, give something of the stateliness that the eighteenth century so admired, but the grounds are now less formally kept than they used once to be. The red and spotted deer feeding under the deep shade of the trees in the park, the classic vistas of the house, the vast scale on which everything is planned, and occasional peeps, framed by vegetation, of the waters below, give a magnificent general effect, but there seems little that is really Scottish about it all; one seems to have come on a bit of England that has somehow wandered north.

There are no striking Hopetoun monuments in the church or the churchyard; but even in Scotland there are few country burial-places that present such a fine array of carved gravestones. They date chiefly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and some are provided with iron spikes, that the minister's cattle may not use them as rubbing-posts—a delightful reminder of the customs of ages that are gone! Carved cherubs are naturally abundant, and they are of every kind—cherubs that fly among leaves, cherubs that run, cherubs that blow trumpets, cherubs that hold hour-glasses, cherubs that bid us remember we must die. This useful lesson is insisted upon in every Scottish churchyard with as much persistence as in a Moslem country we are reminded there is but one God.

Many of the stones show us the implements that those that rest beneath used while alive; some of the epitaphs begin: "Here is the appointed resting-place." A carpenter has carved on his stone his saw and axe and square; a mariner, his sextant; a forester, his trees and spade and axe; a gardener, his rake and spade; a baker, his rolling pins and "baps"; a weaver, his shuttle and stretcher; a tailor, his shears, while a hammerman has a hammer and anvil surmounted by a crown.

In the church are preserved three common coffins of different sizes, their lids on hinges, so that the body could be moved from them at the grave. For something like two centuries they have not been used.

Professor Meiklejohn rests in the churchyard. The manse has a very pleasant old walled garden; the stair of turnpike character in a turret seems

sixteenth century, but the greater part of the house is quite modern.

Some two miles inland, but within the parish, stand the ruins of Duntarvie House, or Castle, as it is locally called, a mansion that seems to have been built by the Hamiltons early in the seventeenth century. It stands in a well-wooded park, but looks southward through its trees to the collieries in the vicinity of Winchburgh. Its simple oblong plan is broken only by a couple of towers projecting to the north; in their angles are round stair turrets resting on fine corbelled cornices with no fewer than twelve courses. On the south a string with deep cut moulding marks the top of the ground floor. There are loopholes for musketry under some of the windows. At present the building has every door walled up, so that the interior may only be seen by birds and men that fly.*

On a conspicuous peninsula a short distance west of Abercorn stands the Castle of Blackness, one of those that has to be kept garrisoned by the Act of Union. It has, however, lost all real importance, and the present garrison, while sufficient to prevent those at whose cost it is maintained from at all fully inspecting their property is hardly large enough to do much more.† There

* Judging from the exterior I thought the building had been erected at two different periods, but Macgibbon and Ross, who were able to enter and make a plan, found it to be all contemporary. It seems that the builder, as was not infrequent in Scotland, deliberately copied the forms of an earlier age.

† My notes on the buildings had to be read aloud to the admiring garrison, as there is a prohibition of "sketching" in the vicinity of what is still deemed to be a fortress. They



BLACKNESS, LOOKING NORTH.



DUNTARVIE : SOUTH SIDE.

are earthworks on a poor scale, which enclose a considerable area not now included within the defences. On the highest part of this are slight mediæval foundations that appear in the photograph opposite p. 332. There are also rather uninteresting ruins of a small tower just inland. The point is surrounded by a substantial wall, which rests upon the Carboniferous rocks, and is partly washed by the waters of the Firth at high tide. There is a round arched door, now walled up, which might be any age; some embrasures and a round turret have a sixteenth-century look. The buildings within are chiefly eighteenth-century barracks.

were adjudged not to constitute any proof of my being a spy, and I left the soldiers, who were extremely courteous, with mutual expressions of goodwill.



Arms of the Burgh.

CHAPTER XXI

LINLITHGOW

“ OF all the palaces so fair
 Built for the royal dwelling
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling.
 And in its park in genial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blyth the blackbird's lay !
 The wild buck bells from thorny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake—
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see a scene so gay.”

Thus does Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* describe the county town that was once the favourite residence of the Scottish Kings, a convenient half-way house between Edinburgh and Stirling. Into the beautiful loch, that is well known for its eels and its curling, there projects from the south a promontory, on which there seems to have been a tower as early as the time of David I. The place was seized and made an English stronghold

by Edward I, but in 1313 it was recovered by the Scots, who made use of a really ingenious strata-gem, as is related in John Barbour's *Brus*, the well-known poem about the war of independence, composed in 1375—

“ And at Lythgow was then a Peel
Mikel and stark and stuffed weel
With Englishmen, and wes reset
To them that with armour or meat
Frae Edinburgh would to Strewelyng ga
And frae Strewelyng again als wa.”

William Binnock, “a stout carle and a stour,” was employed to bring hay for the use of the garrison. Under the fodder one day he concealed eight armed men, and more lay in ambush as near to the castle gate as could safely be managed. In the heat of summer, the cart lazily drove up, and the listless soldiers, who were expecting it, made no trouble about opening the gate. When the wain was safely under the portcullis the yoke was cut, out leaped the armed men, and a vigorous yell, “Call all, call all!” brought up the ambush as well, so that the castle was captured by the Scots. Binnock's descendants, the Binnings of Wallyford, derived their coat of arms, a loaded wain, with motto “Virtute doloque,” from the event. Dr. J. Maitland Thomson (Rhind Lectures, 1911) has pointed out that Robert Bruce never advanced far beyond his ideas as Earl of Carrick, and had practically no further ideals of kingship than that of superior lord of the feudal barons. This is well illustrated by his failure to organize a really national administration, or to make any active use of captured castles, and that of Linlithgow was simply demolished according to his

usual policy.* This was probably done thoroughly; at any rate nothing remains to-day of an earlier date than the fourteenth century, and what exists is a beautiful palace surrounding a square court, not a castle. Some building was done by David II in the middle of the fourteenth century, but in 1424 the whole of Linlithgow was destroyed by fire, and when James I immediately afterwards began the rebuilding, it was on an entirely new plan. On the sloping ground to the east are earthworks that may be of almost any date; probably they are older than any part of the masonry.

The palace, which is nearly complete except for woodwork, burned by Hawley's soldiers in the troubles of 1746, has a wide but low gabled tower at each angle, with a stair turret projecting into the court. The ground slopes from south to north. The building operations were in progress at intervals throughout the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, so that the Jameses must almost have been living in a stonemason's yard. In the south-west corner some older walls are incorporated, but the fact would hardly be noticed except on a careful study of the plan. The severely plain west side is probably the part that was first erected; its large parapet rests on plain corbels; on the

* Arnot says: "In power and splendour, the Sovereign was so little exalted above the great Barons, that, till the reign of James VI, no guards attended the royal person. Far from affecting the solitary pomp of modern Princes, the Scottish Kings lived with their nobles in a state of social intercourse, more natural, agreeable, and instructive than those rules which modern Kings have formed to themselves, of secluding for ever the possibility of their having a companion or a friend."

south and east the corbels are alternately long and short and on different levels. On the east side is the original entrance, a round arched gateway, surmounted by a coat of arms and slits for the drawbridge chains, a large canopied niche to right and left. Along this side is an outer wall with round turrets, flying buttresses crossing to the palace; evidently the drawbridge shut down onto this, but as it is destroyed opposite the gate the exact arrangement is uncertain. On the whole, the exterior is plain except for the windows of chapel and hall and an oriel that lights a passage (rib-vaulted within) near the west end of the north side. The chief ornaments of the court (which is almost exactly square), besides the four turrets already mentioned, are figures of the Virgin and lilies over the south entrance and three large niches surmounted by angels holding scrolls and by a cusped hood-mould over the gateway arch. On its southern side are some square-headed Perpendicular windows which all open to passages, probably additions by James V. Nearly all the chambers on the ground floor are vaulted; one in the north-west corner has ribs, a most unusual feature in Scotland for a place that seems to have been merely a store. Besides cellars, these chambers formed well-house, kitchen, bakery, guardrooms, possibly stables. In the north-west turret the newel shaft supports the vault, which rests on carved corbels; in the other three the vault has a central boss. The chambers above the ground story had timber floors or roofs; some hooded fireplaces remain. Both chapel and hall extend through two stories; the former (south) was lighted by five large splayed windows, round-headed and trefoiled, all opening to the exterior;

between them are canopied niches. The hall or Lion Chamber, in which Parliaments sometimes met, on the east side, is a magnificent apartment, its southern end occupied by a great hooded fireplace with four clustered pillars and beautiful little brackets for candles; over it is a round arch that formed the end of the roof, otherwise open timber. Along the windows on the side of the court is a rather wide passage, communicating with one of the turret stairs and leading to the little room from which the portcullis was worked. By James V, who was born in the palace, were probably added the little south porch, with round turrets and loops for musketry, and the outer gateway that joins the tower of the church. This last has flat arches and a vault with ribs at intervals; over the outer archway, which is flanked by turrets, are the arms of four orders of knighthood, each of a different nation: St. Michael (French), the Golden Fleece (Imperial), the Garter (English), and the Thistle (Scottish). The beautiful but sadly mutilated fountain in the court also seems to be of the time of James V. The arras hangings and furniture were undoubtedly of a very rich character, but the general effect of the building when still occupied by kings must be left largely to the imagination. It must, however, have been very splendid, if there was anything more than French politeness in the remark of James V's bride, Mary of Guise, that she had never seen a more princely palace.

After the Scottish sovereigns had annexed England, Linlithgow was largely deserted, and when visited by James VI the north side was ruinous. He accordingly had it rebuilt, and requiring a large number of rooms, he made five

stories instead of three, without adding much to the height. It necessitated a fifth stair-turret in the middle of the side; this part has one large room in the smaller banqueting-hall. The work is an excellent specimen of the Scottish Renaissance style; over the windows are pediments adorned with thistles and roses; the parapet is rather elaborately carved. That it was not erected with undue haste is evident from the dates upon it—1610 on the lower part and 1620 on the top of the turret. It was probably from the hunting in the neighbourhood of the palace that the town derived the secular part of its arms—a hound chained to a tree.

Just south of the palace is one of the finest old parish churches in Scotland; it seems to have existed as early as the castle, and it was dedicated to the patron saint of the town, Michael the Archangel, whose battle with the Dragon forms the rest of the burgh arms. It was within its walls, traditionally in the south transept, that there appeared to James IV the spectre that bade him desist from the expedition that was to end in such disaster at Flodden. It is related by Lindsay of Pitscottie: “Att that time the King came to Lithgow, quhair he was at the counsal very sad and dollourous, makand his prayers to God, to send him ane guid success in his voyage. And thair came ane man clad in ane blew gowne, belted about him with ane roll of lining and ane pair of Brottikines on his feitt, and all other things conform thairto. Bot he had nothing on his head, bot syd hair to his shoulderis and bald before. He seemed to be ane man of fifty yeires, and came fast forwards, crying among the Lordis and specialle for the King, saying, that he desired

to speak with him, quhill at the last he cam to the dask quhair the King was at his prayeris. Bot when he saw the King he gave him no due reverence nor salutation, but leaned him down grufflingis upon the dask, and said, 'Sir King, my mother has sent me to the, desiring the not to go quhair thou art purposed, whilk if thou doe, thou sall not fair weill in thy journey nor non that is with the. Farder shee forbad the, not to mell, nor use the counsell of women, quilk if thou doe, thow wil be confounded and brought to shame.' Be this man had spoken thir words to the King, the evin song was neir done, and the King paused on thir wordis, studeing to give him ane answer. Bot in the meane tyme, befoir the Kingis eyis, and in presence of the wholl lordis that war about him for the tyme, this man evanished away, and could be no more seine. I heard Sir David Lyndsay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis the marchell, who war at that tyme young men, and speciall servandis to the Kingis grace, thought to have takin this man, bot they could not, that they might have speired farther tydings at him, bot they could not touch him." There can be little doubt that the whole matter was engineered by some one (perhaps the Queen), who, possessing a little common sense, desired to stop the King from going on the maddest chase that was ever undertaken by a Scottish monarch.

The existing building was erected with the palace at different times during the fifteenth century; the character is quite uniform, but the nave and aisles of five bays with south porch and low transepts at the east end were evidently built first, then the chancel and aisles of three bays; the tower and apse were perhaps added at either

end shortly after 1500. The nave has clustered pillars (shields on some of the shafts) and well-moulded caps and pointed arches; the aisles are rib-vaulted with clustered shafts against the walls, along which is a stone bench. The aisle windows are of good Decorated character, each of four lights. The transepts are no more than chapels. Both triforium and clearstory have two-light openings; the existence of the former is very unusual in a building purely parochial, but there is a much earlier example at New Shoreham, in Sussex. The original roofs both of nave and chancel seem to have been timber—the walls would hardly support stonework—but in 1814 plaster vaulting was substituted. The chancel and its aisles are of substantially the same character as the nave, but the clustered pillars are of different section and their caps and bases have the straight mouldings, ignoring the sinuosities of the shafts, that are not unusual in late Scottish work; the triforium is also unpierced. The present chancel arch is modern and pointed; the three-sided apse opens by a large round arch and has tall transomed windows of rather poor Perpendicular character; the central one has a wheel in the head. In the south transept are pieces of a bas-relief reredos. The exterior has buttresses with niches and parapets with long battlements and gargoyles. The porch and the transepts rise above the aisles and have chambers over them with double crow-stepped gables. The north transept and porch have stairs of their own; the room over the south transept is entered from the aisle roof; that over the porch has a beautiful little corbelled oriel. The tower is a rather plain unbuttressed structure; there are benches under

flat arches in north and south walls, and in the responds are aumbreys; the ribbed vault has a bell-hole. The west door is a remarkable and Continental-looking composition; a shaft divides it into two, and above is a canopied niche with a three-light window each side, all comprised under a pointed arch. This tower was formerly surmounted by a mural crown, but in the early part of the nineteenth century it was voted dangerous and replaced by pinnacles that produce a most commonplace effect.*

As early as 1559 this church was dealt with by the Lords of the Congregation, and, as Andrew Fairservice (in Scott's *Rob Roy*) said of Glasgow Cathedral, "the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'budy was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland." It is remarkable that these zealous reformers made an exception in favour of the patron saint, who still remains, slaying the dragon, on the top of the south-west buttress. The church was very carefully restored in 1894, and its present condition in

* I have been so much impressed by the huge improvement to the whole town that the corona must have formed that it has been restored in the illustration: perhaps it is a piece of intelligent anticipation! If any public or private memorial is required in Linlithgow there could be no better opportunity.



Linlithgow Palace and Church from the Loch.

every way reflects the very highest credit on all concerned in its care.

In 1348 a Parliament of David II, sitting at Perth, decreed that "so long as the burghs of Berwic and Roxburgh are detained and holden by English men, the burghs of Lanark and Lithcow shall be received and admitted in their place" for the Court of the Four Royal Burghs. Linlithgow has long been famed for its fountains; as the old rhyme has it—

"Glasgow for bells,
Lithgow for wells,
Fa'kirk for beans and peas,
Peebles for clashes and lees."

Near the east end of High Street is a pump with statue, and the inscription "1720 SAINT MICHAEL IS KINDE TO STRAINGERS," a rather surprising sentence for the date, doubtless copied from an older erection. The square by the palace is called the Cross, and it contains the Cross Well, rebuilt in 1807 in imitation of an earlier structure of the time of James VI. There are figures and pinnacles and things down by the water; flying buttresses slope up to the top, where a unicorn presides over all. The Town Hall is a seventeenth-century building with a tower, but a good deal modernized from having been burned and rebuilt. There are still some old houses in the town, but the most interesting, including that whence in 1570 the infamous James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent Moray, and the reputed town-house of the Knights Hospitallers, have been swept away.

The headquarters of this order in Scotland was

at Torphichen, a beautiful village a few miles to the south, on the other side of the Union Canal. It stands among lovely hills, all woods or grassy slopes, or rocks framed by the wild-flowers. A little stream falls down to the wooded gorge of the Avon Water, the boundary of Stirlingshire, and just under some knolls that are really natural, but look like great tumuli from a distance, stands all that remains of the Preceptory of the knightly monks, who in 1565 so grandly held Malta from the Turks. The only early fragment appears to be a Norman doorway, the shafts having a sort of palm-leaf capital without much suggestion of the fronds, but evidently detail brought to Western Europe by the Crusaders, of which examples are not at all uncommon. Otherwise the remains amount to practically no more than the transepts and central tower of the church, which was a cruciform structure about 158 feet long. The tower rests on plain lancet arches, their supports being each square with three attached shafts, bases and caps having simple continuous mouldings, as if for semi-octagonal responds. Both tower and transepts are rib-vaulted at the same height; the original tower windows consist each of two little lancets with an oval opening above; the transept windows are of Decorated character, the date being somewhere about 1450. All four limbs had originally steep gables against the tower for wooden roofs over the vaults, and the nave had a south aisle without clearstory.

The tower has a saddle roof, the gables built on the inner edges of the thick walls, so as to allow a passage round. This remains on the north, but on the south a chimney has been in-

serted for two rooms in the tower, one over the other, and each with a fire-place. At the same time that this space was adapted to domestic purposes, probably about 1500, the transept walls were raised and rooms built over them, there is a fire-place in the southern. The approach is by the original newel stair in the north-west corner of the tower, from whose top were steps against the north wall to the parapet passage. The line



Torphichen Church, S.W.

of the north transept was continued by conventual buildings in two stories, each having an opening to the church, the lower one with seats in the jambs. The work is substantial, but rather rough; parts of the walls are probably Norman, and there is a pilaster buttress in the corner of the north transept, against which was probably the cloister. The sanctuary stone remains in the churchyard.

The Preceptor sat in Parliament alternately

among clergy and barons. The only monument commemorates Walter Lindsay, who died in 1538; it has a small bas-relief representing a skeleton, according to a disgusting custom which was common in England in the fifteenth century. He is referred to by Sir David Lindsay—

“The wise Sir Walter Lindsay they him call,
Lord of St. John and Knight of Torphichen,
By sea and land a valiant capitane.”

The last Preceptor was James Sandilands, a friend and supporter of John Knox, who became the first Baron Torphichen in 1563, acquiring the ownership of the Preceptory. It is supposed that the owner of Torphichen is automatically a peer, as in the case of Arundel Castle:* the villagers say that if the remains of the structure fell the title would be lost; what seems undoubted is that the title is in no way damaged by the complete neglect of the Preceptory.

On the site of the nave and using the foundations of the old north wall is a fairly picturesque T-shaped kirk built in the eighteenth century, with an outside stone stair to the galleries.

By a bend in the Avon, near Torphichen Bridge, was born in a humble cottage Henry Bell (1767–1830), under whose direction was built the first steamer that would really work which floated on any European river. The name of the river was the Clyde; the steamer was called the *Comet*. Robert Fulton died insolvent and embittered, Bell ended his useful life as a pensioner of the Clyde Trustees, but a good deal has come from

* J. H. Round has, however, conclusively shown that the owner of Arundel Castle is not automatically a peer.

the beginnings that they made. It cannot honestly be said that the *Comet* was eagerly welcomed by the sailing vessels with which she seemed likely to compete. When she began to navigate the Kyles of Bute and found her way to the Crinan Canal, the skippers of the old fly-boats were seized with great dismay. One of them piped on deck his whole ship's company, consisting of a man and a boy, and said to them, "Kneel doon and thank God that ye sail with the Almighty's ain wind, and no' wi' the De'il's ain fire and brimstone like that splutterin' thing there."

On the last day of the wet August of 1912 the centenary of the *Comet's* launching was celebrated with much enthusiasm on the Clyde. To quote from the *Times* account: "When for a time the shipyards were left behind, one had leisure to notice the Henry Bell monument at Dunglass, elaborately decorated for the occasion, and to admire the picturesque rock of Dumbarton and the pleasant hills to the north. But at Port Glasgow and thence onward to Greenock there were more big shipyards, and a further striking array of battleships and liners and merchant vessels to impress the imagination. At the yard of Messrs. Robert Duncan & Co. at Port Glasgow, the signals '*Comet* built here' were displayed to remind us that it was at this place that John and Charles Wood undertook the construction of the first passenger steamboat for Henry Bell. And hereabouts a miniature *Comet*, a strange-looking craft, with its funnel-mast and its pair of paddle-wheels, aroused much interest as it was towed about the river."

CHAPTER XXII

BORROWSTOUNNESS

THE chief historical interest of this district is the fact that in the immediate vicinity was the eastern terminus of the Wall of Antoninus Pius, erected about 142 A.D. by the Governor of Britain, Lollius Urbicus. The fortification is called *vallum* and not *mur* in the inscriptions that have been found; it consisted of a deep ditch with a rampart on the south, and just within the defences was a road. The Military Way was about 40 or 50 yards from the rampart; between the rampart and the ditch there is a platform, or berm, usually about 20 feet wide. The sides of the fossa were sloping till near the bottom, where they seem to have become perpendicular, so as to form along there a straight-sided ditch. The earth dug from it was thrown out to the north, where it forms a second agger; but where it might be of value to the enemy and form a sort of counterpoise to the proper agger—that is, where the ground is fairly level—it is carefully spread out. The rampart was constructed of turves laid on a substantial foundation of large stones, with drains at intervals. The line was exceedingly well chosen for defence; the ditch and rampart run along a series of low hills that rise directly from

the southern edge of the trough-like valley that extends from the Forth to the Clyde. The defences hardly ever occupy the crest of the ridge, but usually lie on its northern slope, a little below the summit.*

Bede gives the following account of the circumstances in which the vallum was erected, a point on which he was under a misapprehension, having been misled by Gildas, much of whose language he actually transcribes: "On account of the irruption of these nations, the Britons sent messengers to Rome with letters in mournful manner, praying for succours, and promising perpetual subjection, provided that the impending enemy should be driven away. An armed legion was immediately sent them, which, arriving in the island, and engaging the enemy, slew a great multitude of them, drove the rest out of the territories of their allies, and having delivered them from their cruel oppressors, advised them to build a wall between the two seas across the island, that it might secure them, and keep off the enemy; and thus they returned home with great triumph. The islanders raising the wall, as they had been directed, not of stone, as having no artist capable of such a work, but of sods, made it of no use. However, they drew it for many miles between the two bays or inlets of the seas, which we have spoken of: to the end that where the defence of the water was wanting, they might use the rampart to defend their borders from the irruptions of the enemies. Of which work there erected, that is, of a rampart of extraordinary breadth and height, there are

* An excellent and practically exhaustive account of this work is given in Dr. George Macdonald's *The Roman Wall in Scotland*, Glasgow, 1911, to which I am greatly indebted.

evident remains to be seen at this day. It begins at about 2 miles' distance from the monastery of Abercurnig (p. 323), on the west, at a place called in the Pictish language, Peanfahel, but in the English tongue, Penneltun, and running to the westward, ends near the city Alcluith" (Dumbarton).*

As to the exact spot where the vallum ended on the Forth there has been considerable discussion, but Dr. Macdonald thinks it is settled in favour of Bridgeness by the discovery there in 1868 of a beautiful slab of stone with an inscription, and at either end a bas-relief displaying a horseman riding down the Caledonians, who are getting a very poor time of it indeed, and some Roman soldiers bringing sacrificial animals to an altar, on which one of their number is apparently pouring a libation; above them waves a banner inscribed "LEG II AVG." Over each relief is a pediment with pilasters; eagles' beaks and rosettes help to adorn the space outside the frame of the central inscription, which reads:—

IMP CAES TITO AELIO
HADRIANTONINO
AVG PIO P P LEG II
AVG PER MPIII DCL II
FEC

This monument is now in the Historical Museum at Edinburgh. A tablet marks the spot near which it was discovered. There are none but the vaguest traces of the vallum in Lothian, but its position is indicated, at any rate approximately, by Graham's Dyke Road, the original boundary of the parish of

* J. A. Giles's edition.

Borrowstounness, or, as it is usually written and pronounced, Bo'ness (p. 353). Fordun tells us that the wall was known as Grymisdyke, because it was destroyed by Gryme, the father of King Eugenius. This is interesting chiefly as showing that the name is at any rate several centuries old.

James Curle, in his superb work, *A Roman Frontier Post and its People* (Newstead, near Melrose), 1911, after a full survey of the evidence, comes to the conclusion that the Empire abandoned effective occupation of the part of Scotland that once belonged to it, probably in the reign of Commodus; though, of course, Roman expeditions were sent into Caledonia in later times. The Emperor Septimius Severus penetrated as far as what is now Aberdeenshire. Early in the fifth century the legions were withdrawn from the whole of the island. The querulous Gildas, in a characteristically grumbling passage, thus describes what followed: "No sooner were they gone than the Picts and Scots, like worms which in the heat of midday come forth from their holes, hastily land again from their canoes, in which they had been carried beyond the Cichican valley, differing one from another in manners, but inspired with the same avidity for blood, and all more eager to shroud their villainous faces in bushy hair than to cover with decent clothing those parts of their body which required it. Moreover, having heard of the departure of our friends, and their resolution never to return, they seized with greater boldness than before on all the country towards the extreme north as far as the wall. To oppose them there was placed on the heights a garrison equally slow to fight and ill adapted to run away, a useless and panic-struck company, who slumbered away days

and nights on their unprofitable watch. Meanwhile the hooked weapons of their enemies were not idle, and our wretched countrymen were dragged from the wall* and dashed against the ground."† It is of course possible that the reference is to the southern wall, usually known as Hadrian's, but Bede understands the vallum across Scotland.

At Carriden, half a mile east of Bridgeness on the Forth, so many Roman remains have been discovered that it has been supposed that here was an important fort immediately within the end of the vallum. There can in any case be no doubt that it was occupied by the Romans. The name is Celtic, shortened from *Caer-ridden*. A narrow pathway along the water front, overhung by the trees in the grounds of Carriden House, leads to Blackness Castle (p. 332). There is a ruined church of modern date and beside it a creditable new building in an adapted Norman style.

In 1649 an Act was passed to make a parish of Bo'ness: "The saide estate of Parlement erects ye said Kirk of borrowstounnesse now planted w^t a minister And Separats and Divyds ye samene from ye Kirk of Kynneil in all tyme comeing qrof it was ane ane part And ordaines and Declaires Grahame's Dyk to bound ye samyn on the south." The kirk referred to was built originally about 1634, and a double round-headed window in the east wall, now blocked, seems to belong to this date. In 1775 it was largely rebuilt and again altered in 1820; it is extremely ugly, with an open square bell-cot on the west gable. A larger parish kirk

* These weapons must have resembled the famed Lochaber axe, which has a hook behind the blade.

† J. A. Giles's edition.

has been erected and the building is now the Episcopal Church of St. Catherine ; the yard has a good many carved gravestones. The old pulpit was brought from the Low Countries, with which Bo'ness had formerly an extensive trade. During the seventeenth century the port enjoyed considerable prosperity, and several houses dating from that period still remain. At Grangepans, which is between Bo'ness and Bridgeness, the three forming a continuous town, built into a later shop, is the date-stone of the jointure-house of Grange, 1647, with the initials of Sir James Hamilton and his spouse Dame Christina Forrester (of Corstorphine), in the days when the wife of a knight was not satisfied to bear merely the commonplace title of Lady.

When in 1768 the Forth and Clyde Canal was begun, efforts were made to secure a branch connecting with Bo'ness, but after £7,500 had been expended on the viaduct over the Avon Glen, the works were abandoned. Trade has now been restored to the port by the development of coal mines and oil-shale works in the vicinity ; it is a prosperous-looking, not very beautiful town, with conspicuous Town Hall and Carnegie Library. Along the top of the ridge that rises from the estuary is a line of not unattractive villas, from whose windows one looks over the slate roofs of cottages and of workshops to piles of timber on the wharves, with shipping and the Forth beyond them.

At Kinneil House, now on the borders of the town, James Watt matured some of his improvements on the steam-engine ; for about twenty years the philosopher Dugald Stewart lived in the same place. Along the shore to the westward

stretches the Carse of Kinneil, flats reclaimed from the sea. On the banks of Avon Water the bound of Lothian is placed.

One of the saddest sights that the lover of Scotland sees in her pleasant villages is the ruined stone cottage that is very far from being rare; there is an unfortunate tendency for her purely agricultural population—not greatly to increase. Emigration from the district that is treated in this book is by no means new: John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College, one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, was born only just outside it—at Gifford, in East Lothian. But in whatsoever part of the world he may be, whether he or his fathers left Scotland behind, there is none of her children that does not in his heart feel with Allan Cunningham (1784–1842)—

“Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

“When the flower is i’ the bud and the leaf is on the
tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!”

(It is important to realize that in Scotland the different styles of mediæval architecture are not quite contemporary with those in England: for instance, Decorated forms lasted through the fifteenth century in lands north of the Tweed.)

INDEX

(*Personal and family names and titles are in italics.*)

A

Abb (Ebba), 52-61
 Abercorn, 203, 322-32, 351
 Aberdeen, 54, 150
 Aberdeen Breviary, 98, 298
 Aberlady, 164-5, 169
Abernethy, John, 104
 Abington, 234
 Academy, Edinburgh, 284
Adam (Brothers), 49, 183, 259, 330
Adamnan, 56-8, (another) 315
 Advocates' Library, 264
Ælred, 213
Æneas Sylvius, 101, 183
 Afghanistan, 210
Agnes, Black, 87, 89, 103-5
Aidan, St., 19
 Ailsa Crag, 107, 109, 121
 Akropolis, 232
 Albion, 107
Alexander II, 248
Alexander III, 24
Alexander the Great, 209
 Almanza, 186
 Almond Water, 310, 321
Alwin, Abbot, 237
Anderson, James, 114
 Anderwike (Innerwick), 82-3
Angus, Earl of (Bell the Cat), 135

Anthony, Chapel of St., 212
Antoninus Pius, 311, 349
 Appalachians, 190
 Arabian Nights, 210
 Archerfield, 141
 Argyll, 54
Arnot, 91, 93, 145, 220, 242, 275, 277, 307, 336
Arran (Regent), 176
Arthur, King, 79, 209, 210
 Arthur's Seat, 130, 203, 209-213
 Arundel, 347
Athelstan, 143
 Athelstaneford, 143-6, 154
 Athens, 232, 286
 Augustinians, 214-16
 Auldhame, 105-6
Averel family, 325
 Avon Water, 294, 345, 354
 Ayton, 47, 48

B

Badon, Mount, 211
Baillie, William, 174
Baird, Andrew, 77
Baird of Newbyth, 103
Balcanguhall, Dean, 267
Baldred, St., 97-105, 116-117
Balfour, A. J., 96
Balfour, Professor, 114
Baliol, 24, 90, 193

- Ballantyne, Abbot*, 302
Bamburgh, 19
Banachtyne, 293
Bane, Donald, 61, 317
Barbour, 27, 335
Barclay, Dr., 151
Baring-Gould, 97
Barker, Robert, 103
Barnbogle, 314
Basil, St., 109
Bass Rock, 70, 97, 103, 107-122
Beaton, Cardinal, 104, 116
Bede, 20, 55, 59, 311, 323, 350.
Bedford, Earl of, 34
Bee, St., 52
Bek, Bishop, 138
Belford, 19
Bell the Cat, 135
Bell Hill, 55
Bell Tower (Berwick), 22, 31
Bell, Henry, 347
Bellenden, Canon, 74, 108, 272
Beowulf, 128
Berwick, North, 113, 117, 123-33
Berwick-on-Tweed, 17-39 (plan, 22), 48, 344
Berwickshire (Merse), 17-78
Billings, R. W., 53, 135, 151, 161, 207
Binnock, William, 335
Binns, 327
Bishoprics of Scottish Church, 54
Black, 190
Black Watch Tower, 23
Blackadder, father and son, 119-20
Blackford Hill, 291
Blackness, 332-33
Blair, Robert, 144
Blanc, H. J., 237
Blast of Knox's Trumpet, 161
Blenheim, 172
Blue Blanket, 250
Boderia, Bodotria, 121
Bodleian, 236
Boece, Boetius, 25, 74, 86, 108, 109, 272
Bolan, 66
Bollandists, 97
Bolton, 216
Bonar, Horatio, 229
Bo'ness, 352-4
Boroughbridge, 99
Bothwell, 87, 96, 176, 208, 218, 266
Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, 217
Bothwell Castle, 158
Braehead, 310
Braid Burn, 204, 291
Braid Hills, 287, 291
Braid, James, 130
Breakneck Stairs, 19
Brechin, 54, 197
Breguoin, Mount, 211
Brend, John, 31
Brereton, Sir William, 35
Bride, St., 315
Bridgeness, 351
Bristow Port (Edinburgh), 175
Brodie, Deacon, 231, 277
Brown, Sir Samuel, 47
Bruce, Robert, 27, 77, 133, 171, 181, 213, 335
Bruce, Sir William, of Kinross, 219, 330
Bruges, 23
Brunstane House, 202
Bryce, David, 285
Buccleuch, 184, 308-9
Buchanan, 85, 234
Burgh Muir, 223, 287
Burghs of Barony and Regality, 196
Burn, William, 278

Burnmouth, 42-5
Burns, 229
 Burnt Candlemas, 150
Burton, J. H., 291
Butler, D., 265

C

Cadees, 227
 Caithness, 54
 Calot Shad, 19
 Calton Crag, 229
Calvin, John, 161
 Cambridge, 102, 151, 324
Camden, 21, 121, 143, 232
Campbell, Alexander, 200
Campbell, Thomas, 144
 Camps, prehistoric, 66, 95, 148
 Canongate, 209-31
 Canty Bay, 132
 Cape Club, 230
Capella, John de, 205
 Captain Head, 148
 Carberry Hill, 176
 Carboniferous rocks, 41, 42, 122, 316, 333
 Carham, Battle of, 21
Carlyle, Thomas, 137, 158
Carlyle, Mrs., 157
Carlyle of Inveresk, 146, 173
 Carmelite Order, 24, 165, 318
Carmichael, 106
 Carriden, 353
 Carrubbers Close, 204
 Castle Hedingham, 66
Caxton, 209
 Celts, Celtic, 19, 53, 324
Chalmers, George, 90, 96, 97
Chambers, Robert, 220, 227, 233, 273
Chambers, Sir William, 203
Charlie, Prince, 276
Charles I, 36, 188, 216

Charles II, 216, 219, 242, 265, 307
Chepman, Walter, 251
 Chester, 21
 Chesters, 148
 Cheviots, 20, 47
Chrysostom, St., 162
 Cinque Ports, 17
 Cistercians, 24, 128, 141, 154, 186
Claudio, 256
Claverhouse, 239
 Coates, 282
 Cockburnspath (Copperspath), 72-4, 77-8
 Cockenzie, 168
Cochrane, Robert, 206
 Colchester, 85
 Coldingham (Coludi Urbs), 21, 55, 62-66, 71, 104
 Colinton, 292
 Colon, 201
Columba, St., 324
 Comet, s.s., 347-8
Commodus, 352
 Common Prayer, Book of, 156, 269
 Connecticut, 36
Constantius, 170
 Cornwall, 171
 Corstorphine, 68, 292-4
 Covenanters, 91, 94, 119, 137, 241, 265-7, 322, 328
 Covert Way (Berwick), 22, 34
 Cowgate, 257, 259
 Craigleith, 129
 Craiglockhart, 291
 Craigmillar, 204-8
 Cramond, 310-11, 327
Crawford, Abbot, 102
Cressingham, 27
Cromwell, 63, 72, 88, 91-2, 244
 Crow Hill, 211

Crusades, 316
 Culdees, 54, 324
Cunningham, James, 131
Cunningham, W. B., 172
Curle, James, 352
Cuthbert, St., 21, 50, 56, 61, 97,
 247, 275, 315

D

Dalkeith, 184-6
 Dalmeny, 23, 100, 311, 315-16
 Dalriada, 18, 85
Dalrymple family, 121, 123, 322
Dalyell, 327
 Dance of Death, 199
 Danes, 59, 85, 171
Darling, Grace, 19
Darnley, 96, 218, 258
Darwin, 308
David I, 61, 141, 152, 184, 186,
 213-14, 334
David II, 326
De Vallibus, 128
De Vescie (De Eiton), 47
 Dean Bridge, 282
 Devil's Arrows, 99
Dick, Stewart, 318
Dickson, T., 196
 Dirleton, 117, 137-41, 165, 322
 Dirty Club, 231
Dods, Joseph, 38
 Donaldson's Hospital, 268
 Doon Hill (Doonhill), 94, 129
 Doorstep folk-art, 45
 Dornoch, 54
Douglas family, 19, 63, 96, 133,
 177, 184, 193, 244, 250
 Dowlaw, 67
Drake, 201
 Drem, 149
Drummond of Hawthornden,
 189, 191-3

Dryden, 210
 Duddingston, 202-4, 213, 328
Dugdale, 60
 Dumbiedikes, 204
 Dunbar, 72, 74, 81, 85-94, 103,
 129, 193
Dunbar, Earl of, 89-90
Dunbar, George, 156
Dunbar, Patrick, 74
Dunbar, William, 30, 211
 Dunblane, 54
Duncan, 235
 Dundas, 318-20
 Dunfermline, 217, 239, 317
 Dunglass, 73, 75, 79-81
 Dunkeld, 54, 165, 312, 324
Dunlop, Miss, 157
 Dunnichen, 323
 Duntarvie, 332
 Durham, 21, 50, 61, 169, 184,
 213, 220, 269
Durham, James, 227

E

Eagle Rock, 312
Ebba (Abb), 52-61
Ebranke, 233
 Ecclefechan, 158
Edgar, King, 61-3
Edgar, John, 48
Edgar the Ætheling, 234
Edgils, 59
 Edinburgh, 54, 104, 129, 135,
 157, 187, 201, 209-92
 Edinburgh Castle, 232-45
Edmonstone, Jean, 196
Edmund Ironside, 234
 Edrington (Edington in *Ford*),
 29, 48
Edward I of England, 24, 25,
 103, 138, 213, 322, 325, 335
Edward II, 87

Edward III, 19, 29, 87, 150, 240
Edward I of Scotland, 124
Edwin of Northumbria, 233
Egfrid, 55
Eider ducks, 115
Elbottle, 141
Elgin, 54
Elizabeth, Queen, 32, 35, 36,
163, 205, 303
Eloi, St., 250
Elphinstone, 176-8
Ely, 56
Ermine Street, 19
Erskine, Lady Barbara, 212
Erskine, Harry, 220
Erskine, Thomas, 140
Esdras, Book of, 199
Esk, River, 179-200
Etheldreda, 55
Everard, H. S. C., 131
Eye Water, 45, 47, 71
Eyemouth, 45, 53, 75

F

Fairknowe, 103-4
Falconer, David, 135
Falside Castle, 176
Farne Islands, 19
Fast Castle, 66-9, 108, 129
Fenton, 106
Fenton, Viscount, 140
Fenwicke, Colonel, 36
Fergusson, 229-30
Fettes, William, 229; College,
285
Fettis, 143
Fidra, 129
Fife, 70, 103, 125, 176
Fife, Earls of, 128
Flambard, 50
Flanders, Flemings, 20, 23, 24,
25, 88

Flankers, 32-3
Fleming, Professor, 114
Flemington, 42
Flodden, 41, 47, 167, 252, 259
Forbes, Bishop, 197
Ford, John, 48
Fordun, 21, 150, 317, 352
Foreman, Andrew, 104
Forrester family, 292-4, 354
Fort Rose, 54
Forth Bridge, 318
Foulden, 47
France, French, 46, 133, 150,
159, 163, 165, 302-3, 326
Franciscans, 151
Free Church, 94
Froissart, 28, 240
Fuller, John, 38

G

Galloway, 54
Gardiner, Colonel, 172
Garleton Hills, 129, 143, 146-9
Geddes, Jenny, 269, 321
Gelfillan, Robert, 302
George IV, 122
Gifford, James, 98
Giffordgate, 160
Gildas, 350, 352
Giles, J. A., 59, 351, 353
Giles, St., 153, 248 *seq.*, 269 *seq.*
Gilmour family, 205
Giudi, 312
Gladsmuir, 174
Gladstone, W. E., 256
Glasgow, 54, 97, 145, 151, 197
Gogar, 295
Golden Charter, 250
Golf, 130-2, 141-2, 165, 225-6,
288, 303
Gordon, Duke of, 239
Gosford, 101, 164, 169

Gospatrick, 85
Gough, 93
Gowrie (alleged conspirator),
 139, 299
Graeme family, 325
Graham, Gillespie, 89
Graham, Patrick, 54
Graham, William, 184
Graham's Dyke, 351
Grangemouth, 294
Grangepans, 354
Grant, James, 211, 232, 288, 301,
 308
Granton, 308-9
Grantshouse, 72
Gray, Andrew, 225
Gray, Robert, 302
Gray, Thomas, 145
Green, Charles E., 178
Greenland, 195
Greensted, 237
Grey, John, 156
Greyfriars, 175, 266-7, 320
Grier, George, 154
Grime, 234
Grose, 142, 151
Guernsey, 186
Gullane, 140-2
Gungreen, 42, 46
Gustavus Adolphus, 94
Gut, 82

H

Hacon VI of Norway, 195
Haddington, 150-8, 164, 165,
 168
Haddington, Earl of, 100
Haggis Knowe, 211
Hailes, 29, 104, 159
Halidon Hill, 19, 29
Hall, Sir James, 74, 75, 294
Hallelujah Victory, 170-1
Halyburton family, 138-42

Hammermen, 250, 257
Hamilton family, 81, 170, 173,
 326, 354
Harvey, William, 114
Hatmakers, 257
Haverfield, Professor, 202
Hawley, 336
Hawthornden, 189-93
Hay, R. A., 193, 195, 198, 214
Heart of Midlothian, 253
Helen, St., 52, 76
Henderson, John, 171
Henderson (Pease Bridge), 73
Henry II of England, 21
Henry VI, 29
Henry VII, 41, 47, 104
Henry VIII, 135, 260
Hepburn family, 29, 78, 99, 104,
 159, 165, 167 (*see also* Both-
 well)
Hermanston, 166
Herriot's Hospital, 267-8
Herriot Water, 73
Hertford (Somerset), 46, 63, 80,
 166, 176, 180, 207, 222, 260,
 309
Hexham, 216
Historical Museum, 269, 281,
 351
Hodgkin, Dr., 210
Holinshed, 85, 210, 254
Holyrood, 102, 104-5, 172, 208,
 211, 213-20, 237, 300
Home (Hume) family, 63, 64,
 68, 80, 81
Home, Bruce J., 260
Home, John, 144, 180
Hope family, 165, 257, 309, 312,
 326 *seq.*
Hopetoun, 323, 330
Hopetoun, fourth Earl of, 148,
 329
Horsted Keynes, 188

Howard, Thomas, Earl of
Surrey, 47
Howison, John, 310
Humes of Polworth, 128
Hunter's Bog, 211
Hutton, 48
Hutton, Dr., 74

I

Inchbald, Elizabeth, 145
Inch Garvie, 317
Innerwick, 81-4
Innes, Cosmo, 54, 183
Inveresk, 179, 311
Iona, 54, 324
Ireland, 57
Isabella, Queen, 213

J

Jacobites, 120, 276
James I, 104, 119, 241, 336
James II, 196, 216, 251, 253
James III, 63, 206, 250, 251,
 255, 298
James IV, 41, 47, 54, 135, 218,
 307, 339
James V, 135, 187, 218, 264,
 310, 338
James VI, 35, 123, 140, 142,
 155, 219, 242, 250, 267, 319,
 326, 338
Japan, 138
John, King of England, 62
Johnson family, 177
Johnston, John, 271
Jones, Inigo, 37, 268
Jones, Paul, 90
Jonson, Ben, 192-3
Joppa, 168, 201
Joseph of Exeter, 209
Jougs, 94, 203, 302

K

Keith, Robert, 229
Kennedy, Walter, 211
Kennedy, Bishop, 251
Kenneth McAlpine, 85
Kentigern, St., 97
Kerr, Mark, 186
Kilda, St., 109
Kildare, 315
Kilspindie, 142
King, James, 26
King's Park, 213
Kingston, 106
Kingston, Viscount, 166
Kinneil, 354
Kirk of Field, 258
Kirk Hill, 55
Kirkcaldy of Grange, 243
Kirkliston, 321
Kirkwall, 54, 63
Knights Hospitallers, 322, 344-7
Knights Templars, 149, 171,
 322
Knox, 160-3, 191, 218, 261,
 347
Kyloe Crags, 19

L

Ladykirk, 49-51
Laing Charters, 202
Lamb, The, 129
Lamberton, 41
Lamington, 174
Lammermuirs, 70, 71, 75, 95,
 97, 129, 147, 150, 175, 176
Lamp of Lothian, 129, 150 *seq.*
Lancashire, Thomas, 230
Lancaster, John of, 29
Lasswade, 185, 189
Laud, 269
Lauder of the Bass, 108-9, 117

Lauder, Robert, 29
Lauderdale, Earl of, 155
 Lauderdale House, 88
 Law (North Berwick), 123, 128
Lawrie, A. C., 62
Leighton, Archbishop, 188
 Leith, 212, 300-7
 Leith, Water of, 282, 292
Lenthal, Speaker, 72
Leslie (Lesley), 91, 94, 241, 307
 Lighthouses, 59, 60, 122
 Lindisfarne (Holy Island), 19, 20, 234
Lindsay, Sir David, 347
Lindsay of Pittscottie, 135, 136, 214, 339
Lindsay, Bishop, 320
 Linlithgow, 326, 334-44
 Linton, East, 98, 159
 Linton, West, 98
 Lion Chamber, 338
 Lion's Den, 184
 Lismore, 54
 Little France, 208
 Liverpool, 49
Livington, 143
 Lochaber axe, 353
 Lochdane, 66
 Lochleven, 78, 176
Logan of Restalrig, 139, 212, 299-300
 Logarithms, 289
 Loretto, 180
 Lothian, East (Haddingtonshire), 78-178
 Lothian, Mid (Edinburghshire), 179-313
 Lothian, West (Linlithgowshire), 314-55
 Luckenbooths, 270
 Luffness, 142, 165

Lundy Island, 109
 Lyn, River, 98

M

M'Crie, Dr., 113, 120
Macdonald, G., 350
Macgibbon, 86, 136, 159, 199
Mackenzie (Bluidy), 264
Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat, 309
McKerlie, 204
Mackinlay, J. M., 54
McLellans, 244
McVicar, 276-7
 Madeira, 53
 Madras, 124
 Maid of Norway, 24
 Maidens' Castle, 233-4, 272
Maitland family, 120, 155, 177, 202
Maitland (historian), 166, 175, 191, 209, 219, 223, 237, 269, 275, 276, 300, 304
Major, Mair, 151
Makbeth, 74
Makduf, 74
Makquhen, 257
Malcolm Canmore, 61, 74, 85, 117, 234-6
Malcolm the Maiden (IV), 154
Mar, Earl of, 181, 206
Marco Polo, 183
Margaret, St., 53, 213, 234-6, 317; her Oratory, 204, 236-7
Margaret Tudor, 41, 135
Marjory Bruce, 133
 Markets in ancient Edinburgh, 255-6
Marmion, 50, 132, 209, 257, 334
 Marston Moor, 94
Mary of Gueldres, 251, 258
Mary of Guise, 46, 257, 303-4

Mary Tudor, 31
Mary, Queen of Scots, 78, 87,
 159, 176, 205, 208, 217, 242,
 263, 266, 289
Maxwell, Sir Herbert, 237
 May Island, 107
Meikle, Andrew, 99
Meiklejohn, 231
 Melrose, 104, 186
Mempricius, 233
 Mendick, 98
Menzies, 177
 Merchiston, 288-90
Merlioun, Walter, 86
 Merse (Berwickshire), 73
Millar, 143
Miller, Hugh, 113, 116
Milton, 209
Mitchell, Joseph, 296
Monk, George, 137, 140, 185,
 306
 Mons Meg, 244
Montrose, 302
 Moors, 193
 Moray, 54, 108
 Moray House, 231
Moray, Regent, 86, 344
 Morocco Land, 223
Morton, Regent, 161, 184, 243
Moubray of Barnbogle, 261
Muir family, 326
 Muirfield, 141
 Muirhouse, 309
Mungo, St., 97
 Musselburgh, 168, 179-82, 201
Mylne, Robert, 219

N

Naarden, 131
 Nabbs, 52-3, 55
Napier family, 251, 288-90
 Nennius, 211

Netherbow, 254, 260
 Netherbyres, 47
 Neville's Cross, 213
 Newbotle (Newbattle), 172, 183,
 186-9
 Newcastle, 153
 Newfoundland, 131
 Newhaven, 307-8
 New Town, 272 *seq.*
 New York, 221, 274
 Niddry Burn, 202
Ninian, St., 302
 Nombre de Dios, 201
 Nor' Loch, 254, 272
 Norham, 50
Northumberland, Countess of,
 154
 Norwich, 221
 Nungate, 154, 160

O

Oguelvie, 168
 Old Cambus (St. Helen's),
 76-7
 Old Red Sandstone, 46, 55, 60,
 70, 73, 75, 96
 Oldhamstocks, 78-9
Oldrieve, W. T., 214
 Orkney, 54, 109, 195
Oswald, St., 19
Otterburn, Nicholas, 251
 Oxford, 53

P

Panama, 201, 222
 Paris, 151
 Parliament, English, 31
Paterson, John, 226
Patrick, husband of *Black*
Agnes, 87
Patten, 72, 80, 81-4, 98, 181

Paxton, 45, 49
 Pease Burn, 71-3
 Peeblesshire, 98
 Peffer Burn, 164
 Peffer Mill, 204
Pelagius, 170
 Penicuik, 229
Pennecuik, Dr., 98
 Pentlands, 130, 291, 311
Percy family, 29
 Permian period, 211
 Perth, 199
 Petticowick, 66
 Philpstoun, 328
 Picts, 171, 191, 272, 297, 351
 Pinkie, 176, 182
 Pious Club, 231
Pitcairn, John, 276
Playfair, John, 74-6
Playfair, W. H., 259
Pliny, 107
 Plymouth, 36
 Poldrate (Haddington), 156
 Polton, 190, 193
Pope, 108
 Port Seton, 168
Porteous, 270
Portinari, 32
 Portobello, 201-2
 Portugal, 198
 Prentice Pillar, 198
 Presbyterianism, 39, 91-4
 Preston, 173
Preston family, 179, 205, 207,
 251, 258
 Prestonkirk, 98
 Prestonpans, 172
Primrose family, 314
 Princes Street, 273
Ptolemy, 121, 232
 Puffins, 114
 Puritanism, 20, 91, 103
Purves, Richard, 154

Q

Quality Street, 124
 Queen's Drive, 211
 Queensferry, South, 318

R

Raeburn, 230, 279
Ramsay family, 188
Ramsay, Allan, 130, 282
Ramsay, Dean, 278
Ramsay, James, 174
Randolf, 181
 Ratho, 295-6
 Ravensheugh Sands, 97
 Ravenswood Castle, 73
Ray, John, 306
 Red Friars, 89
 Redhouse Castle, 169
 Regalia, 242-3
 Register House, 280
Regulus, St., 298
Reid, John, 233
Reid, Bishop, 258
 Restalrig, 220, 297-9
 Reston, 71
 Resurrection men, 46, 277
Ridpath, George, 21, 27
 Rig-Woody Witch, 95
Ritchie, W., 144
Rizzio, 218
Robert III, 123, 133
Robertson (Ladykirk), 49
Robertson, William, 174
 Rome, Romans, 19, 72, 179, 198,
 234, 311, 321, 349-53
 Romsey Abbey, 237
Rosebery, 314
 Ross, 54, 108
Ross, Thomas, 86, 136, 159, 199,
 202
Ross, Walter, 230

Rosslyn, 185, 193-200
 Rosyth, 321
Rothsay, Duke of, 250
 Roxburgh, 61
 Royston Park, 309
Runciman, Alexander, 229-30
Ruthven, Baron, 139

S

St. Abb's Head, 52-60, 66, 129
 St. Andrews, 54, 116, 117, 151,
 152, 227, 235, 263, 288
St. German, 170
 St. Helen's, 76-7
 Salem, 95
 Salisbury Crags, 211
 Saltcoats Castle, 142
 Sandilands, James, 347
 Sauchieburn, 63
 Saxons, 62, 98, 171, 210
 Scone, 74, 85, 217, 242
Scott, David, 204
Scott, Gilbert, 281
Scott, Walter, 50, 132, 190, 199,
 204, 209, 243, 245, 267, 274
 278, 305
 Sea beet, 121
 Seacliff, 106
 Seton, 68, 166-9
Seton family, 155, 166 *seq.*, 171,
 177, 183, 326
Severus, 311
Sharp, Archbishop, 188
 Shetlands, 109
 Siccar Point, 74-6
 Silurian Rocks, 42, 60, 66, 67,
 70, 72, 73, 74-6
Simeon of Durham, 233, 234
Sinclair family (St. Clair), 78,
 79, 104, 136, 166, 193-9
Skene, W. F., 54, 311
Smith, Adam, 229

Smith, George, 290
 Society of Brewers, 175
 Solan geese, 107-13
 "Sow," 28, 87
 Spades Mire, 31
 Spain, 193, 199
Spartian, 311
Speed, 25, 40
Spenser, 209
 Spittal, 37
 Spott, 94-5
 Stack Lü, 109
Steen, Jan, 131
 Stenton, 95-6
Stevenson, R. L., 239, 267
Stewart, Dugald, 229, 354
 Stirling, 63
 Stockbridge, 157, 158
 Stockholm, 157, 158
 Stocks, 38
 Stonington, 21
Storer, H. S., 301, 305
Stow, John, 233
Stuckely, 191
 Suffragettes, 162
 Suliskerry, 109
 Sullam, 109
Sylvester, Joshua, 142
Symington, 294

T

Tacitus, 121
 "Tammie Norrie," 114
 Tantallon, 123, 132-7, 140
 Teind-barn, 105
 Thirty Years' War, 94
 Thistle, Order of, 216, 270
Thomas the Rymer, 24
Thomson, John, 189
Thomson, J. Maitland, 335
Thomson, Thomas, 292
 Tobacco, 142

Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 253, 262
 Torphichen, 345-7
 Tower Burn, 73
 Tranent, 170, 171-2, 175
 Traprain (Dunpender) Law,
 129, 159
 Tree mallow, 107, 121
Triduana, *St.*, 297
 Trinity, 47, 308
 Trinity Friars, 89
 Trojans, 234
 Trossachs, 321
Trumuin, 323
Tudors, 17, 28, 31
Turgot, 235
 Tweed, River, 18 *seq.*, 41, 49-51
 Tweedmouth, 37
 Tyne, River, 95, 97, 98, 150,
 160, 161, 176
 Tynninghame, 97, 98, 99, 101,
 102-3, 165

U

Union Canal, 292, 294-5
 Union Chain Bridge, 49
 Upsetlington, 49, 50
Urt, *Jacob*, 219

V

Vanburgh, 188
 Vatican, 103
Vauban, 33
 Vaults, 146

W

Waddell, *F. H.*, 103
Wallace, *Dr.*, 101, 148

Wallace, *Sir William*, 39, 325
Warbeck, *Perkin*, 47, 48
Warenne, 90
Webster, *David*, 98, 157
 Well House Tower, 253
Welsh of Craigenputtock, 157
Wemyss, 168, 169
 West Kirk, 275
 Whalebones, 41, 129
 Whinsill, 19
 Whiteadder, River, 48
 White Horse Close, 223
 Whitekirk, 101-6
 Whithorn, 54, 302
 Whittinghame, 96
Wilfrid, *St.*, 56
William the Conqueror, 85-6
William the Lyon, 21, 154
Wilson, *Daniel*, 212, 222, 225,
 244, 252, 305
Wilson, *Gavin*, 230
Wilson (smuggler), 270
 Winchburgh, 332
 Winchelsea, 23
 Wisby, 245
Wishart, *Bishop*, 302
 Witches, 94-5
 Wolf's Crag, 69
Wordsworth, 198
 Wynds, 255
Wyntoun, 187

Y

York, 54, 85
 Yorkshire, 99

Z

Zosimus, *Bishop*, 170



